

Jackson Browne, Lavender Windows

Lavender windows and burgundy doors
Olive green pillows on ebony floors
The lightest of wine
Could have been mine
It should have been mine

Promises kept and promises broken
They're all the same whether silent or spoken
They're not worth a penny

I didn't make many
I didn't break any

Roads that are leaving and roads that have gone
Oh every road moves but the one that I'm on
The score is now even
And I should be leaving
Why am I not leaving