

Michael Nesmith, Joanne

Her name was Joanne
And she lived in a meadow by a pond
And she touched me for a moment
With a look that spoke to me of her sweet love
Then the woman that she was
Drove her on with desperation
And I saw as she went
A most hopeless situation
For Joanne and the man
And the time that made them both run

She was only a girl
I know that well, but still I could not see
That the hold that she had
Was much stronger than the love she felt for me
But staying with her
And my little bit of wisdom
Broke down her desires
Like a light through a prism
Into yellows and blues
And the tune that I could not have sung

Though the essence is gone
I have no tears to cry for her
And my only thoughts of her are kind

Her name was Joanne
And she lived near the meadow by a pond
And she touched me for a moment
With a look that spoke to me of her sweet love
Then the woman that she was
Drove her on with desperation
And I saw as she went
A most hopeless situation
For Joanne and the man
And the time that made them both run
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