

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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