

Jackson Browne, The Only Child

Boy of mine

As your fortune comes to carry you down the line
And you watch as the changes unfold
And you sort among the stories you've been told
If some pieces of the picture are hard to find
And the answers to your questions are hard to hold

Take good care of your mother
When you're making up your mind
Should one thing or another take you from behind
Though the world may make you hard and wild
And determine how your life is styled
When you've come to feel that you're the only child
Take good care of your brother

Let the disappointments pass
Let the laughter fill your glass
Let your illusions last until they shatter
Whatever you might hope to find
Among the thoughts that crowd your mind
There won't be many that ever really matter

But take good care of your mother
And remember to be kind
When the pain of another will serve you to remind
That there are those who feel themselves exiled
On whom the fortune never smiled
And upon whose life the heartache has been piled
They're just looking for another
Lonely child

And when you've found another soul
Who sees into your own
Take good care of each other