

Neil Young "The Old Laughing Lady-live"

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Don't call pretty Peggy
She can't hear you no more
Don't leave no message
'Round her back door

They say the old laughing lady
Been here before
She don't keep time
She don't count score

You can't have a cupboard
If there ain't no wall
You got to move there's
No time left to stall

They say the old laughing lady
Dropped by to call
And when she leaves
She leaves nothing at all

See the drunkard of the village
Falling on the street
Can't tell his ankles
From the rest of his feet

He loves his old laughing lady
'Cause her taste is so sweet
But his laughing lady's loving
Ain't the kind he can keep

There's a fever on the freeway
Blacks out the night
There's a slipping on the stairway
Just don't feel right

And there's a rumbling in the bedroom
And a flashing of light
There's the old laughing lady
Everything is all right

