

# James Taylor, Fading Away

When I've got something to say, well, don't I always let you know?  
So that you and I can go my way together.  
And if I get carried away, well, I could be sailing on a song  
and maybe we could carry on forever.

But lately this old dog has been chasing his tail round and round and round.  
And the circles in my mind, they have been winding slowly down.  
Everybody's breezing up but I'm seizing up, I'm freezing up and I'm fading away.

I've got a hold on a night in June, I've got room for you and me.  
I've got moonlight up in the trees, I've got sixty-eight degrees.  
I've got nothing on my mind but I've got loving in my heart,  
And I've got something out in the garden I want to show you.  
Well, it really doesn't matter after all if we quit this round about  
and no one will really notice if we can just sit this next one out.  
You can strike up the band without me, you may have your doubts about me,  
But I'm just fading away.  
You can hardly even see me because I'm fading away.

Well, it's hard to find a label for this feeling in my bones.  
That this is all a make-believe but my cards are on the table  
and there ain't nothing up my sleeve.  
And here I thought I was a thinking man but I'm a shrinking man, I'm sinking man,  
I'm fading, fading away.

Well, it's really not so bad to be fading away.  
Come on along with me and we'll go fading away.  
You can hardly even hear me because I'm fading away.