

# 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  
&gt;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  
&gt;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