

P.F. Sloan (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 wingingNow 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 singingNo no no no no no no no no 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 onMy 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 doorThe 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, noNo no no no no no no no 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 onNixon'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 singingLast 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 singingNa na na na na na na na na na
 Don't sing this song

No, people, don't you sing this song
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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