

# 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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