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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