

Michael Nesmith, In The Afternoon

Sunlight fading in the afternoon,
Shadows crawl across the land,
Tired backs bending in the afternoon,
Pockets glove the tired hand

Walking slowly to the domicile
Built from mud and board and tears,
Dreams unloosening the hidden smile
He's been saving up for years

Rapture secretly turns to speak,
Tantalizing those who are weak,
Offering in low, languid tones
Houses that cannot be homes

Pioneering spirit abounds
In dreams that we keep fastening down,
Dreams that to live must be free
To touch each man's destiny

Turn and dig your heels in the road,
Don't be bound or trapped by the old,
Take from the past what you need
To give to the new life you lead.

Run from the false golden crust
That hides all the heartbreak and rust,
Run to the arms of your youth,
Run to the arms of the truth

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