

James Taylor

"Playing Possum"

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We lived up here in Cambridge
And browsed in the hippest newsstands
The we started our own newspaper
Gave the truth about Uncle Sam
We loved to be so radical
But like a ragged love affair
Some became disenchanted
And some of us just got scared

Now are you playing possum
Keeping a low profile
Are you playing possum for a while

Then you moved to the country
Bought a farm and tilled the land

Then you took your books to India
And got hooked on a holy man
But the wells they do run dry
And the speeches turn to words
And the woods are full of tigers
And freedom's for the birds

Now you run a bookstore
And you've taken on a wife
You wear patches on your elbows
And you live an easy life
But are you finally satisfied
Is it what you were lookin' for
Or does it sneak up on you
That there might be something more

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