

# Thrasher

## Neil Young

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 feeling like my day had just begun...

Where the eagle glides descending, there's an ancient river bending,  
 through 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 that I knew I'd had enough burnt 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 a suitcase in my hand,  
 How I lost my friends I still don't understand...

They had the best selection, they were poison with protection,  
 there was nothing that they needed they had 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 dead weight to me,  
 better down the road without that load...  
 Brings back the time when I was eight or nine, I was watching my mama's TV,  
 There was that great Grand Canyon rescue episode...

Where the vulture glides descending, there's 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 pools and bars...  
 But me, I'm not stopping there, got my own row left to hoe,  
 just another line in the field of time...  
 When those thrashers come and I'm stuck in the sun like the dinosaurs in shrines  
 But I'll know the time has come to give what's mine...