

## Suite for 20 G

James Taylor

Slipping away what can I say  
Won't you stay inside me month of May  
And hold on to me golden day, slipping away

Sunshine on my wall  
To keep my mind on the things I'm saying  
Footsteps in the hall  
To tell me I've been this way before, nevermore

Let it rain sweet Mary Jane  
Let it wash your love down all around me  
Come inside and put it down  
Let it rain

I've been trying hard to find a way to let you know  
That we can make it shine most all the time  
This time 'round I'm searching down to where I used to go  
And it's been on my mind to make it shine

You can say I want to be free  
I can say someday I will be

You can say I want to be free  
I can say someday I will be

When I catch a common cold  
want to hear a saxophone  
When I let the good times roll, baby  
Slide me a bass trombone

Walk me down old Funky Street  
Lord knows I feel good enough to eat (now)  
Hold my soul. Now, I'm sure enough fond of my rock 'n roll

When I go to sleep at night  
want to hear a slide guitar  
When I'm feeling loose and right  
Riding in my automobile  
Boney Maroney and Peggy Sue  
Got the rocking pneumonia, got the boogey-woogey flu  
Baby, hold my soul. Said, I'm sure enough fond of my rock 'n roll  
Good God