

# P.F. Sloan (feat. Jackson Browne)

## Jimmy Webb

Na na na na na na na na na na na na  
Don't sing this song  
Don't sing this song  
I have been seeking P.F. Sloan  
But no one knows where he has gone  
No one ever heard the song  
That good old boy sent winging  
Now you might sigh  
And you might moan  
And you might sweat  
About the skin and bone  
You just smiled  
And read the Rolling Stone  
While he continued singing  
Yeah, now listen to him singing  
Na na na na na na na na na na na na  
Don't sing this song  
No, people, don't you sing this song  
Don't sing this song  
It belongs to P.F. Sloan  
Oh from now on  
My old friend Trigger up and died  
Now they've got him stuffed and dried  
You know they've tanned his hide  
And crucified  
Got him starin' glassy eyed  
Out through the portable door  
Nixon's come and bound to stay  
He's taken all my sins away  
I heard it on the news today  
But it set my ears to ringing  
Can't you hear the people singing  
Na na na na na na na na na na na na  
Don't sing this song  
No, people, don't you sing this song  
Na na na na na na na na na na na na  
Don't sing this song  
It belongs to P.F. Sloan  
Oh from now, from now on  
Last time I saw P.F. Sloan  
He was summer burned and winter blown  
He turned the corner all alone

But he continued singing  
Yeah now, listen to him singing  
Na na na na na na na na na na  
Don't sing this song  
No, people, don't you sing this song  
Na na na na na na na na na na  
Don't sing this song  
It belongs to P.F. Sloan  
Oh from now, from now on  
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Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>