

# Jackson Browne, Of Missing Persons

Your father was a rounder  
He played that rock and roll  
A leaper and a bounder  
Down to his gypsy soul  
The music was his angel  
And sorrow was his star  
And those of us who follow  
Might hope to reach as far

They're walking slow in Houston  
Speechless in D.C.  
There's no way I could tell you  
What he meant to me

Your mother's a survivor  
She'll do what must be done  
Her children will revive her  
And help her see the sun  
She almost knew that unison  
But the singing stopped too soon  
Now she shares the silence  
With a man up in the moon

To speak of missing persons  
Tonight there's only one  
And we all carry with us what the man's begun

And you can sing this song  
On July the Fourth  
In the sunny south and the frozen north  
It's a day of loss, it's your day of birth  
Does it take a death to learn what a life is worth?

Your brothers are all older  
And they'll take it in their stride  
The world's a little colder  
But manhood's on their side  
Now you're the little girl-child  
And you look so much like him  
And he's right there inside you  
Each time you want to sing

Sing of missing persons  
Tonight there's only one  
But he's where you can find him when it's said and done

And we will sing this song  
On July the Fourth  
From the sunny south and the frozen north  
This will always be your day of birth  
May you always see what your life is worth