

# 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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