

# That Girl Could Sing

Jackson Browne

She was a friend to me when I needed one  
Wasn't for her I don't know what I'd done  
She gave me back something that was missing in me

She could of turned out to be almost anyone  
Almost anyone with the possible exception  
Of who I wanted her to be

Running into the midnight with her clothes whipping in the wind  
Reaching into the heart of the darkness for the tenderness with  
in  
Stumblin' into the lights of the city and then back in the shadows again  
Hanging onto the laughter that each of us hid our unhappiness in

Talk about celestial bodies  
And your angels on the wing  
She wasn't much good at stickin' around  
But that girl could sing, she could sing

In the dead of night she could shine a light  
On some places that you've never been  
In that kind of light you could lose your sight  
And believe there was something to win

You could hold her tight with all your might  
But she'd slip through your arms like the wind  
And be back in flight back into the night  
Where you might never see her again

The longer I thought I could find her  
The shorter my vision became  
Running in circles behind her  
And thinking in terms of the blame

But she couldn't have been any kinder  
If she'd come back and tried to explain

She wasn't much good a saying goodbye  
But that girl was sane