

## Jungle Fire

Tim Buckley

Somewhere old memories  
Echoed from the street in a  
Crying hole  
Just a song from long ago  
When I lost my easy gods to the Harlem insect laws  
I heard your baited moans and the passing cars and the swirling  
songs and the black man's bones  
Through the walls and the stalls and the cackling calls  
You were there  
You were an island behind the sun  
Yes an island  
Where my love could live and life breathes  
From deep inside  
Deep deep deep deep inside  
Mama Lie, I love you like a jungle fire