

## Monterey

Tim Buckley

Under a loop of stars  
In the vulgar cold  
The dead airport lay  
By the pebbles of the highway

Through the snail clouds  
You soared to your lover  
I hurried away my darling  
With a howl in my throat

Hiding inside the weeds  
In the orange grove  
The black rooster crowed  
Through the hollow of the midnight

With my shot blood  
With stains on my fingers  
I run with the damned, my darling  
They have taught me to laugh  
To laugh, to laugh