

# Jackson C. Frank, Just Like Anything

Just like anything

To sing

To sing

To sing

Is a state of mind

Sunlight dances slowly on a drum beats broken rhyme

I speak in answers only to see them in my mind

If I had a penny I'd throw it in the sea

to see if would float away

Or grow of any tree

I play the fool of rhythm

To speak of what is sane

I never think of singing to those who feel the same

See how high the rain falls

See the color in my hair

Hunt for golden pourage bowls

Hear the paper tear

Just like anything

To sing

To sing

To sing

Is a state of mind

Death gives no reason

So why should I

Death has no season

So I know I'll never die

Just like anything

To sing

To sing

To sing

Is a state of mind