

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