

# Unloved

**Jackson Browne**

There will be no consolation prize  
this time the bone is broken clean  
no baptism, no reprise and no sweet taste of victory  
All the stars have fallen from the sky  
And everything else in between  
Satellites have closed their eyes  
The moon has gone to sleep  
Unloved... unloved... unloved...

Here I am inside a hotel  
Choking on a million words I said  
Cigarettes have burned a hole  
And dreams are drunk and penniless  
Here I am inside my father's arms  
All jagged bone and whisky dry  
Whisper to me sweetly now and tell me I will never die  
Unloved... unloved... unloved

Here I am an empty hallway  
broken window, rainy night  
I am nineteen sixty-two and I am ready for a fight  
People crying hallelujah  
While the bullet leaves the gun  
People falling, falling, falling  
And I don't know where they're falling from  
Unloved... unloved... unloved

Hoping that the kindness will lead us  
Past the blindness and  
Not another living soul  
Will ever have to feel  
Unloved... unloved... unloved... unloved  
Unloved... unloved...