

## Gone Jackals, The "Covering Hallowed Ground"

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I was taking in the haight  
With a guest from l.a.  
Wearin underwears  
Like a hat on my head.  
The spirit of the sixties  
Was all around

From high on hippie hill  
We surveyed the sacred ground.  
Covering hallowed ground.

Well, I was south of the slot  
By closing time  
My black leather chaps  
Afloat the crystalline tide.  
I wheelied down an alley  
That shined with lube

Checked the ghost of sylvester  
By the light of the man on the moon.  
Covering hallowed ground.

When daybreak broke  
I hit the beach but found no sand,  
Though saints peter and paul  
Were close at hand.

A screamer bared his knife  
And drew a fleet of black and whites -  
A book he d written, way back when,  
Had changed my life.

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