

Tim Buckley

"Pleasant Street"

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You don't remember what to say, Lord
You don't remember what to do, Lord
You don't remember where you've been
And you don't remember who to choose

You wheel and you steal
But you're feeling honey when you kneel down
Down, down, down, down, down, down, down

All the stony people
Walking round in Christian licorice clothes
Lord, I can't hesitate
Lord, no way I can't wait for pleasant street
The pleasant street

The sunshine reminds you of concreted skies
You thought you were flying
Till you opened up your eyes, honey
And you found yourself falling
Back down to yesterday's lies
Hello, pleasant street, Lord we're back again
You wheel, you steal, you feel, you kneel down
Down, down, down, down, down, down, down

All the stony people
Walking round in Christian licorice clothes
Lord, I can't hesitate
Lord, no way I can't wait for pleasant street
I love my little pleasant street

At twilight your lover comes to your room
He's gonna spin you darlin'
He's gonna weave 'em all, all around his emerald loom
But softly, he whisper all around your ear
Sweet lover, Lord, I love my pleasant street

Lord, I wheel and Lord, I steal and Lord, I feel
My way down to kneel
Down, down, down, down, down, down, down

