Monterey

Tim Buckley

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Under a loop of stars
In the vulgar cold
The dead airport lay
By the pebbles of the highwayThrough the snail clouds
You soared to your lover
I hurried away my darling
With a howl in my throatHiding inside the weeds
In the orange grove
The black rooster crowed
Through the hollow of the midnightWith my shot blood
With stains on my fingers
I run with the damned, my darling
They have taught me to laugh
To laugh, to laugh

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