

Jackson Browne, Linda Paloma

At the moment the music began
And you heard the guitar player starting to sing
You were filled with the beauty that ran
Through what you were imagining
Dreaming of scenes from those songs of love
I was the endless sky
And you were my Mexican dove

Now the music that played in your ears
Grows a little bit fainter each day
And you find yourself looking through tears
At the love you feel slipping away
Though it's not the kind
Of love you might hope to find
If tears could release the heart
From the shadows preferred by the mind

Like a wind that comes up in the night
Caressing your face while you sleep
Love will fill your eyes with the sight
Of a world you can't hope to keep
Dreaming on after that moment's gone
The light in your lover's eyes
Disappears with the light of the dawn

But the morning brings
Strength to your restless wings
And some other lover sings
To the sun's bright corona
I know all about these things
Linda Paloma
Fly away
Linda Paloma