

Jackson Browne, Gotta See A Man About A Day

I could write for you
A song about the warming of september
But I couldn't really give to you
That month in the spring

And I could write for you
Melodies dedicated to the seasons
But I'd be caught behind
Remembering a reason not to sing

And the music would accompany
The words it brings along
Why should I try
How can I try
I can't give you the seasons in a song

I could paint for you
A picture with a swirling world of color
But I couldn't really give to you
The brush strokes of my mind

And in my ticker-tape parade
All the memories of all my failures
Would be summoned in
And made to walk a step or two behind

And models seldom find themselves
In portraits that I've drawn
But I have cried
And not denied
That my colors aren't clear enough in song

You ask of me
What's a word that rhymes with all your confusion
Don't you think that's just a little bit
Unusual to ask

Once you asked of me
Once before what is a word for all your crying
But you were laughing at me all the time
Behind your tragic mask

Now you ask me and my friends
If you can pack and come along
Why should I try
How can I try
If you can follow the honesty in song

So I'll go skipping through
All my daydreams at a thousand miles an hour
And I'll try to sort things out
Into an order if I can

I've got a couple things to do
Before I come and talk to you again
Well I'll meet you in a dream or two
Down by the borderland

I've got a necessary game to play
And changes to go through
It's time to go, time to go
So it's so long, farewell

And I'll be seeing you