

# For Everyman

Jackson Browne & David Lindley

Everybody I talk to is ready to leave  
With the light of the morning  
They've seen the end coming down long enough to believe  
That they've heard their last warning  
Standing alone  
Each has his own ticket in his hand  
And as the evening descends  
I sit thinking 'bout Everyman  
Seems like I've always been looking for some other place  
To get it together  
Where with a few of my friends I could give up the race  
And maybe find something better  
But all my fine dreams  
Well though out schemes to gain the motherland  
Have all eventually come down to waiting for Everyman  
Waiting here for Everyman--  
Make it on your own if you think you can  
If you see somewhere to go I understand  
Waiting here for Everyman--  
Don't ask me if he'll show -- baby I don't know  
Make it on your own if you think you can  
Somewhere later on you'll have to take a stand  
Then you're going to need a hand  
Everybody's just waiting to hear from the one  
Who can give them the answers  
And lead them back to that place in the warmth of the sun  
Where sweet childhood still dances  
Who'll come along  
And hold out that strong and gentle father's hand?  
Long ago I heard someone say something 'bout Everyman  
Waiting here for Everyman--  
Make it on your own if you think you can  
If you see somewhere to go I understand  
I'm not trying to tell you that I've seen the plan  
Turn and walk away if you think I am--  
But don't think too badly of one who's left holding sand  
He's just another dreamer, dreaming 'bout Everyman

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