

Neil Young

"Saddle Up Palomino"

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Oh, oh, Carmelina,
The daughter
of the wealthy banker.
Since she came to town
all my friends are gone,
And I'm stuck
out here with melody.

Saddle up the palomino,
the sun is going down.
The way I feel,
this must be real.

If you can't cut it,
don't pick up the knife.
There's no reward
in your conscience stored
When you're sleepin'
with another man's wife.

Saddle up the palomino,
the sun is going down.
The way I feel,
this must be real.

I wanna lick the platter,
the gravy doesn't matter.
It's a cold bowl of chili
when love lets you down,
But it's the neighbor's wife
I'm after.

Saddle up the palomino,
the sun is going down.
The way I feel,
this must be real.

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