

Neil Young "Last Trip To Tulsa"

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Well, I used to drive a cab,
you know
I heard a siren scream
Pulled over to the corner
And I fell into a dream
There were
two men eating pennies
And three young girls who cried
The West coast is falling,
I see rocks in the sky.
The preacher took his bible
And laid it on the stool.
He said: with
the congregation running,
Why should I play the fool?

Well, I used to be a woman,
you know
I took you for a ride,
I let you fly my airplane
It looked good for your pride.
'Cause you're
the kind of man you know
Who likes what he says.
I wonder what's it's like
To be so far over my head.
Well, the lady made the wedding
And she brought along the ring.
She got down on her knees
And said: Let's
get on with this thing.

Well, I used to be a folk singer
Keeping managers alive,
When you saw me on a corner
And told me I was jive.
So I unlocked your mind, you know
To see what I could see.
If you guarantee the postage,
I'll mail you back the key.
Well I woke up in the morning
With an arrow through my nose

There was an Indian in the corner
Tryin' on my clothes.

Well, I used to be asleep
you know

With blankets on my bed.
I stayed there for a while
'Til they discovered I was dead.
The coroner was friendly
And I liked him quite a lot.
If I hadn't 've been a woman
I guess I'd never have been caught.
They gave me back my house and car
And nothing more was said.

Well, I was driving
down the freeway
When my car ran out of gas.
Pulled over to the station
But I was afraid to ask.
The servicemen were yellow
And the gasoline was green.
Although I knew I couldn't
I thought that I was gonna scream.
That was on my last trip to Tulsa
Just before the snow.
If you ever need a ride there,
Be sure to let me know.

I was chopping down a palm tree
When a friend dropped by to ask
If I would feel less lonely
If he helped me swing the axe.
I said: No, it's
not a case of being lonely
We have here,
I've been working on this palm tree
For eighty seven years
I said: No, it's
not a case of being lonely
We have here,
I've been working on this palm tree
For eighty seven years
He said: Go get lost!
And walked towards his Cadillac.
I chopped down the palm tree
And it landed on his back.

