

Michael Nesmith, Continuing

There was something reflected inside
Her remarkably curious eyes
So the shock that she felt didn't show
When I told her that I had to go

She just stood there somewhere in between
A smile and an unpleasant scene
Then she, with her back to the sun
Said "If you think it's best, then it's done"

Ah, but oh, it seemed so cold
The compassion that I felt just didn't show
I haven't seen her since
And there was much about our parting which seemed amiss

For the love that I felt hadn't died
But by cruel circumstances denied
And her feelings and trust weren't misplaced
Nor are they now in her new lover's face

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