

# Without Rings

Neil Young

Someone's hanging out  
We can't forget about  
Things that people do  
When they're free  
Like visitors from space  
It's hard to find a place  
To blend in and go unrecognized I'm waiting for a sign  
I'm standing on the road  
My mind outstretched to you  
I'm picking something up  
I'm letting something go  
Like a dog I'm fetching  
This for you Pictures in mind  
Rows of poppy fields  
Harmony entwined  
Changing gears that grind  
Pictures in my mind Pictures in my brain  
Electrical energy  
Fighting drugs with pain  
There's a war inside  
Pictures in my brain I'm looking for a job  
I don't know what I'm doing  
My software's  
Not compatible with you  
But this I can't deny  
I know that you can fly  
'Cause I'm here  
On the ground without you Angel without wings  
Owner without things  
Sharpshooter  
Without rings around you  
The road we used to ride  
Together side by side  
Has flowers pushing  
Through the dotted line

Songwriters  
Neil Young Published by  
SILVER FIDDLE MUSIC

Lyrics provided by  
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