

Something Fine

Jackson Browne

Papers lie there helplessly
In a pile outside the door
I tried and tried, but I just can't remember
What they're for

The world outside is tugging
Like a beggar at my sleep
Ah, that's much too old
A story to believe

And you know
That it's taken its share of me
Even though
You take such good care of me

Now, you say Morocco
And that makes me smile
I haven't seen Morocco
For a long, long while

The dreams are rolling down
Across the places in my mind
And I've just had
A taste of something fine

The future hides and the past just slides
England lies between
Floating in a silver mist
So cold and so clean

And California's shaking
Like some angry child will
Who has asked for love
And isn't answered still

And you know
That I'm looking back carefully
'Cause I know
That there's still something there for me

But you said Morocco
And it made me smile
And it hasn't been that easy
For a long, long while

And looking back into your eyes
I saw them really shine
Giving me a taste
Of something fine, something fine

Now, if you see Morocco
I know you'll go in style
I may not see Morocco
For a little while

But while you're there
I was hoping you might keep it in your mind

To save me just a taste
Of something fine