

Ambulance Blues

Neil Young

Back in the old folky days
The air was magic when we played.
The riverboat was rockin'
in the rain
Midnight was the time
for the raid.

Oh, Isabela, proud Isabela,
They tore you down and
plowed you under.
You're only real
with your make-up on
How could I see you
and stay too long?

All along the Navajo Trail,
Burn-outs stub their toes
on garbage pails.
Waitresses are cryin'
in the rain
Will their boyfriends
pass this way again?

Oh, Mother Goose,
she's on the skids
Shoe ain't happy,
neither are the kids.
She needs someone
that she can scream at
And I'm such a heel
for makin' her feel so bad.

I guess I'll call it
sickness gone
It's hard to say
the meaning of this song.
An ambulance can only
go so fast
It's easy to get buried
in the past
When you try to make
a good thing last.

I saw today
in the entertainment section
There's room at the top
for private detection.
To Mom and Dad
this just doesn't matter,
But it's either that
or pay off the kidnapper.

So all you critics sit alone
You're no better than me
for what you've shown.
With your stomach pump and
your hook and ladder dreams

We could get together
for some scenes.

I never knew a man
could tell so many lies
He had a different story
for every set of eyes.
How can he remember
who he's talkin' to?
'Cause I know it ain't me,
and I hope it isn't you.

Well, I'm up in T.O.
keepin' jive alive,
And out on the corner
it's half past five.
But the subways are empty
And so are the cafes.

Except for the Farmer's Market
And I still can hear him say:
You're all just pissin'
in the wind
You don't know it but you are.

And there ain't nothin'
like a friend
Who can tell you
you're just pissin'
in the wind.

I never knew a man
could tell so many lies
He had a different story
for every set of eyes
How can he remember
who he's talking to?
Cause I know it ain't me,
and hope it isn't you.