Looking East

Jackson Browne

Standing in the ocean with the sun burning low in the west
Like a fire in the cavernous darkness at the heart of the beast
With my beliefs and possessions, stopped at the frontier in my chest
At the edge of my country, my back to the sea, looking east
Where the search for the truth is conducted with a wink and a nod
And where power and position are equated with the grace of God
These times are famine for the soul while for the senses, it's a feast
From the edge of my country, as far as you see, looking east
Hunger in the midnight, hunger at the stroke of noon
Hunger in the mansion, hunger in the rented room
Hunger on the TV, hunger on the printed page
And there's a God-sized hunger underneath the laughing and the rage
In the absence of light
And the deepening night
Where I wait for the sun
Looking east
How long have I left my mind to the powers that be?
How long will it take to find the higher power moving in me?
Power in the insect, power in the sea
Power in the snow falling silently
Power in the blossom, power in the stone
Power in the song being sung alone
Power in the wheat field, power in the rain
Power in the sunlight and the hurricane
Power in the silence, power in the flame
Power in the sound of the lover's name
The power of the sunrise and the power of a prayer released
On the edge of my country, I pray for the ones with the least
Hunger in the midnight, hunger at the stroke of noon
Hunger in the banquet, hunger in the bride and groom
Hunger on the TV, hunger on the printed page
And there's a God-sized hunger underneath the questions of the age
And an absence of light
In the deepening night
Where I wait for the sun
Looking east

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