

# Something Fine

Jackson Browne

Papers lie there helplessly  
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 sleep  
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've 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

And California's shaking  
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

And looking back into your eyes  
I saw them really shine  
Giving me a taste  
Of something fine, something fine

Now, if you see Morocco  
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 just a taste  
Of something fine