Pleasant Street

Tim Buckley

You don't remember what to say
You don't remember what to do
You don't remember where to go
You don't remember what to chooseYou wheel, you steal
You feel, you kneel down
Down, down, down, down, down, down....All the stony people
Walking 'round in Christian licorice clothes
I can't hesitate
And I can't wait for pleasant streetThe sunshine reminds you of concreted skies
You thought you were flying
But you opened up your eyes
And you found yourself falling
Back to yesterday's lies
Hello, pleasant street
You know, you know, she's back againYou wheel, you steal
You feel, you kneel down
Down, down, downAll the stony people
Walking round in Christian licorice clothes
I can't hesitate
And I can't wait for pleasant streetAt twilight your lover comes to your room
He'll spin you, he'll weave you
Round his emerald loom
And softly you'll whisper all around his ear
Sweet lover, I love pleasant streetI wheel, I steal
I feel my way down to kneel
Down, down, down...All the stony people
Walking round in Christian licorice clothes
I can't hesitate
And I can't wait for pleasant streetDon't remember what to say
Don't remember what to do
Don't remember which way to go
You don't remember who to chooseYou wheel, you steal, you feel, you kneel down
Down, down, down, down, down, down, down....

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