

P.F. Sloan (feat. Jackson Browne)

Jimmy Webb

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
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
Don't sing this song
No, people, don't you sing this song
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
Don't sing this song
No, people, don't you sing this song
Na
Don't sing this song
It belongs to P.F. Sloan
Oh from now, from now on

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>