

Jackson Browne, Time Travel Fantasy

My head is in the forest
And I'm thinking about you
The mist is pulling lightly on the timber
My thoughts are of the forest
And I'm sure I'm not in view
Of anyone but the dragon
And the prince of song

I cannot see the daytime
For my head is in the night
The fog is gently swaying on the moor now
I hardly know the difference
>from the dark into the light
Since I was with the dragon
It's been far too long

My feet can't keep my thoughts
>from running out on me this time
The haze is passing fully 'cross the skyline
Where's the girl to hold me
To the boundaries of my mind
Princess with bag of crystal
That's where I belong

Now will my head stay with the night
And watch the chance I take
All the dew has gathered on the heather
Will I go to sleep again
Or will I stay awake
Let me linger with the dragon
And the prince of song