

Neil Young

"Looking Forward"

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Morning has come,
With the first rays of sun,
Breakin' through our window pane.
Songs fill the air,
But there's no singer there,
Just an old wooden guitar playin'.

Writing a song,
Won't take very long,
Trying not to use the word "old".
Thinking about,
Taking chances and doubts,
That still linger in the cold.

Looking forward,
All that I can see,
Is good things happening
to you and to me.
I'm not waiting,
For times to change.
I'm going to live,

Like a free-roamin' soul,
On the highway of our love.

Looking forward,
All that I can see,
Is good things happening
to you and to me.
I'm not waiting,
For times to change.
I want to live,
Like a free-roamin' soul,
On the highway of our love.

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