

# Gene Clark, Echoes

On the streets you look again  
At the places you have been  
Or the moments that you thought  
Where am I going  
Though the walls are like the dead  
They reflect the things you've said  
And the echoes in your head continue showing  
Near the castles you can build  
Out of dreams you half fulfilled  
Won't keep out all of the ill wind that is blowing  
And you look still for a trace  
Of an opening in a place  
Where you find the life that you were used to knowing  
You can walk out in the night  
And be sure that its alright  
To exaggerate the world that's only being  
You can watch Regina dance  
Through the crystal panes of glass  
Yet you know that there's so much that she's not seeing  
Still you hold one precious thought  
After all this time you've sought  
That she might be just protecting what she longs for  
And her eyes are veiled with black  
Cause she plays she can look back  
At the love she wanted so but says is no more  
The lights go on, commense the cold  
As your senses will be sold  
To the parrot watchers mimicing no reasons  
To pretend that what they are  
From the fact completely far  
While the truth may be betrayal, lies and treason  
Build their towers in the sand  
Down the roads at their command  
When the kingdom is the innocence they're stealing  
And infection easily spreads  
To the searching, twisted heads  
As they team up to tear down each others feeling