

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.