

Enough to Be On Your Way

James Taylor

Notes: It on sony.com: my brother alex died in '93 on (not for) my birthday. we all went down to florida to say goodbye. the day after we flew home (the day after his cremation) a giant mother hurricane lowed us north through the carolina's; trashing everything in it's path and finally raining record rains on martha's vineyard (home).

In paris, a year later I changed his character to a hippie chick named alice and the location to santa fe; but my soulful older brother is still all over this song like a cheap suit. Almost fuck-free. The sun shines on this funeral

The same as on a birth
The way it shines on everything
That happens here on earth
It rolls across the western sky
And back into the sea
And spends the days last rays
Upon this fucked-up family
So long old pal The last time I saw alice
She was leaving santa fe
With a bunch of round-eyed buddhists
In a killer chevrolet
Said they turned her out of texas
Yeah she burned 'em down back home
Now she's wild with expectation
On the edge of the unknown Chorus:
Oh it's enough to be on your way
It's enough just to cover ground
It's enough to be moving on
Home, build it behind your eyes
Carry it in your heart
Safe among your own They brought her back on a friday night
Same day I was born
We sent her up the smoke stack
And back into the storm
She blew up over the san juan mountains
And spent herself at last
The threat of heavy weather
That was what she knew the best Chorus It woke me up on a sunday
An hour before the sun
It had me watching the headlights
Out on highway 591
'til I stepped into my trousers
'til I pulled my big boots on

I walked out on the mesa
And I stumbled on this songChorus

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