

# Michael Nesmith, Only Bound

Oh my lonely world  
Only world I see  
Oh my wilting world  
Tilting world and me

Clinging to a vine of promises  
Grown from her nobility  
When she and her gentle hand  
Were only bound to me

She was only bound  
Only bound to me  
I was always around  
Crawling around on my knees

Tales of time  
Slowly set me free  
Paths unwind  
In lonely harmony

Now I'm holding hands  
Folding hands to see  
Waving hazy plans  
Drifting sands and me

Clinging to a vine of promises  
Grown from her nobility  
When she and her gentle hand  
Were only bound to me

When she and her gentle hand  
Were only bound to me

She was the only world  
Only world I see