

Roger McGuinn

"The Man Who Stayed In Monterey"

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Dusty streets stare at me
Looking like a daytime nightmare
I should shave, try to save
Something of the man that's still there
Not much left to say, of the man who stayed in
Monterey

The stucco stores' open doors
Gape across the square and wonder
As this mans trembling hands
Tilt the bag his bottles under
Things are looking grey, for the man who stayed in
Monterey

Honey, darling, sweetheart, precious angel, little dove
The man who left you is looking pretty grim
Hypnotising, paralysing wine is my new love
'Cos it makes your memory soft and dim

Now I walk from the park
Bleary eyed and droopy shouldered
Scruffy shoes, flopping loose
I know I'm looking tired and older
One more empty day, for the man who stayed in
Monterey

Photographs in my lap
Sparkling colours rush up to me
From the page, brown with age
All these things I keep are truly
Flowers on the grave, of the man who stayed in
Monterey

Flowers on the grave, of the man who stayed in
Monterey

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