

# 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 everyman  
Seems 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 everyman  
Waiting 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 know  
Make 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 hand  
Everybody'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 everyman  
Waiting here for everyman  
Make it on your own, make it if you think you can  
If you see somewhere to go I understand  
I'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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