

Country Home

Neil Young

I don't like to go down to flats
'Cause I can't park on a hill
Instead getting a rolling start
I have to pay the bill.I guess I need that city life
It sure has lots of style
But pretty soon it wears me out
And I have to think to smile.I'm thankful for my country home
It gives me peace of mind
Somewhere I can walk alone
And leave myself behind.It's only someone else's potatoes
You pickin' someone else's patch
And if you go down there anyway
It very seldom lasts.I found that out once long ago
And it sure got me confused
I still don't know which way to go
To lose those old spud blues.I'm thankful for my country home
It gives me peace of mind
Somewhere I can walk alone
And leave myself behind.

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