

Saybia

"Something Fine"

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Jackson Browne
The papers lie there hopelessly
In a pile outside the door
I tried and tried, but I just can't remember
What they're for
The world outside is tugging
Like a beggar at my sleeve
Ah, that's much too old a story to believe
And you know, that it's taken its share of me
Even though you take such good care of me
Now you say morocco, and that makes me smile
I haven't seen morocco for a long, long while
The dreams are rolling down
Across the places in my mind
And I just had a taste of something fine
The future hides and the past just slides
England lies between
Floating in a silver mist, so cold and so clean
California's shading like some angry child will
Who has asked for love and isn't answered still
And you know that I'm looking back carefully
'cause I know that there's still something there for me
But you said morocco and it made me smile
And it hasn't been that easy for a long, long while
Looking back into your eyes
Oh, I saw them really shine
And giving me a taste of something fine
Something fine
Now if you see morocco, oh I know you'll go in style
I may not see morocco for a little while
But while you're there I was hoping you
Might keep it in your mind
To save me a taste of something fine
Something fine

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