

Linda Ronstadt, For A Dancer

written by Jackson Browne
Swallow Turn Music (ASCAP)

Keep the fire burning in your eyes
Pay attention to the open sky
You never know what will be coming down

I don't remember losing track of you
You're always dancing in and out of view
I must have thought you would always be around
Always keeping things real by playing the clown
Now you're nowhere to be found

I don't know what happens when people die
Can't seem to grasp it as hard as I try
It's like a song I hear playing right in my ear
But I can't sing, I can't help listening

I can't help feeling stupid standing around
Crying is the easier down
Cause I know that you would rather we'd be dancing
Dancing our sorrow away
No matter what fate throws in your way

Just do the steps that you've been shown
By everyone you've ever known
Until the dance becomes your very own
No matter how close to yours
Another's steps have grown
In the end there is one dance you'll do alone

Keep a fire for the human race
Let your prayers go drifting into space
You never know what will be coming down
Perhaps a better world is drawing near
Just as easy it could all disappear
Along with whatever meaning you might have found
Don't let the uncertainty turn you around
Go on and make a joyful sound

Into a dancer you have grown
From a seed somebody else has thrown
Go on ahead and throw some seeds of your own
And somewhere between the time you arrive
And the time you go
May lie a reason you were alive
But you'll never know