

James Taylor, Anywhere Like Heaven

When I walk along your city streets and look into your eyes,
When I see that simple sadness that upon your features lies.
If my spirit starts to sink, it comes as no surprise,
it's been a long way from anywhere like heaven to your town, this town.

There's a pasture in the countryside I used to call my own.
There's a natural pillow for my head, the grass there's overgrown, yes and no.
I think of that place from time to time when I want to be alone,
it's been a long way from anywhere like heaven to your town, this town.

Now, people live from day to day, but they do not count the time.
They don't see the days slipping by and neither do I.

Now, people, they live from day to day, but they do not count the time, no.
They don't see their days slipping by and neither do I.

When I walk along your city streets and look into your eyes,
When I see that simple sadness that upon your features lies, I see lines.
If my spirit starts to sink, it comes as no surprise,
it's been a long way from anywhere like heaven to your town, this town.