

Sweet Thursday

Matt Costa

I'm waiting in the pines
I'm waiting in the forest
Pylon at my side
The treasure lies before us And so we started walking
We knew they couldn't harm us
And how the wind is crying
When misty morning dawn breaks We'll walk back to the flats
With gallons in our hands We're walking in the fields
We're working on the farms
We do just like our fathers
How can they take that from us? And so we started driving
We had no choice to leave this
The bowl was left behind us
For Hooverville's before us Three hundred thousand
Bodies who can't rest Sweet Thursday is calling me back up to Monterey
Sweet Thursday is calling me back up to, up to Monterey
Up to Monterey So I started driving
And left my home behind me
The row there kept reminding
Of pages in your writing Sweet Thursday is calling me back up to Monterey
Sweet Thursday is calling me back up to Monterey, rey
Up to Monterey
Up to Monterey
Up to Monterey

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