

Michael Nesmith, Highway 99 With Melange

excerpt from "Lazy Lady":
"But the gist of things to come
Showed me nothing could be done"

excerpts from "You Are My One";
excerpts from "Mama Rocker";

excerpt from "Lazy Lady":
"But that would just compound the hurt
That comes with such moments
And make it all more difficult to bear."

Well, I was driving up the highway,
Thinking about, I don't know what in particular,
What riot I would find when I got to Berkeley, I suppose,
When I noticed these strange vibrations,
Or was I falling in love? Whoo!

Well, I don't have a radio in my car
And so the noises I was hearing frightened me enough
That I began to wonder about the wisdom
Of wandering on the road at eighty-five, Mmm-my!

Now, I should explain that I often drive alone,
But this time I was giving my friend and his wife a ride,
Or was she falling in love?

Now my friend don't drive
And he's not used to the strange vibrations in my '60 Dodge,
But then if I had more money,
I'd probably be worried about why the plane was wiggling

Anyway, it takes a certain amount of blind faith
To make ninety-nine in an old car,
No matter what your experience or precaution,
But I just had a tune-up
Well, anyway, you can't dodge the one with your number on it, so to speak

Why do I always seem to vibrate with my friend's old lady?
(Or was she falling in love?)

It probably has to do with the fact I don't have one myself
And I don't want to mess with anyone else's
So, whereas, I'd come on to somebody desirable,
I'm attracted to a chick who feels that I won't bite,
Which is why, when the car ground to a halt near Kingsburg,
It was Fred who said that I needed a new transmission

I mean, after all, without a transmission, you can't go,
I mean, you need an engine but that's what you get on,
And getting it on requires the transmission
Which Fred felt under some tension to provide,
Although the one that he had was not negotiable
...uh, necessarily...at'all, well...