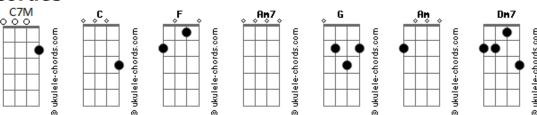


Neil Young - Thrasher

Tom: C Nothing left to find They were hiding behind hay bales, They were lost in rock formations Or became park bench mutations C C Am7 They were planting in the full moon Am7 Am7 They had given all they had for something new On the sidewalks and in the stations But the light of day was on them, They were waiting, waiting. They could see the thrashers coming C C Am7 So I got bored and left them there, C And the water shone like diamonds They were just deadweight to me Am7 F G In the dew. Better down the road without that load G And I was just getting up,
C F F F Brings back the time when I was eight or nine C Am7 Am7 I was watchin' my mama's T.V., Hit the road before it's light F G C C7M C C7M C Dm7 Trying to catch an hour on the sun It was that great Grand Canyon rescue episode. When I saw those thrashers rolling by,
C C Am7 Am Where the vulture glides descending Looking more than two lanes wide On an asphalt highway bending C C Am7 Am7 I was feelin' like my day had just begun. Thru libraries and museums, Where the eagle glides descending Galaxies and stars С Down the windy halls of friendship There's an ancient river bending To the rose clipped by the bullwhip C C Am7
The motel of lost companions Down the timeless gorge of changes $\begin{tabular}{ll} F & G \end{tabular}$ where sleeplessness awaits Waits with heated pool and bar. F I searched out my companions, $\ensuremath{\mathsf{F}}$ But me I'm not stopping there,
C F F F Who were lost in crystal canyons C C Am7 When the aimless blade of science Got my own row left to hoe Slashed the pearly gates. Just another line in the field of time When the thrashers comes, I'll be stuck in the sun $\frac{C}{Am7}$ It was then I knew I'd had enough, C Burned my credit card for fuel Like the dinosaurs in shrines Dm7 Headed out to where the pavement turns to sand $% \left(1\right) =\left(1\right) +\left(1\right) +\left($ But I'll know the time has come G G With a one-way ticket to the land of truth ${\color{black} C}$ ${\color{black} C}$ ${\color{black} Am7}$ ${\color{black} Am7}$ To give what's mine. Intro: (using a pick alternately pick the notes within the 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 C C Am7 Am7 There was nothing that they needed, Acordes



C