

## Neil Young "Country Home"

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I don't like to go down to flats  
'Cause I can't park on a hill  
Instead getting a rolling start  
I have to pay the bill.

I guess I need that city life  
It sure has lots of style  
But pretty soon it wears me out  
And I have to think to smile.

I'm thankful for my country home  
It gives me peace of mind  
Somewhere I can walk alone  
And leave myself behind.

It's only someone else's potatoes

You pickin' someone else's patch  
And if you go down there anyway  
It very seldom lasts.

I found that out once long ago  
And it sure got me confused  
I still don't know which way to go  
To lose those old spud blues.

I'm thankful for my country home  
It gives me peace of mind  
Somewhere I can walk alone  
And leave myself behind.

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