

Jackson Browne, Holding

I'm standing here and hoping for you
Holding my door open for you now
Ask just what you will of me
I'll bend just like a willow tree
And now I'm holdin'
Holdin' my door open to the wind

Well seven times she came to me
And each time seemed the same to me
She knows just what to ask me now

And I can't help but wonder how
And now I'm holdin'
Holdin' my door open before the wind

I wrote my name upon the sands
With questioningly weary hands
The tide arose and answered me
And washed my name into the sea
And now I'm holdin'
Holdin' my door open before the wind