

Michael Nesmith, Lady Love

Oh, my lady, she runs
To the ends of the earth
In search of her worth
In search of her worth

Oh, my woman, she cries
What lays here inside
Must not be be denied
Shall not be denied

The eyes of a fool
Hide only the sun
And the light from an incoming day
The eyes of the wise
One looks over the dead
And sees what is said as a play

Sing with an ongoing sound
Of a wisdom that's found
That's waiting to speak
That's wanting to speak

Oh, sweet lady of mine
That life has refined
Expressing the truth and the love
Expressing the truth and the love