

# Big Green Country

## Neil Young & Pearl Jam

Across the plain flew the lone grey rider  
Leather bang pounding on his back  
Above the clouds the moon was climbing higher  
A pack of wolves wanted their money back  
With folded arms the chief stood watching  
Painted braves slipped down the hill  
In his ears the spirit talking  
As they closed in  
For an easy kill  
At the house the door was wide open  
Wind blew curtains off the rod  
She was waiting and hoping  
She was praying to her god  
He was luckier than most men  
He was barely in his prime  
As she stood there in the doorway  
Her long dress flowing  
Would he make it this time[solo]  
Over the hill in the big green country  
That's the place where the cancer cowboy rides  
Pure as the driven snow before it got him  
Sometimes I feel like he's all right  
Sometimes I feel like a piece of paper  
Sometimes I feel like my own name  
Sometimes I feel different later  
Sometimes I feel  
I feel just the same[solo]

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