

# Country Home

## Neil Young

I don't like to go down to the flats, 'cause I can't park on a hill  
Instead of getting a rolling start, I have to pay the bill.

I guess I need that city life, it sure has lots of style  
But pretty soon it wears me out, and I have to think to smile.

I'm thankful for my country home, it gives me peace of mind  
Somewhere I can walk alone, and leave myself behind.

*Solo*

It's only someone else's potato if, you're picking someone else's patch  
And if you go down there anyway, it very seldom last.

I found that out once long ago, and it sure got me confused  
I still don't know which way to go, to lose that old spud blues.

*Chorus*

*Solo*

*Chorus (x 2)*

*Solo*