

Neil Young & Crazy Horse

"Shots"

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Shots
Ringing all along the borders
can be heard
Striking out
like a venom in the sky
Cutting through the air
faster than a bird
In the night.
Children
Are lost in the sand,
building roads
with little hands
Trying to join
their father's castles
together again
Will they make it?
Who knows where or when
Old wounds will mend?
Machines
Are winding their way along,
looking strong
Building roads
and bringing back
loads and loads
Of building materials
In the night
Men
Are trying to move the borders
on the ground
Lines between the different spots
that each has found
But back home
another scene was going down
In the night.
Lust
Comes creepin' through the night
to feed on hearts
Of suburban wives
who learned to pretend
When they met their dream's end
In the night.

Shots
I hear shots, I keep hearing shots
I keep hearing shots
I hear shots.
Shots
I hear shots, I keep hearing shots
I keep hearing shots
I hear shots.
But I'll never use your love,
You know I'm not that kind
And so if you give your heart away
I promise to you
Whatever we do
That I will always be true.

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