

# Everywhere I Look

Jackson Browne

Down by the boardwalk, kicking up sand  
Here comes Jenny with a bottle in her hand  
Ricky had some quarters she was shaking in a can  
Billy found a twenty and he's looking for his man  
Well he had a box of photographs that he made me flip  
Of every single loser on the Sunset Strip  
Well Jenny's out of detox, she couldn't make it stick  
She poured me out a double but I didn't take a sip

Because everywhere I look, everywhere I go  
And everyone I meet, everyone I know  
And everywhere I see people going down slow  
Everywhere I look, anywhere I go

Down on Third Street behind the bar  
Jenny's been living in the back of her car  
She met a guy from Phoenix, he stole her guitar  
Before she got that DUI on Vista del Mar  
Now past all the tracks and the shiny new trains  
Down at Alameda and over towards Maine  
In little tent cities they're begging for change  
Watching and waiting and praying for rain

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