

The Byrds, Gunga Din

Written by Gene Parsons

I'm writing this here letter from aboard a DC8
Heading into Angel Town, I hope it's not too late
It rained in New York City
Mister Rock 'n' Roll couldn't stay
The crowd was mad and we were had
Chasing the sun back to L.A.

Have breakfast with me mamma
I hope they'll let us in
Got a leather jacket on
I know that it's a sin
Gunga Din

Sitting backwards on this airplane, is bound to make me sick
Spend your life on a DC8, never get to bed
Settle down (settle down)
Now we're over Kansas, where the clouds are floating by
The whole wide world looks back at me
Just like a mushroom pie I wonder why

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