In a Misty Morning

Gene Clark

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I came into town on a Monday morning
The tall buildings breaking up the city sky
The streets were wet it had just been pouring
Like the clouds above the storm just had to cry
I trained my eye on a police cruiser
I watched and I gulped as he passed me by
I looked around to see the street lights changing
And a voice down deep inside me asked me why
Running through my thoughts
Were the memories of the days that I had left behind
Way down in my soul were the hope
That better days were always there to find
The fog rolled in and the lights grew dimmer
And the sound of the city streets seemed amplified
In the misty morning when it had just been pouring
Like the clouds above the storm just had to cry
Like the clouds above the storm just had to cry
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