

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