

Gunga Din

The Byrds

I'm writing this here letter from abroad a D.C.8
Headin' into Angel town, I hope it's not too late

It rained in New York City, Mr.Rock'n Roll couldn't stay
The crowd was mad and we were bad, chasin' the sun back to L.A.

Have breakfast with me mama, I hope they'll let us in
Got a leather jacket on, you know that it's a sin
Gunga Din

Sittin' backwards on this airplane, it's bound to make me sick
Spend your life on a D.C.8, never get to bed, settle down in the blue

Now we're over Kansas where the clouds are flowing by
The whole wide world looks back at me
Just like a mushroom high, I wonder why