

Jackson Browne

"Live Nude Cabaret"

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I went to the live nude cabaret
To see what I could see
And I saw the ladies dancing
And I guess that they saw me

And neither did I vanquish
Or surrender to desire
But what I saw revealed to me
Was more fuel on the fire

I've heard form follows function
And I think that must be true
Especially when you think of
What the female form will do

Its lines and shapes are everywhere
As if they follow me
Repeating my own longing
In everything I see

Star of happiness, star of love
Lead us to the shore
That only women hold the promise of

Men would give them money
And men would give them gold
And shower them with promises
Of luxury untold

And make their vessels of creation
The temples of our souls
Oh, let my people go

Sea of loneliness, sea of love
Carry me upon your endless depths
And bear my heart above

For I would give her money
And I would give her jewelry
And lead her to the palace
My imagination rules

And fashion from her nakedness
The innocence that's gone
Gone as the time
She's given the suffering of fools

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