

## Sayer Leo "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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