

Michael Nesmith, Casablanca Moonlight

Motor yacht pulses in the Casablanca moonlight
Pomade and perfume fill the summer air
Ladies of the island
Ladies of estate
Mingle close and dance the rhumba
Thats why they're there

Moroccan magic pouring off the Silver Screen
Taking me to places no one has ever been
Fly the China Clipper
Sail the Sally-B
There's no need to try to tell me
Its not what it seems

And it all
Takes me home
It all
Takes me home
It all
Takes me home

Summer sun, Havana palms
Sway beside the clear green sea
Movies of Havana are all that I can see
Still enchantment wakes me
Enchantment takes me
To the promise of perfection
Outside the dream

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