

The Old Homestead

Neil Young

Up and down the old homestead
The naked rider gallops through his head
And although the moon isn't full
He still feels the pull. Out on the floor where the cowboys dance
Approaching slowly at a glance
Here comes the shadow of his stance
The reins are fallin' from his hands. Why do you ride that crazy horse?
Inquires the shadow with little remorse
Just then a priest comes down the stairs
With a sack of dreams and old nightmares. Who are you, the rider says
You dress in black but you talk like a fed
You spout ideas from books that you read
Don't you care about this guy's head? Just then the sound of hoofbeats was heard
And the sky was darkened by a prehistoric bird
Who flew between the unfulfilled moon
And the naked rider, to a telephone booth. We'll call the moon and see what's up
I've got some change in this little tin cup
We'll say that the shadow is growin' dim
And we need some light to get back to him
Just one call should do it all
I'll carve this number on the wall
With my beak. Flying feathers were all around
The air was filled with a ringing sound.
Two more birds, the second and the third
Came down from the sky to deliver the word. Where have you been, they said to the first
Get back to the clouds, we're dying of thirst
There's not enough time to make that call
Let's ditch this rider, shadow and all. The sky was filled with the beautiful birds
Still on the ground some crying was heard
With his dime in his hand and his hand on the dial
His ears were sweating as he forced a smile. Hoofbeats beating across the range
He rode through the night with his cup of change
Tired and beaten he fell into slumber
But up in the sky they still had his number. Up and down the old homestead
The naked rider gallops through his head
And although the moon isn't full
He still feels the pull,
Still feels the pull.

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