

Interstate

Neil Young

Children are laughing
In the sun
I count the voices
One by one
But I'm not there
To share the fun
I'm out on the interstate
I can hear
A soft voice calling
Calling me
To bring my guitar home.

I'm happy singing
In a crowd
The lights are bright,
The music's loud
I like to look
In every face
But out on the interstate
I can hear
A soft voice calling
Calling me
To bring my guitar home.

Out in the dusty
Desert wind
The fox goes looking
For a friend
She sees a light
Around the bend
I'm out on the interstate
I can hear
A soft voice calling
Calling me
To bring my guitar home.