

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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