## Neil Young, Here We Are In The Years

Now that the holidays have come They can relax and watch the sun Rise above all of the beautiful things They've done.

Go to the country take the dog Look at the sky without the smog See the world laugh at the farmers feeding hogs Eat hot dogs.

What a pity
That the people from the city
Can't relate to the slower things
That the country brings.

Time itself is bought and sold. The spreading fear of growing old Contains a thousand foolish games That we play.

While people planning trips to stars Allow another boulevard to claim A quiet country lane It's insane.

So the subtle face is a loser This time around. Here we are in the years Where the showman shifts the gears Lives become careers Children cry in fear Let us out of here!