

# Gene Clark, Dark Hollow

I'd rather be in some dark hollow  
Where the sun don't ever shine  
Then to be at home alone  
And knowin' that you're gone  
Would cause me to lose my mind.

So blow your whistle freight train  
Take me far on down the track  
I'm going away, I'm leaving today  
I'm goin', but I ain't comin' back.

I'd rather be in some dark hollow  
Where the sun don't ever shine  
Then to be in some big city,  
In a small room, with you on my mind.

I'd rather be in some dark hollow  
Where the sun don't ever shine  
Then to see you another man's darlin';  
And to know that you'll never be mine.