

The Byrds, Tunnel Of Love

Written by Skip Battin and Kim Fowley

I ran to tunnel of love
You were no longer sparking clean
Well my boat got stuck in the fog
Here I used to go swim in the stream
The gates of the tunnel came closed
Whoa my ghost was standing there by the door
So I splashed back out to the street
Nothing was there anymore

Oh, the water was floating with graves
Where cotton candy should be
And get this
And girls in black robes were dancing around
And touching their fingers to me

Oh I blackened my windows with soot
And sandbagged the doors real good
And didn't emerge from hiding
Until the fallout was through

Oh, the water was floating with graves
Where cotton candy should be
And get this
And girls in black robes were dancing around
And touching their fingers to me
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