

## Shots

Neil Young

Shots

Ringin' all along the borders can be heard  
Strikin' out like a venom in the sky  
Cutting through the air faster than a bird  
In the night.

Children

Are lost in the sand, building roads with little hands  
Trying to join their father's castles together again  
Will they make it? Who knows where or when  
Old wounds will mend?

Machines

Are winding their way along, looking strong  
Building roads and bringing back loads and loads  
Of building materials  
In the night

Men

Are trying to move the borders on the ground  
Lines between the different spots that each has found  
But back home another scene was going down  
In the night.

Lust

Comes creepin' through the night to feed on hearts  
Of suburban wives who learned to pretend  
When they met their dream's end  
In the night.

Shots

I hear shots, I keep hearing shots  
I keep hearing shots  
I hear shots.

Shots

I hear shots, I keep hearing shots  
I keep hearing shots  
I hear shots.

But I'll never use your love,  
You know I'm not that kind  
And so if you give your heart away  
I promise to you  
Whatever we do  
That I will always be true.