

Neil Young & Crazy Horse "Driveby"

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It's a random kind of thing
Came upon a delicate flower
I can't believe a machine gun sings

Driveby, driveby
Driveby, driveby

Well, he borrowed his girlfriend's car
Went out riding with the boys
Now she's gone like a shooting star

Driveby, driveby
Driveby, driveby

Now she's gone like a shooting star
Trail of dreams, tragic trail of fire
Now she's gone like a shooting star

Driveby, driveby
Driveby, driveby

Well, you feel invincible
It's just a part of life
There's a feud going on
And you don't know

Driveby, driveby
Driveby, driveby

Driveby, driveby
Driveby, driveby

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