

The Painter

Jackson Browne

We see him dancing in the morning
Stars depart the yawning sky
He'll take the hour that is passing
And leave it in his lover's eye
And if you want he'll make it seem
As though you're walking in his dream
A mystic sea
We hear him laughing in the shadows
As he smuggles in the sand
He's found another kind of color
In the magic he has donned
And if you want he'll take the time
To ask the sun and moon to rhyme and then combine
He draws no lines between what he's imagining

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