

# Let Your Fingers Do The Walking

Neil Young

Back in the days of covered wagons  
A man had his own way  
Whether talkin' to a woman  
Or crossing the U.S.A.  
No telephones were ringing  
No angry words exchanged.  
I wish I was back in the saddle now  
Riding on the range.

Let your fingers do the walking  
Call me up some time  
I'm listed under Broken Hearts  
Looking for a good time.  
I can't reach out and touch you  
You're hung up on the line  
I'm your disconnected number now  
And you're a private line.

Well, I used to be so happy,  
When you gave good 'phone.  
I could call you up from anywhere  
For a little bit of home  
But now my heart is aching  
After every call  
By the way you talk you'd think  
You never gave good 'phone at all.

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