For Everyman

David Lindley; Jackson Browne

Everybody I talk to is ready to leave with the light of the morning
They've seen the end coming down long enough to believe
That they've heard their last warning
Standing alone each has his own ticket in his hand
And as the evening descends I sit thinking 'bout everymanSeems like I've always been looking for some other place to get it together
Where with a few of my friends I could give up the race
Maybe find something better
But all my fine dreams well though out schemes to gain the motherland
Have all eventually come down to waiting for everymanWaiting here for everyman
Make it on your own if you think you can
If you see somewhere to go I understand
Waiting here for everyman
Don't ask me if he'll show baby I don't knowMake it on your own if you think you can
Somewhere later on you'll have to take a stand
Then you're going to need a handEverybody's just waiting to hear from the one
Who can give them the answers
Lead them back to that place in the warmth of the sun
Where sweet childhood still dances
Who'll come along and hold out that strong and gentle father's hand?
Long ago I heard someone say something 'bout everymanWaiting here for everyman
Make it on your own, make it if you think you can
If you see somewhere to go I understandI'm not trying to tell you that I've seen the plan
Turn and walk away if you think I am
But don't think too badly of one who's left holding sand
He's just another dreamer, dreaming 'bout everyman

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