

P.F. Sloan (feat. Jackson Browne)

Jimmy Webb

I have been seeking P.F. Sloan
But no one knows where he has gone
No one ever heard the song
That good old boy sent winging Now you might sigh
And you might moan
And you might sweat
About the skin and bone
You just smiled
And read the Rolling Stone
While he continued singing
Yeah, now listen to him singing No
Don't sing this song
No, people, don't you sing this song
Don't sing this song
It belongs to P.F. Sloan
Oh from now on My old friend Trigger up and died
So now they've got him stuffed and dried
You know they've tanned his hide
And crucified
Got him starin' glassy eyed
Out through the parlour door The London bridge was finally found,
They moved it to a another town and no
People gathered around to watch the bridge fall down
But I don't think we will know more, no
Don't sing this song
No, people, don't you sing this song
No
Don't sing this song
It belongs to P.F. Sloan
Oh from now, from now on Nixon's come and bound to stay
He's taken all my sins away
I heard it on the news today
But it set my ears to ringing
Can't you hear the people singing Last time I saw P.F. Sloan
He was summer burned and winter blown
He turned the corner all alone
But he continued singing
Yeah now, listen to him singing Na
Don't sing this song

No, people, don't you sing this song

Na na na na na na na na na na

Don't sing this song

It belongs to P.F. Sloan

Oh from now, from now on

Songwriters

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