

# Neil Young "Sharpshooter"

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Someone's hanging out,  
We can't forget about.  
Things that people do  
when they're free.  
Like visitors from space,  
It's hard to find a place,  
To blend in and go unrecognized.

I'm waiting for a sign,  
I'm standing on the road,  
My mind outstretched to you.  
I'm picking something up,  
I'm letting something go,  
Like a dog I'm fetching  
this for you.

Pictures in mind:  
Rows of poppy fields,  
Harmony entwined,  
Changing gears that grind.  
Pictures in my mind.

Pictures in my brain:

Electrical energy,  
Fighting drugs with pain,  
There's a war inside.  
Pictures in my brain.

I'm looking for a job,  
I don't know what I'm doing,  
My software's  
not compatible with you.  
But this I can't deny,  
I know that you can fly,  
'Cause I'm here  
on the ground without you.

Angel without wings,  
Owner without things,  
Sharpshooter  
without rings around you.

The road we used to ride,  
Together side by side  
Has flowers pushing  
through the dotted line.

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