Here We Are In The Years

Neil Young

Now that the holidays have comeThey can relax and watch the sunRise above all of the beautiful thingsThey've done.
Go to the country take the dogLook at the sky without the smogSee the world laugh at the farmers feeding hogsEat hot dogs.
What a pityThat the people from the cityCan't relate to the slower thingsThat the country brings.

Time itself is bought and sold.The spreading fear of growing oldContains a thousand foolish gamesThat we play.
While people planning trips to starsAllow another boulevard to claimA quiet country laneIt's insane.
So the subtle face is a loserThis time around.Here we are in the yearsWhere the showman shifts the gearsLives become careersChildren cry in fearLet us out of here!

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