Twisted Road

Neil Young

First time I heard 'Like A Rolling Stone'
I felt that magic and took it home
Gave it a twist and made it mine
But nothing was as good as the very first time
Poetry rolling off his tongue
Like Hank Williams chewing bubble gum
Asking me 'how does it feel'?
First time I heard 'Like A Rolling Stone'
I felt that magic and took it home
Walking with the devil on a twisted road
Listen to the dead on the radio
That old time music used to soothe my soul
If I ever get home I'm gonna let the good times roll
Let the good times roll
Flying down a road in a dream of mine
To a late tour, through a state of mind

Singing in the place where I first saw Roy
Playing that place gave me so much joy
Brand new tune with familiar chords
Flashbulbs poppin' at the stage door
All the time looking for something new
Singing in the place where I first saw Roy
Playing that place gave me so much joy
Walking with the devil on a twisted road
Listen to the dead on the radio
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