

Michael Nesmith, Follows The Heart

Last rays of sunlight
First rays of twilight
Setting a scene for the stage
There's a dance to be done
Under the low-setting sun
As night is gathering stars

Here at the end of the day
Now there is something to see
The world may not be what it seems
As it dances on the edges
Close to the ledges
Following the guidelines
And arrows of the timelines
But oh what a feeling
A feeling the follows the heart
Now I'm seeing from here
Every edge disappear
Existence is shifting
And drifting
To Mind alone

Oh what a feeling
A feeling that follows the heart
As it follows every ray
Of every light
Of every night
And day