

# Gene Clark, The Same One

I walked by your window  
I thought that maybe you'd see me  
Knowing there'd be changes  
Is this the way it was to be  
The things we planned just yesterday  
Was it only something that we had to say  
Last night I remember  
You looked as though you really cared  
Today not the same one  
You had another face prepared  
The magic of those things we'd seen  
Vanished with the words that we were supposed to mean  
I called up your name and  
Maybe its true that you don't know me  
Could this be the same one  
Who had so much you wished to show me  
I don't know what was to believe  
I guess I'll pick my mind up and then I'll leave.