

# Neil Young - Thrasher

Tom: C

C  
They were hiding behind hay bales,  
F C  
They were planting in the full moon  
C C Am Am F G  
They had given all they had for something new  
C  
But the light of day was on them,  
F C  
They could see the thrashers coming  
C C Am  
And the water shone like diamonds  
Am F G  
In the dew.  
F G  
And I was just getting up,  
C F F F  
Hit the road before it's light  
F G C C C C C  
Trying to catch an hour on the sun  
F G  
When I saw those thrashers rolling by,  
C C Am Am  
Looking more than two lanes wide  
Dm G  
I was feelin' like my day had just begun.  
C  
Where the eagle glides descending  
F C  
There's an ancient river bending  
C C Am Am  
Down the timeless gorge of changes  
F G  
where sleeplessness awaits  
C  
I searched out my companions,  
F C  
Who were lost in crystal canyons  
C C Am  
When the aimless blade of science  
Am F G  
Slashed the pearly gates.  
F G  
It was then I knew I'd had enough,  
C F F F  
Burned my credit card for fuel  
F G C  
Headed out to where the pavement turns to sand  
F G  
With a one-way ticket to the land of truth  
C C Am Am  
And my suitcase in my hand  
Dm G  
How I lost my friends I still don't understand.  
C  
They had the best selection,  
F C  
They were poisoned with protection  
C C Am Am  
There was nothing that they needed,

F G  
Nothing left to find  
C  
They were lost in rock formations  
F C  
Or became park bench mutations  
C C Am Am  
On the sidewalks and in the stations  
F G  
They were waiting, waiting.  
F G  
So I got bored and left them there,  
C F F F  
They were just deadweight to me  
F G C  
Better down the road without that load  
F G  
Brings back the time when I was eight or nine  
C Am Am  
I was watchin' my mama's T.V.,  
Dm G  
It was that great Grand Canyon rescue episode.  
C  
Where the vulture glides descending  
F C  
On an asphalt highway bending  
C C Am Am  
Thru libraries and museums,  
F G  
Galaxies and stars  
C  
Down the windy halls of friendship  
F C  
To the rose clipped by the bullwhip  
C C Am  
The motel of lost companions  
Am F G  
Waits with heated pool and bar.  
F G  
But me I'm not stopping there,  
C F F F  
Got my own row left to hoe  
F G C  
Just another line in the field of time  
F G  
When the thrashers comes, I'll be stuck in the sun  
C Am Am  
Like the dinosaurs in shrines  
Dm  
But I'll know the time has come  
G  
To give what's mine.  
Intro: (using a pick alternately pick the notes within the chords)

C F C  
F G  
C F C  
F G

## Acordes

