

Campaigner

Neil Young

I am a lonely visitor, I came to late to cause a stir,
 though I campaigned all my life towards that goal.
 I hardly slept the night you wept; our secret's safe and still well kept
 where even Richard Nixon has got soul.
 Even Richard Nixon has got soul.

Traffic cops are all color blind, people steal from their own kind.
 Evening comes to early for a stroll.
 Down neon streets the streaker streaks, The speaker speaks, but the truth still leaks,
 where even Richard Nixon has got soul.
 Even Richard Nixon has got it, soul.

Podium rocks in the crowded waves, the speaker talks of the beautiful saves
 that went down long before he played this role
 for the hotel queens and the magazines, test tube genes and slot machines
 where even Richard Nixon has got soul.
 Even Richard Nixon has got it, soul.

Hospitals have made him cry, but there's always a free way in his eye,
 though his beach just got to crowded for his stroll.
 Roads stretch out like healthy veins, and wild gift horses strain the reins,
 where even Richard Nixon has got soul.
 Even Richard Nixon has got soul.

I am a lonely visitor, I came to late to cause a stir,
 though I campaigned all my life towards that goal.