

# 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