

Gene Clark - Past My Door

Tom: G

You say it's all your imagination
 Should I just stand here or bury myself in your floor?

You say, don't add to my frustration
 Well, I didn't intend to linger at your door

Blackboard explanations and trial examinations
 And temperature relations on the moon
 The streetcar of invention, an afternoon of slight intention
 The effects of some strong lesson learned too soon

"Too late", cries a melting, lonely snowman
 "Forget", reminds a blackbird taking wing
 "Tomorrow", whisper voices in the darkness
 But the days go slowly moulding past my door

Took a walk with you
 The clouds were blue on the bottom
 And white on the top

Saw that one day could show
 I wish that I would never
 Have to stop

(D)

Up the walk cry vendors, Mrs. Black never remembers
 Finally she goes screaming through the night
 Apartment house conceptions, a girl who paints deception
 With the blurred out recollection of the light

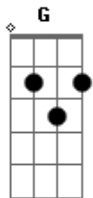
"Stop her", slurs a constable in denims
 What dare relates the viewer from the blind
 "Whenever", says the upstairs Angelina
 But the days go slowly moulding past my door

You say it's only imagination
 Should I just stand here or bury myself in your floor?

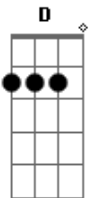
You say, don't add to my frustration
 But I didn't intend to linger at your door

(D C G A)

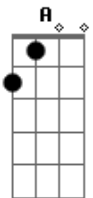
Acordes



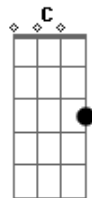
© ukulele-chords.com



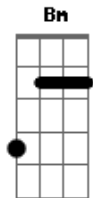
© ukulele-chords.com



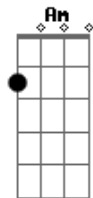
© ukulele-chords.com



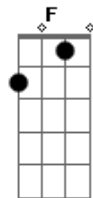
© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com