

# Something Fine

## Jackson Browne

The papers lie there helplessly  
In a pile outside the door  
I've tried and tried  
But I just can't remember what they're for  
The world outside is tugging  
Like a beggar at my sleeve

Oh, that's much too old a story to believe  
And you know that it's taken its share of me  
Even though you take such good care of me

Now you say Morocco and that makes me smile  
I haven't seen Morocco in a long, long while  
The dreams are rolling down  
Across the places in my mind

And I've just had a taste of something fine  
The future hides and the past just slides  
England lies between  
Floating in a silver mist so cold and so clean  
California's shaking like an angry child will

Who has asked for love and is unanswered still  
And you know that I'm looking back carefully  
'Cause I know that there's still  
Something there for me  
But you said Morocco and you made me smile  
And it hasn't been that easy for a long, long while  
And looking back into your eyes  
I saw them really shine  
Giving me a taste of something fine  
Something fine

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