

Live Nude Cabaret

Jackson Browne

I went to the live nude cabaret
To see what I could see
And I saw the ladies dancing
An I guess that they saw me
Neither did I vanquish, or surrender to desire
Was just 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
Ohhhhh 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