

Michael Nesmith, Bye, Bye, Bye

I had twenty-one miles of road to go
And fifty-four miles of dirt
There was a cold steel gleam
In the night
I was trucking along
Down interstate five
Looking for the turn
When something snapped
And I suddenly changed my mind

I said bye bye bye
Oh, I finally took a stand
Then for the very first time
I felt like a man

So I headed on down to Mexico
I was never going back to work
Yes I had enough cash
To last me there for years
And then I cabled my folks
I said call my boss
And you can tell him
Where I left the truck
And then I went out and stocked up
On enchiladas and beer

I said bye bye bye
Whoah I finally took a stand
Then for the very first time in my life
I felt like a man, like a man man man man

Well now that all happened back in 1961
And I never went back to work
And then in 1964 I started living
Off the land
And the people back home
Still talk about me
Just running off without a word
But me and the beer
And the Mexican sunshine
We don't give a damn

Whoah no no no
I said bye bye bye
Whoah I finally took a stand
Now for the very first time
I feel like a man, a free man