

John Fogerty

"This Jungle"

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Every avenue seems uncertain
This film beam plays across your hands
Some day I know you'll change your place in here
Don't let the sunset make you sad
In these jungles
In these jungles
The walls and the streets dissolve, I see
Rooms are all overgrown with leaf
Outside the sky's so bright
We step out in the haze
Time and time again
In these jungles
In these jungles
In these jungles
Ghostly perfume, rose and hyacinth
A deep blue twilight over our heads
The vistas melt and change in film escape
Just like the sunrise, make you glad
In these jungles
In these jungles
Dressed as a private man I go
Fragile as any stance I know
Voice on a golden wind
I'm turning in the blaze
The place is not the same
I'll meet you on summer streets you'll see
Shadows and echoes made of me
Light on my hands, I know
You're talking in the haze
The voice is not the same
The walls and the streets dissolve, I see
Rooms are all overgrown with leaf
Outside the skies so bright
You're turning in the haze
You're face is not the same
In these jungles
In these jungles

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