

## Byrds, The

### "Tunnel of Love"

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Written by Skip Battin and Kim Fowley

I ran to tunnel of love  
You were no longer sparking clean  
Well my boat got stuck in the fog  
Here I used to go swim in the stream  
The gates of the tunnel came closed  
Whoa my ghost was standing there by the door  
So I splashed back out to the street  
Nothing was there anymore

Oh, the water was floating with graves  
Where cotton candy should be  
And get this  
And girls in black robes were dancing around  
And touching their fingers to me

Oh I blackened my windows with soot  
And sandbagged the doors real good  
And didn't emerge from hiding  
Until the fallout was through

Oh, the water was floating with graves  
Where cotton candy should be  
And get this  
And girls in black robes were dancing around  
And touching their fingers to me  
And touching their fingers to me  
And touching their fingers to me  
And touching their fingers to me

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