

# No Wonder

Neil Young

See the bluebird fly easy as a dream,  
Dipping and bobbing in the sun.  
Could she be the one I saw so long ago?  
Could she be the one to take me home?

This pasture is green.  
I'm walking in the sun.  
It's turning brown.  
I'm standing in the rain.  
My overcoat is worn,  
The pockets are all torn.  
I'm moving away from the pain.

Tick.  
Tock.  
The clock on the wall.  
No wonder we're losing time.

Ring.  
Ring.  
The old church bell.  
The bride and her love  
Seeking guidance from above.

Amber waves of grain bow in the prairie wind.  
I'm hearing Willie singing on the radio again.  
That song from nine eleven keeps ringing in my head.  
I'll always remember something Chris Rock said.

Don't send no more candles,  
No matter what you do.  
Then Willie stopped singing  
And the prairie wind blew.  
The green kept rolling on  
For miles and miles.  
Fields of fuel rolling on for miles.

Tick.  
Tock.  
The clock on the wall.  
No wonder we're losing time.

Toll.  
Toll.  
The fallen soldier bell.  
The old church on the hill  
Still standing when so many fell.

Back when I was young,  
The birds blocked out the sun,  
Before the great migration south.  
We only shot a few.  
They last the winter through.  
Mother cooked them good and served them up.

Somewhere a Senator sits in a leather chair  
Behind a big wooden desk.

The caribou we killed means nothing to him.  
He took his money just like all the rest.

Tick.  
Tock.  
The clock on the wall.  
No wonder we're losing time.

Ring.  
Ring.  
Ring the wedding bells.  
The bride takes the ring  
And the happy people sing.