

# Neil Young & Crazy Horse, Ambulance Blues

Back in the old folky days  
The air was magic when we played.  
The riverboat was rockin' in the rain  
Midnight was the time for the raid.

Oh, Isabela, proud Isabela,  
They tore you down and plowed you under.  
You're only real with your make-up on  
How could I see you and stay too long?

All along the Navajo Trail,  
Burn-outs stub their toes on garbage pails.  
Waitresses are cryin' in the rain  
Will their boyfriends pass this way again?

Oh, Mother Goose, she's on the skids  
Sure ain't happy, neither are the kids.  
She needs someone that she can scream at  
And I'm such a heel for makin' her feel so bad.

I guess I'll call it sickness gone  
It's hard to say the meaning of this song.  
An ambulance can only go so fast  
It's easy to get buried in the past  
When you try to make a good thing last.

I saw today in the entertainment section  
There's room at the top for private detection.  
To Mom and Dad this just doesn't matter,  
But it's either that or pay off the kidnapper.

So all you critics sit alone  
You're no better than me for what you've shown.  
With your stomach pump and your hook and ladder dreams  
We could get together for some scenes.

I never knew a man could tell so many lies  
He had a different story for every set of eyes.  
How can he remember who he's talkin' to?  
'Cause I know it ain't me, and I hope it isn't you.

Well, I'm up in T.O. keepin' jive alive,  
And out on the corner it's half past five.  
But the subways are empty  
And so are the cafes.

Except for the Farmer's Market  
And I still can hear him say:  
You're all just pissin' in the wind  
You don't know it but you are.

And there ain't nothin' like a friend  
Who can tell you you're just pissin' in the wind.

I never knew a man could tell so many lies  
He had a different story for every set of eyes  
How can he remember who he's talking to?  
Cause I know it ain't me, and hope it isn't you.