

Gene Clark, Echoes

On the streets you look again
At the places you have been
Or the moments that you thought
Where am I going
Though the walls are like the dead
They reflect the things you've said
And the echoes in your head continue showing
Near the castles you can build
Out of dreams you half fulfilled
Won't keep out all of the ill wind that is blowing
And you look still for a trace
Of an opening in a place
Where you find the life that you were used to knowing
You can walk out in the night
And be sure that it's alright
To exaggerate the world that's only being
You can watch Regina dance
Through the crystal panes of glass
Yet you know that there's so much that she's not seeing
Still you hold one precious thought
After all this time you've sought
That she might be just protecting what she longs for
And her eyes are veiled with black
Cause she plays she can look back
At the love she wanted so but says is no more
The lights go on, commensurate the cold
As your senses will be sold
To the parrot watchers mimicing no reasons
To pretend that what they are
From the fact completely far
While the truth may be betrayal, lies and treason
Build their towers in the sand
Down the roads at their command
When the kingdom is the innocence they're stealing
And infection easily spreads
To the searching, twisted heads
As they team up to tear down each others feeling