

Covering Hallowed Ground

The Gone Jackals

I was taking in the haight
With a guest from l.a.
Wearin underwears
Like a hat on my head.
The spirit of the sixties
Was all around From high on hippie hill
We surveyed the sacred ground.
Covering hallowed ground. Well, I was south of the slot
By closing time
My black leather chaps
Afloat the crystalline tide.
I wheelied down an alley
That shined with lube Checked the ghost of sylvester
By the light of the man on the moon.
Covering hallowed ground. When daybreak broke
I hit the beach but found no sand,
Though saints peter and paul
Were close at hand. A screamer bared his knife
And drew a fleet of black and whites -
A book he d written, way back when,
Had changed my life.

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