

Neil Young – Thrasher

Verse A (8/4)

Musical notation for Verse A (8/4) showing chords on a guitar staff. The staff is labeled with strings E, B, G, D, A, E from top to bottom. The chords are: C, C, F, C, C, A-, F, G. Below the C and A- chords, there are additional notes: G/B and G.

Verse B (4/4)

rpts 2/4: #2 F F G G C C C C, #3 F F G G C B/G A- C

Musical notation for Verse B (4/4) showing chords on a guitar staff. The staff is labeled with strings E, B, G, D, A, E from top to bottom. The chords are: F, G, C, F, D-, D-, G, G. There are two double bar lines after the first F chord.

They were hiding behind hay bales, they were planting in the full moon.
They had given all they had for something new.
But the light of day was on them, they could see the thrashers coming.
And the water shone like diamonds in the dew.

And I was just getting up, hit the road before it's light.
Trying to catch an hour on the sun.
When I saw those thrashers rolling by, looking more than two lanes wide,
I was feelin' like my day had just begun.

Where the eagle glides ascending, there's an ancient river bending
Down the timeless gorge of changes where sleeplessness awaits
I searched out my companions, who were lost in crystal canyons
When the aimless blade of science slashed the pearly gates.

It was then I knew I'd had enough, burned my credit card for fuel
Headed out to where the pavement turns to sand
With a one-way ticket to the land of truth and my suitcase in my hand
How I lost my friends I still don't understand.

They had the best selection, they were poisoned with protection
There was nothing that they needed, nothing left to find.
They were lost in rock formations, or became park bench mutations
On the sidewalks and in the stations, they were waiting, waiting.

So I got bored and left them there, they were just deadweight to me
Better down the road without that load.
Brings back the time when I was eight or nine, I was watchin' my mama's T.V.,
It was that great Grand Canyon rescue episode.

Where the vulture glides descending on an asphalt highway bending
Through libraries and museums, galaxies and stars
Down the windy halls of friendship to the rose clipped by the bullwhip
The motel of lost companions waits with heated pool and bar.

But me I'm not stopping there, got my own row left to hoe.
Just another line in the field of time
When the thrasher comes I'll be stuck in the sun like the dinosaurs in shrines
But I'll know the time has come to give what's mine.