Colors Of The Sun

Jackson Browne

Colors of the sun
Flashing on the water top
Echo on the landPicking for a coin
Many other tiny worlds
Singing past my handAwake to understand you are not dreaming
It is not seaming just to be this way
Dying men draw numbers in the air
Dream to conquer little bits of time
Scuffle with the crowd to get their share
And fall behind their little bits of timeVoices in the air
Sympathetic harmony
Coming from the treesHanging at my door
Many shiny surfaces
Clinging in the breezeOh, leave me where I am I am not losing
If I am choosing not to plan my life
Disillusioned savior search the sky
Wanting to just to show someone the way
Asking all the people passing by
Doesn't anybody want the wayI say goodbye to Joseph and Maria
They think I see another sky
And from my fallen window I still see them
I'll never free them from the sky

Songwriters
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