Neil Young - Going Home

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Tom: G
Intro: D D>C A A>G E E>D F
                                                                And leave you satisfied.
D
On the hill where Custer was,
                                                                 You'd think it was easy,
Making his last stand,
                                                                 To give your life away,
With the Indians all around,
                                                                 To not have to live up to,
And his gun in his hand.
                                                                 The promises you made.
D
                                                                 D
                                                                                        G
Such a wind was blowing that day,
                                                                 Going home, I'm going home.
Through the battleground,
                                                                 Going home, I'm going home.
                                                                 Going home.
Е
I could feel it in my hair,
                                                                 Intro: 2X
As I turned towards downtown.
                                                                 Elusively she cut the phone,
Weaving through the buildings,
                                                                 Moved from cell to cell,
Cutting though the streets,
                                                                 Really looking remarkable,
Slicing through the culture,
                                                                 And obviously doing well.
Piling on the weeks.
                                                                 She made a turn on a wooden bridge,
                       G
                                                                 Into the battleground,
Going home, I'm going home.
                                                                With a thousand warriors on the ridge,
D
Going home, I'm going home.
Going home.
                                                                 She tried to turn her radio down.
Intro: 2x (SOLO)
                                                                Battle drums were pounding,
D
Dropping in on you my friend,
                                                                 All around her car,
Is just like old times,
                                                                 She saw her clothes were changing,
Said the fool who signed the paper,
                                                                 Into sky and stars.
To assorted slimes.
                                                                                        G
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Going home, I'm going home.

Going home, I'm going home.

Going home, I'm going home. Going home, I'm going home.

Going home.

It's hard to get blood from a stone A But for you I'll give it a try, E

To provide your accomodations,

Acordes

D

