

# For A Spanish Guitar

Gene Clark

The dissonant bells of the sea  
Who are ringing the rhymes of the deep  
As they sing of the ages asleep  
Not so near or so far And the old masters wind of the waves  
Sped forth for the free men and slaves  
Whispers of secrets it saves  
And about whom they are And the workings of sunshine and rain  
And the visions they paint that remain  
Pulsate from my soul through my brain  
In a Spanish guitar The beggar whom sits in the street  
On his miserable throne of defeat  
Envisions no wealth there to meet  
Thinking nowhere is far And the laughter of children employed  
By the fantasies not yet destroyed  
By the dogmas of those they avoid  
Knowing not what they are And the right and the wrong and insane  
And the answers they cannot explain  
Pulsate from my soul through my brain  
In a Spanish guitar To play on a Spanish guitar  
With the sun shining down where you are  
Skipping and singing a bar  
From the music around Just to laugh through the columns of trees  
To soar like a seagull in breeze  
To stand in the rain if you please  
Or to never be found

Songwriters

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