

# Michael Nesmith, Love's First Kiss

The sharp crowded moments  
And disinterested blur slip far back in memory  
As thought rises higher  
Painting scenes of forests  
Welded white with snow  
Breath that hung in stillness  
The quietness of the road

You were warm  
As winter's snowflake  
Settled on your hair  
That first touch was intimate  
And drove away the fear

Somehow I saw the moon that night  
It peeked through broken clouds  
It seemed quite odd to see the moon  
But I understand it now

It had come to bless  
Love's first kiss  
To keep romance alive  
And give us both  
Sweet memories  
And help our thoughts to rise

It had come to bless  
Love's first kiss  
To keep romance alive  
And give us both  
Sweet memories  
And help our thoughts to rise higher,  
Rise higher,  
Rise higher,  
Rise higher,  
Rise higher.