

James Taylor, Suite For 20G

Slipping away, what can I say, won't you stay inside me, month of May?
And hold on to me golden days, slipping away.
Sunshine on my wall to keep my mind on the things I'm saying.
Footsteps in the hall to tell me I've been this way before, nevermore.
Let it rain, sweet Mary Jane, let it wash your love down all around me,
come inside and put it down, let it rain.

I've been trying hard to find a way to let you know that we can make it shine most all the time.
This time round I'm searching down to where I used to go,
and it's been on my mind to make it shine

You can say I wanna be free, I can say someday I will be.

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When I catch a common cold, wanna hear a saxophone.
When I let the good times roll, baby, slide me a bass trombone
Walk me down old Funky Street
Lord knows I feel good enough to eat (now)
Hold my soul. Now, I'm sure enough fond of my rock 'n roll

When I go to sleep at night, wanna hear a slide guitar.
When I'm feeling loose and right, go riding in my automobile.
Boney Maroney and Peggy Sue, got the rocking pneumonia, got the boogy-woogy flu, hey,
hold my soul, said I'm sure enough fond of my rock 'n roll, good God!
Looky here, looky here, woo!