

# Sixty To Zero

Neil Young

All the champs and the heroes  
They got a price to pay  
They go from sixty to zero  
In the split of a hair  
They see the face in the window  
They feel a shadow out there  
They've got the places they can go  
They've got the people who stare  
They've got to walk in their shoes  
They've got to see what they see  
They've got the people around them  
Getting too much for free  
All the pimps and the dealers  
All the food they can eat  
All the screamers and squealers  
When they walk down the street  
Yeah.

He's just a rich old man  
He never cared for anyone  
He likes to count his possessions  
He's been a miser from penny one  
He never cared for his children  
Never cared for his wife  
Never made anyone happy  
That's the way he lived his life  
And one day in the sunshine  
He got a bolt from the blue  
Unloaded all of his possessions  
Sold his investments too  
And now he lives with the homeless  
Owns 900 hospital beds  
He prefers to remain nameless  
It's publicity he dreads  
Yeah.

There's a judge in the city  
He goes to work every day  
Spends his life in the courthouse  
Keeps his perspective that way  
But I respect his decision  
He's got a lot on his mind  
He's pretty good with the gavel  
A little heavy on the fines  
One day there was this minstrel  
Who came to court on a charge  
That he blew someone's head off  
Because his amp was too large  
And the song he was singin'  
Was not for love but for cash  
Well, the judge weighed the charges  
He fingered his mustache  
Yeah.

Well, there's a clown in a carnival  
He rode a painted horse  
He came from somewhere out west

He was very funny of course  
But that is not what I noticed  
It was the incredible force  
With which he held his audience  
While he rode on his horse  
His jokes were not that off-color  
His smile was not that sincere  
His show was not that sensational  
Reasons for success were not clear  
But he still made big money  
One day the circus was his  
Now he's married to the acrobat  
And they're training their kids  
Yeah.

Now the jailhouse was empty  
All the criminals were gone  
The gate was left wide open  
And a buck and fawn  
Were eating grass in the courtyard  
When the warden walked in  
And took a rifle  
from the prison guard  
And said to him with a grin  
To shoot those deer  
would be stupid, sir  
We already got 'em right here  
Why not just  
lock the gates and keep them  
With intimidation and fear?  
But the warden pulled the trigger  
And those deer hit the ground  
He said Nobody'll  
know the difference  
And they both looked around.  
Yeah.

Well, the cop made the showdown  
He was sure he was right  
He had all of the lowdown  
From the bank heist last night  
His best friend was a robber  
And his wife was a thief  
All the children were murderers  
They couldn't get no relief  
The bungalow was surrounded  
When a voice loud and clear  
Come out with your hands up  
Or we're gonna blow you out of here  
There was a face in the window  
TV cameras rolled  
And they cut to the announcer  
And the story was told.  
Yeah.

Well, the artist  
looked at the producer  
The producer sat back  
He said What we have got here  
Is a pretty good track  
But we don't have a vocal  
And we still don't have a song  
If we could

get this thing accomplished  
Nothin' else could go wrong  
So he balanced the ashtray  
And he picked up the phone  
And said Send me a songwriter  
Who's drifted far from home  
And make sure that he's hungry  
And make sure he's alone  
And send me a cheeseburger  
And a new Rolling Stone  
Yeah.

Well, the Sioux in Dakota  
They lost all of their land  
And now a basketball player  
Is trying to lend them a hand  
Maybe someday he'll be president  
He's quite a popular man  
But now the chief has reservations  
And the white man has plans  
There's opposition in Congress  
The bill is up against cash  
There's really no way of predicting  
If it will fly or it will crash  
But that's the nature of politics  
That's the name of the game  
That's how it looks in the tepee  
Big winds are blowing again  
Yeah.

There's still crime in the city  
Said the cop on the beat  
I don't know if I can stop it  
I feel like meat on the street  
They paint my car like a target  
I take my orders from fools  
Meanwhile  
some kid blows my head off  
Well, I play by their rules  
So now I'm doing it my way  
I took the law in my own hands  
Here I am in the alleyway  
A wad of cash in my pants  
I get paid by a ten year old  
He says he looks up to me  
There's still crime in the city  
But it's good to be free  
Yeah.

Now I come from a family  
That has a broken home  
Sometimes I talk to my daddy  
On the telephone  
When he says that he loves me  
I know that he does  
But I wish I could see him  
Wish I knew where he was  
But that's  
the way all my friends are  
Except maybe one or two  
Wish I could see him this weekend  
Wish I could walk in his shoes  
But now I'm doin' my own thing

Sometimes I'm good, then I'm bad  
Although my home has been broken  
It's the best home I ever had  
Yeah.

Well, I keep getting younger  
My life's been funny that way  
Before I ever learned to talk  
I forgot what to say  
I sassed back to my mummy  
I sassed back to my teacher  
I got thrown out of Sunday School  
For throwin' bibles at the preacher  
Then I grew up to be a fireman  
I put out every fire in town  
Put out everything smoking  
But when I put the hose down  
The judge sent me to prison  
Gave me life without parole  
Wish I never put the hose down  
Wish I never got old.