

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