

Neil Young, Looking Forward

Morning has come,
With the first rays of sun,
Breakin' through our window pane.
Songs fill the air,
But there's no singer there,
Just an old wooden guitar playin'.

Writing a song,
Won't take very long,
Trying not to use the word "old";
Thinking about,
Taking chances and doubts,
That still linger in the cold.

Looking forward,
All that I can see,
Is good things happening
to you and to me.
I'm not waiting,
For times to change.
I'm going to live,
Like a free-roamin' soul,
On the highway of our love.

Looking forward,
All that I can see,
Is good things happening
to you and to me.
I'm not waiting,
For times to change.
I want to live,
Like a free-roamin' soul,
On the highway of our love.

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