

Gene Clark - Past My Door

Tom: G

You say it's all your imagination
Should I just stand here or bury myself in your floor?

You say, don't add to my frustration
Well, I didn't intend to linger at your door

Blackboard explanations and trial examinations
And temperature relations on the moon
The streetcar of invention, an afternoon of slight intention
The effects of some strong lesson learned too soon

"Too late", cries a melting, lonely snowman
"Forget", reminds a blackbird taking wing
"Tomorrow", whisper voices in the darkness
But the days go slowly moulding past my door

Took a walk with you
The clouds were blue on the bottom
And white on the top

Saw that one day could show

I wish that I would never
Have to stop

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Up the walk cry vendors, Mrs. Black never remembers
Finally she goes screaming through the night
Apartment house conceptions, a girl who paints deception
With the blurred out recollection of the light

"Stop her", slurs a constable in denims
What dare relates the viewer from the blind
"Whenever", says the upstairs Angelina
But the days go slowly moulding past my door

You say it's only imagination
Should I just stand here or bury myself in your floor?

You say, don't add to my frustration
But I didn't intend to linger at your door

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Acordes

