

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