

# Day For Night

Gene Clark

Somewhere in passage of morning to night  
Figures fade into the wind  
Delighted in trials and purposely exiled  
Trying to trade the day for the night

Shades of evening purple empty space  
Where everybody screams like they're all true  
Shadows of morning curtains of twilight  
Trying to trade the day for the night

Deep misunderstandings have echoed through the years  
Judge and you will be judged wrong or right  
I wonder why she still stands there her face in tears  
Trying to trade the day for the night

Regiments of our lives and tigers silver stripes  
Can't pass each other without taking life  
Believe me I have seen the last fine bird in flight  
Trying to trade the day for the night  
Trying to trade the day for the night