

Michael Nesmith, Light

There's a light from the doorway.
There's a light from the hall.
But the light from the window
Is the brightest of all.

There are lights in the city.
There are lights in the skies.
But the light in your window
Are the lights in my eyes.

There's a light that is solo.
There's a light that's so high.
They are lights from the shadows.
They are lights of goodbyes.

I've been waiting, waiting for answers
From the light in my soul.
And that light that keeps calling
Are the lights of hello