

Browne Jackson

"Of Missing Persons"

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Your father was a rounder
He played that rock and roll
A leaper and a bounder
Down to his gypsy soul
The music was his angel
And sorrow was his star
And those of us who follow
Might hope to reach as far
They're walking slow in Houston
Speechless in D.C.
There was no way I could tell you
What he meant to me
Your mother's a survivor
She'll do what must be done
Her children will revive her
And help her see the sun
She almost knew that unison
But the singing stopped too soon
Now she shares the silence
With a man up in the moon
To speak of missing persons
Tonight there's only one
And we all carry with us what the man's begun
And you can sing this song
On July the Fourth
In the sunny south and the frozen north
It's a day of loss, it's your day of birth
Does it take a death to learn what a life is worth?
Your brothers are all older
And they'll take it in their stride
The world's a little colder
But manhood's on their side
Now you're the little girl-child
And you look so much like him
And he's right there inside you
Each time you want to sing
Sing of missing persons
Tonight there's only one
But he's where you can find him when it's said and
done
And we will sing this song
On July the Fourth

In the sunny south and the frozen north
This will always be your day of birth
May you always see what your life is worth

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