

Byrds, The

"Day Walk"

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In your blue room, sit with a candle lit
On a charcoal bed of dreams you carry on
Though the streets are hot you can still a lot
But you can walk out and forget there isn't time to take
a loan

But you're now into something that you were immune to
before
And there wasn't a sign, you just fell into line at the
door
And the question sands in the palms of hands
Of the wretches picking pieces of their minds up off the
floor

On the mantel place, there is still a trace
Of the plastic face you hung your moments on
And the sudden scare of a landing there on the sea
That you don't care to even see when you're alone

But the day is too short and you can't find support in
the sun
You had thought you'd decide to just stick out the ride
as it comes
But the emptiness of a thing that's less than what it was
thought to be
Has left you wondering just how much more

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