

## Young Neil

### "Ambulance Blues"

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Back in the old folky days  
The air was magic when we played.  
The riverboat was rockin' in the rain;  
Midnight was the time for the raid.  
Oh, Isabela, proud Isabela,  
They tore you down and plowed you under.  
You're only real with your make-up on;  
How could I see you and stay too long?  
All along the Navaho Trail,  
Burn-outs stub their toes on garbage pails.  
Waitresses are cryin' in the rain;  
Will their boyfriends pass this way again?  
Oh, Mother Goose, she's on the skids;  
The shoe ain't happy, neither are the kids.  
She needs someone that she can scream at;  
And I'm such a heel for makin' her feel so bad.  
I guess I'll call it sickness gone;  
It's hard to say the meaning of this song.  
An ambulance can only go so fast;  
It's easy to get buried in the past  
When you try to make a good thing last.

I saw today in the entertainment section  
There's room at the top for private detection.  
To Mom and Dad this just doesn't matter,  
But it's either that or pay off the kidnapper.  
So all you critics sit alone;  
You're no better than me for what you've shown.  
With your stomach pump and your hook and ladder  
dreams  
We could get together for some scenes.

I never knew a man could tell so many lies;  
He had a diff'rent story for ev'ry set of eyes.  
How can he remember who he's talkin' to?  
'Cause I know it ain't me, and I hope it isn't you.

Well, I'm up in T.O. keepin' jive alive,  
And out on the corner it's half past five.

