

**Browne Jackson****"GOTTA SEE A MAN ABOUT A DAYDREAM"**

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I could write for you  
A song about the warming of September  
But I couldn't really give to you  
That month in the spring

And I could write for you  
Melodies dedicated to the seasons  
But I'd be caught behind  
Remembering a reason not to sing

And the music would accompany  
The words it brings along  
Why should I try  
How can I try  
I can't give you the seasons in a song

I could paint for you  
A picture with a swirling world of color  
But I couldn't really give to you  
The brush strokes of my mind

And in my ticker-tape parade  
All the memories of all my failures  
Would be summoned in  
And made to walk a step or two behind

And models seldom find themselves  
In portraits that I've drawn  
But I have cried  
And not denied  
That my colors aren't clear enough in song

You ask of me  
What's a word that rhymes with all your confusion  
Don't you think that's just a little bit  
Unusual to ask

Once you asked of me  
Once before what is a word for all your crying  
But you were laughing at me all the time  
Behind your tragic mask

Now you ask me and my friends  
If you can pack and come along  
Why should I try  
How can I try  
If you can follow the honesty in song

So I'll go skipping through  
All my daydreams at a thousand miles an hour  
And I'll try to sort things out  
Into an order if I can

I've got a couple things to do  
Before I come and talk to you again  
Well I'll meet you in a dream or two  
Down by the borderland

I've got a necessary game to play  
And changes to go through  
It's time to go, time to go  
So it's so long, farewell

And I'll be seeing you

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