

# Jackson Browne, Colors Of The Sun

Colors of the sun  
Flashing on the water top  
Echo on the land

Picking for a coin  
Many other tiny worlds  
Singing past my hand

Awake to understand you are not dreaming  
It is not seeming just to be this way  
Dying men draw numbers in the air  
Dream to conquer little bits of time  
Scuffle with the crowd to get their share  
And fall behind their little bits of time

Voices in the air  
Sympathetic harmony  
Coming from the trees

Hanging at my door  
Many shiny surfaces  
Clinging in the breeze

Oh, leave me where I am I am not losing  
If I am choosing not to plan my life  
Disillusioned savior search the sky  
Wanting to just to show someone the way  
Asking all the people passing by  
Doesn't anybody want the way

I say goodbye to Joseph and Maria  
They think I see another sky  
And from my fallen window I still see them  
I'll never free them from the sky