

# Looking Into You

Jackson Browne

Well, I looked into a house I once lived in  
Around the time I first went on my own  
When the roads were as many as the places I had dreamed of  
And my friends and I were one Now the distance is done and the search has begun  
I've come to see where my beginnings have gone Oh, the walls and the windows were still standing  
And the music could be heard at the door  
Where the people who kindly endured my odd questions  
Asked if I came very far And when my silence replied, they took me inside  
Where their children sat playing on the floor Well, we spoke of the changes that would find us farther on  
And it left me so warm and so high  
But as I stepped back outside to the gray morning sun  
I heard that highway whisper and sigh, "Are you ready to fly?" And I looked into the faces all passing by  
It's an ocean that will never be filled  
And the house that grows older and finally crumbles  
That even love cannot rebuild It's a hotel at best, you're here as a guest  
You oughta make yourself at home while you're waiting for the rest Well, I looked into the dream of the millions  
That one day the search will be through  
Now here I stand at the edge of my embattled illusions  
Looking into you The great song traveler passed through here  
And he opened my eyes to the view  
And I was among those who called him a prophet  
And I asked him what was true Until the distance had shown how the road remains alone  
Now I'm looking in my life for a truth that is my own Well, I looked into the sky for my anthem  
And the words and the music came through  
But words and music will never touch the beauty that I've seen  
Looking into you, and that's true

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