

# Jackson Browne, Farther On

In my early years I hid my tears  
And passed my days alone  
Adrift on an ocean of loneliness  
My dreams like nets were thrown  
To catch the love that I'd heard of  
In books and films and songs  
Now there's a world of illusion and fantasy  
In the place where the real world belongs

Still I look for the beauty in songs  
To fill my head and lead me on  
Though my dreams have come up torn and empty  
As many times as love has come and gone

To those gentle ones my memory runs  
To the laughter we shared at the meals  
I filled their kitchens and living rooms  
With my schemes and my broken wheels  
It was never clear how far or near  
The gates to my citadel lay  
They were cutting from stone some dreams of their own  
But they listened to mine anyway

I'm not sure what I'm trying to say  
It could be I've lost my way  
Though I keep a watch over the distance  
Heaven's no closer than it was yesterday

And the angels are older  
They know not to wait up for the sun  
They look over my shoulder  
At the maps and the drawings of the journey I've begun

Now the distance leads me farther on  
Though the reasons I once had are gone  
I keep thinking I'll find what I'm looking for  
In the sand beneath the dawn

But the angels are older  
They can see that the sun's setting fast  
They look over my shoulder  
At the vision of paradise contained in the light of the past  
And they lay down behind me  
To sleep beside the road till the morning has come  
Where they know they will find me  
With my maps and my faith in the distance  
Moving farther on