

# Gene Clark, Something's Wrong

Hours of joy when I was just a boy  
And never wrong I knew  
Kites of red would fly above my head  
The birds would sing their song  
Now something's wrong  
Where the Sherwood used to be  
Neon brambles now I can see  
Fields of corn on early summer mornings  
Or late afternoons  
Anytime there was a place to find  
Where life seemed not so soon  
Now all too soon  
Is this where I used to be  
Still remembering what is me  
And I won't even try  
To find a reason why  
I must live here just to die  
Now something's wrong  
Where the Sherwood used to be  
Neon brambles now I can see