

Driveby

Neil Young

It's a random kind of thing
Came upon a delicate flower
I can't believe a machine gun sings
Driveby, driveby, driveby, driveby Well he borrowed his girlfriend's car
Went out riding with the boys
Now she's gone like a shooting star
Driveby, driveby, driveby, driveby Now she's gone like a shooting star
Trail of dreams Tragic trail of fire
Now she's gone like a shooting star
Driveby, driveby, driveby, driveby Well you feel invincible
It's just a part of life
There's a feud going on and you don't know
Driveby, driveby, driveby, driveby

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