

# Jackson Browne, The Painter

We see him dancing in the morning  
Stars depart the yawning sky  
He'll take the hour that is passing  
And leave it in his lover's eye  
And if you want he'll make it seem  
As though you're walking in his dream  
A mystic sea

We hear him laughing in the shadows  
As he smuggles in the sand  
He's found another kind of color  
In the magic he has donned  
And if you want he'll take the time  
To ask the sun and moon to rhyme  
And then combine  
He draws no lines between what he's imagining