

Neil Young

"Big Green Country"

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Across the plain
flew the lone grey rider
Leather bag
pounding on his back
Above the clouds the moon
was climbing higher
A pack of wolves wanted
their money back

With folded arms
the chief stood watching
Painted braves
slipped down the hill
In his ears
the spirit talking
As they closed in
For an easy kill

At the house
the door was wide open
Wind blew
curtains off the rod
She was waiting and hoping
She was praying to her god

He was luckier than most men
He was barely in his prime

As she stood there
in the doorway
Her long dress flowing
Would he make it this time

[solo]

Over the hill
in the big green country
That's the place where
the cancer cowboy rides
Pure as the driven snow
before it got him
Sometimes I feel like

he's all right

Sometimes I feel
like a piece of paper
Sometimes I feel
like my own name
Sometimes I feel
different later
Sometimes I feel
I feel just the same

[solo]

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