

The Old Homestead

Neil Young

Up and down the old homestead
The naked rider gallops
through his head
And although the moon isn't full
He still feels the pull.

Out on the floor
where the cowboys dance
Approaching slowly at a glance
Here comes the shadow of his stance
The reins are fallin'
from his hands.

Why do you ride that crazy horse?
Inquires the shadow
with little remorse
Just then a priest
comes down the stairs
With a sack of dreams
and old nightmares.

Who are you, the rider says
You dress in black
but you talk like a Fed
You spout ideas
from books that you read
Don't you care about
this guy's head?

Just then the sound
of hoofbeats was heard
And the sky was darkened
by a prehistoric bird
Who flew between
the unfulfilled moon
And the naked rider,
to a telephone booth.

We'll call the moon
and see what's up
I've got some change
in this little tin cup
We'll say that
the shadow is growin' dim
And we need some light
to get back to him
Just one call should do it all
I'll carve this number on the wall
With my beak.

Flying feathers were all around
The air was filled
with a ringing sound.
Two more birds,
the second and the third
Came down from the sky
to deliver the word.

Where have you been,
they said to the first
Get back to the clouds,
we're dying of thirst
There's not enough time
to make that call
Let's ditch this rider,
shadow and all.

The sky was filled
with the beautiful birds
Still on the ground
some crying was heard
With his dime in his hand
and his hand on the dial
His ears were sweating
as he forced a smile.

Hoofbeats beating across the range
He rode through the night
with his cup of change
Tired and beaten
he fell into slumber
But up in the sky
they still had his number.

Up and down the old homestead
The naked rider gallops
through his head
And although the moon isn't full
He still feels the pull,
Still feels the pull.