

# Gene Clark, Past Adresses

Lover come closer  
Breaks me down to see you in the pains of fear  
The depth of your stone true eyes  
Are reflecting every burden of this life we bear  
My words can't slight the truth to you  
Tomorrow every trial of life is going to fall  
I can only make guesses on some of my past addresses  
And tell you what my broken memory recalls  
The first time I saw you  
My heart became the ruler of my mind  
The shadows of your motions  
Lingered way beyond the statements I intended timed  
The tears you hold from flowing  
Are the blood of the saints that shield the broken heart  
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