Suite For 20g

James Taylor

Slipping away what can I say
Won`t you stay inside me month of May
And hold on to me golden day, slipping away

Sunshine on my wall
To keep my mind on the things I`m saying
Footsteps in the hall
To tell me I`ve been this way before, nevermore

Let it rain sweet Mary Jane
Let it wash your love down all around me
Come inside and put it down
Let it rain

I`ve been trying hard to find a way to let you know
That we can make it shine most all the time
This time `round I`m searching down to where I used to go
And it`s been on my mind to make it shine

You can say I want to be free
I can say someday I will be

You can say I want to be free
I can say someday I will be

When I catch a common cold
want to hear a saxophone
When I let the good times roll, baby
Slide me a bass trombone

Walk me down old Funky Street
Lord knows I feel good enough to eat (now)
Hold my soul. Now, I`m sure enough fond of my rock `n roll

When I go to sleep at night
want to hear a slide guitar
When I`m feeling loose and right
Riding in my automobile
Boney Maroney and Peggy Sue
Got the rocking pneumonia, got the boogey-woogey flu

Baby, hold my soul. Said, I`m sure enough fond of my rock `n roll
Good God

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