

Tim Buckley

"Jungle Fire"

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Somewhere old memories
Echoed from the street in a crying hole
Just a song from long ago
When I lost my easy gods to the Harlem insect laws

I heard your baited moans
And the passing cars and the swirling
Songs and the black man's bones
Through the walls and the stalls and the cackling calls

You were there
You were an island behind the sun
Yes, an island
Where my love could live and life breathes

From deep inside
Deep, deep, deep, deep inside
Mama Lie, I love you like a jungle fire

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