

Jackson Browne, Something Fine

The papers lie there helplessly
In a pile outside the door
I've tried and tried, but I just can't remember what they're for
The world outside is tugging like a beggar at my sleeve
Oh, that's much too old a story to believe

And you know that it's taken its share of me
Even though you take such good care of me
Now you say "Morocco" and that makes me smile
I haven't seen Morocco in a long, long while
The dreams are rolling down across the places in my mind
And I've just had a taste of something fine

The future hides and the past just slides
England lies between
Floating in a silver mist so cold and so clean
California's shaking like an angry child will
Who has asked for love and is unanswered still

And you know that I'm looking back carefully
ÔCause I know that there's still something there for me
But you said "Morocco" and you made me smile
And it hasn't been that easy for a long, long while
And looking back into your eyes I saw them really shine
Giving me a taste of something fine
Something fine

Now if you see Morocco I know you'll go in style
I may not see Morocco for a little while
But while you're there I was hoping you might keep it in your mind
To save me just a taste of something fine