

Neil Young "Saddle Up The Old 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, ooh, ooh, ooh

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, ooh, ooh, ooh, oh

Ooh, ooh, ooh

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, ooh, ooh, ooh

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