

## Something Fine

Karla Bonoff

The papers lie there helplessly  
In a pile outside the door  
I've tried and tried, but I just can't remember what they're for  
The world outside is tugging like a beggar at my sleeve  
Oh, 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 in 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  
California's shaking like an angry child will  
Who has asked for love and is unanswered 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 you 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