

# Michael Nesmith, Conversations

In a long and involved conversation with myself  
I saw precious things come into view  
And I pored through the files taken off my mental shelf  
And dusted off some memories of you  
Then I thought about the time when our affair was green  
How the phoenix of our love first flapped its silken wings  
All the urgency and passion  
Of each new day as it happened  
And how it all mellowed as it grew

I remembered the times when our laughter would explode  
And how you would turn to hide your smile  
And the hours of silence while a perfumed candle glowed  
And both our thoughts meandered on for miles  
I remembered the times I said I really had to go  
And I remembered the tears that filled your eyes  
Then I touched your hand and told you  
That it really was a lie  
And though you never knew it dear  
I cried

Well it's amazing how time can so softly change your ways  
And make you look at things that can't be seen  
And how the years that roll by can start you listening  
Not just to what they say  
But what they mean

So forgive me my dear if I seem preoccupied  
And if the razor edge of youth-filled love is gone  
But we're both a little older  
Our relationship has grown  
Not just in how it's shaped  
But how its shown