

Neil Young, Out On The Weekend

Think I'll pack it in
and buy a pick-up
Take it down to L.A.
Find a place to call my own
and try to fix up.
Start a brand new day.

The woman I'm thinking of,
she loved me all up
But I'm so down today
She's so fine, she's in my mind.
I hear her callin'.

See the lonely boy,
out on the weekend
Trying to make it pay.
Can't relate to joy,
he tries to speak and
Can't begin to say.

She got pictures on the wall,
they make me look up
From her big brass bed.
Now I'm running down the road
trying to stay up
Somewhere in her head.

The woman I'm thinking of,
she loved me all up
But I'm so down today
She's so fine she's in my mind.
I hear her callin'.

See the lonely boy,
out on the weekend
Trying to make it pay.
Can't relate to joy,
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