

Gene Clark, Day For Night

Somewhere in passage of morning to night
Figures fade into the wind
Delighted in trials and purposely exiled
Trying to trade the day for the night

Shades of evening purple empty space
Where everybody screams like they're all true
Shadows of morning curtains of twilight
Trying to trade the day for the night

Deep misunderstandings have echoed through the years
Judge and you will be judged wrong or right
I wonder why she still stands there her face in tears
Trying to trade the day for the night

Regiments of our lives and tigers silver stripes
Can't pass each other without taking life
Believe me I have seen the last fine bird in flight
Trying to trade the day for the night
Trying to trade the day for the night