

Michael Nesmith, Closing Theme (Lampost)

Does the lamppost slowly turning
In the window that's concerning
Re-evaluation for the sake of man,
Carry news of broken weather
Which reveals the shallow gesture
Of ovations carved from mountains made of sand?

Low line falling, the distance calling,
Connections from the past don't seem to come.
Tragic dancer tries to answer
But cannot for he plays a broken drum.

Flying, flying with time.
Flying, flying with time.
Distance and space, reacting in kind.
Oh for the price of the wisdom sublime.
And the strength to shoulder the burden.

Is the tale too early spoken
To the heads that nod a token
Of appreciation based upon the sound?
Or do the words mean something
To the bold ones who are jousting
In determination to unseat the crown?

Rose thorn, forlorn.
Guard the Beauty's treat.
Carry you message sweet!
And deliver as complete
The play's unspoken line,
Unspoken line,
Unspoken line.