

*Out on the Weekend*  
 Think I'll pack it in and buy a pick-up  
 Take it down to L.A.  
 Find a place to call my own and try to fix up.  
 Start a brand new day.  
 The woman I'm thinkin' of - she loved me all up  
 But I'm ~~so~~ alone today  
 She's so fine she's in my mind - I hear her callin'.  
 See the lonely boy out on the week-end  
 Trying to make it pay.  
 Can't relate to joy, He tries to speak and  
 Can't begin to say.  
 She got pictures on the wall - They make me look up  
 From her big brass bed.  
 Now I'm running down the road trying to stay up  
 Somewhere in her head.

# Out on the Weekend

Words and Music by Neil Young

Intro

Moderately slow ♩ = 68

\*Bm

E

Gtr. 1 (acous.)

mf  
let ring throughout  
P.M. ---|

P.M. P.M. P.M. P.M. ---|

\*Chord symbols reflect implied harmony.

Bm

E

P.M. P.M. P.M. P.M. P.M. P.M. ---|

Bm

Rhy. Fig. 1

E

P.M. ---| P.M.

Bm

E

P.M.

C#m

F#7

P.M. P.M. ---|

\*\*T ---|

\*\*T = Thumb on 6th string.