

Gene Clark, Past Adresses

Lover come closer
Breaks me down to see you in the pains of fear
The depth of your stone true eyes
Are reflecting every burden of this life we bear
My words can't slight the truth to you
Tomorrow every trial of life is going to fall
I can only make guesses on some of my past addresses
And tell you what my broken memory recalls
The first time I saw you
My heart became the ruler of my mind
The shadows of your motions
Lingered way beyond the statements I intended timed
The tears you hold from flowing
Are the blood of the saints that shield the broken heart
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