

Gene Clark, Something's Wrong

Hours of joy when I was just a boy
And never wrong I knew
Kites of red would fly above my head
The birds would sing their song
Now something's wrong
Where the Sherwood used to be
Neon brambles now I can see
Fields of corn on early summer mornings
Or late afternoons
Anytime there was a place to find
Where life seemed not so soon
Now all too soon
Is this where I used to be
Still remembering what is me
And I won't even try
To find a reason why
I must live here just to die
Now something's wrong
Where the Sherwood used to be
Neon brambles now I can see