

# 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