

# Jackson Browne, That Girl Could Sing

She was a friend to me when I needed one  
Wasn't for her I don't know what I'd done  
She gave me back something that was missing in me  
She could of turned out to be almost anyone  
Almost anyone--  
With the possible exception  
Of who I wanted her to be

Running into the midnight  
With her clothes whipping in the wind  
Reaching into the heart of the darkness  
For the tenderness within  
Stumblin' into the lights of the city  
And then back in the shadows again  
Hanging onto the laughter  
That each of us hid our unhappiness in

Talk about celestial bodies  
And your angels on the wing  
She wasn't much good at stickin' around--but  
She could sing...

In the dead of night  
She could shine a light  
On some places that you've never been  
In that kind of light  
You could lose your sight  
And believe there was something to win  
You could hold her tight  
With all your might  
But she'd slip through your arms like the wind  
And be back in flight  
Back into the night  
Where you might never see her again

The longer I thought I could find her  
The shorter my vision became  
Running in circles behind her  
And thinking in terms of the blame  
But she couldn't have been any kinder  
If she'd come back and tried to explain  
She wasn't much good a saying goodbye--but  
That girl was sane