Neil Young, Sixty To Zero

All the champs and the heroes They got a price to pay They go from sixty to zero In the split of a hair They see the face in the window They feel a shadow out there They've got the places they can go They've got the people who stare They've got to walk in their shoes They've got to see what they see They've got the people around them Getting too much for free All the pimps and the dealers All the food they can eat All the screamers and squealers When they walk down the street Yeah.

He's just a rich old man He never cared for anyone He likes to count his possessions He's been a miser from penny one He never cared for his children Never cared for his wife Never made anyone happy That's the way he lived his life And one day in the sunshine He got a bolt from the blue Unloaded all of his possessions Sold his investments too And now he lives with the homeless Owns 900 hospital beds He prefers to remain nameless It's publicity he dreads Yeah.

There's a judge in the city He goes to work every day Spends his life in the courthouse Keeps his perspective that way But I respect his decision He's got a lot on his mind He's pretty good with the gavel A little heavy on the fines One day there was this minstrel Who came to court on a charge That he blew someone's head off Because his amp was too large And the song he was singin' Was not for love but for cash Well, the judge weighed the charges He fingered his mustache Yeah.

Well, there's a clown in a carnival
He rode a painted horse
He came from somewhere out west
He was very funny of course
But that is not what I noticed
It was the incredible force
With which he held his audience
While he rode on his horse
His jokes were not that off-color
His smile was not that sincere

His show was not that sensational Reasons for success were not clear But he still made big money One day the circus was his Now he's married to the acrobat And they're training their kids Yeah.

Now the jailhouse was empty All the criminals were gone The gate was left wide open And a buck and fawn Were eating grass in the courtvard When the warden walked in And took a rifle from the prison quard And said to him with a grin To shoot those deer would be stupid, sir We already got 'em right here Why not just lock the gates and keep them With intimidation and fear? But the warden pulled the trigger And those deer hit the ground He said Nobody'll know the difference And they both looked around. Yeah.

Well, the cop made the showdown He was sure he was right He had all of the lowdown From the bank heist last night His best friend was a robber And his wife was a thief All the children were murderers They couldn't get no relief The bungalow was surrounded When a voice loud and clear Come out with your hands up Or we're gonna blow you out of here There was a face in the window TV cameras rolled And they cut to the announcer And the story was told. Yeah.

Well, the artist looked at the producer The producer sat back He said What we have got here Is a pretty good track But we don't have a vocal And we still don't have a song If we could get this thing accomplished Nothin' else could go wrong So he balanced the ashtray And he picked up the phone And said Send me a songwriter Who's drifted far from home And make sure that he's hungry And make sure he's alone And send me a cheeseburger

And a new Rolling Stone Yeah.

Well, the Sioux in Dakota They lost all of their land And now a basketball player Is trying to lend them a hand Maybe someday he'll be president He's quite a popular man But now the chief has reservations And the white man has plans There's opposition in Congress The bill is up against cash There's really no way of predicting If it will fly or it will crash But that's the nature of politics That's the name of the game That's how it looks in the tepee Big winds are blowing again Yeah.

There's still crime in the city Said the cop on the beat I don't know if I can stop it I feel like meat on the street They paint my car like a target I take my orders from fools Meanwhile some kid blows my head off Well, I play by their rules So now I'm doing it my way I took the law in my own hands Here I am in the alleyway A wad of cash in my pants I get paid by a ten year old He says he looks up to me There's still crime in the city But it's good to be free Yeah.

Now I come from a family That has a broken home Sometimes I talk to my daddy On the telephone When he says that he loves me I know that he does But I wish I could see him Wish I knew where he was But that's the way all my friends are Except maybe one or two Wish I could see him this weekend Wish I could walk in his shoes But now I'm doin' my own thing Sometimes I'm good, then I'm bad Although my home has been broken It's the best home I ever had Yeah.

Well, I keep getting younger My life's been funny that way Before I ever learned to talk I forgot what to say I sassed back to my mummy I sassed back to my teacher I got thrown out of Sunday School For throwin' bibles at the preacher Then I grew up to be a fireman I put out every fire in town Put out everything smoking But when I put the hose down The judge sent me to prison Gave me life without parole Wish I never put the hose down Wish I never got old.