

That Girl Could Sing

Jackson Browne

She was a friend to me when I needed one
Wasn't for her I don't know what I'd done
She gave me back something that was missing in me

She could of turned out to be almost anyone
Almost anyone with the possible exception
Of who I wanted her to be

Running into the midnight with her clothes whipping in the wind
Reaching into the heart of the darkness for the tenderness with
in
Stumblin' into the lights of the city and then back in the shadows again
Hanging onto the laughter that each of us hid our unhappiness in

Talk about celestial bodies
And your angels on the wing
She wasn't much good at stickin' around
But that girl could sing, she could sing

In the dead of night she could shine a light
On some places that you've never been
In that kind of light you could lose your sight
And believe there was something to win

You could hold her tight with all your might
But she'd slip through your arms like the wind
And be back in flight back into the night
Where you might never see her again

The longer I thought I could find her
The shorter my vision became
Running in circles behind her
And thinking in terms of the blame

But she couldn't have been any kinder
If she'd come back and tried to explain

She wasn't much good a saying goodbye
But that girl was sane