

Neil Young "See The Sky About To Rain"

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See the sky about to rain,
broken clouds and rain.
Locomotive, pull the train,
whistle blowing
through my brain.
Signals curling on an open plain,
rolling down the track again.
See the sky about to rain.

Some are bound for happiness,
some are bound to glory
Some are bound to live with less,
who can tell your story?

See the sky about to rain,

broken clouds and rain.
Locomotive, pull the train,
whistle blowin'
through my brain.
Signals curlin' on an open plain,
rollin' down the track again.
See the sky about to rain.

I was down in Dixie Land,
played a silver fiddle
Played it loud and then the man
broke it down the middle.
See the sky about to rain.

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