

Jackson Browne, My Opening Farewell

A lady stands before an open window
Staring so far away
She can almost feel the southern wind blow
Almost touching her restless day

She turns from her window to me
Sad smile her apology
Sad eyes reaching to the door

Daylight loses to another evening
And still she spares me the word goodbye
And sits alone beside me fighting her feelings
Struggles to speak but in the end can only cry

Suddenly it's so hard to find
The sound of the words to speak her troubled mind
So I'm offering these to her as if to be kind:
There's a train every day leaving either way
There's a world, you know
There's a way to go
And you'll soon be gone -- that's just as well
This is my opening farewell

A child's drawings left there on the table
And a woman's silk lying on the floor
And I would keep them here if I were able
And lock her safe behind this open door

But suddenly it's so clear to me
That I'd asked her to see what she may never see
And now my kind words find their way back to me
There's a train every day leaving either way
There's a world, you know
You got a way's to go
And I'll soon believe -- it's just as well
This is my opening farewell