

# 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