

# Michael Nesmith, More Than We Imagine

More than we imagine  
Gently step by step  
The gaze upon the heavens  
Stretches far above the test  
Of groping mortal senses  
And their self-inflicted wounds

More than we imagine  
More than we even know  
The fields are white with harvest  
And unfolding endless rows  
Harmony's sweet blossom  
And the glint of joy's bright tune

Imagination's empty  
It's bereft of what's in store  
Beyond its meager boundaries  
Available to all

For in Mind is no confinement  
To reverie's light play  
Conceptions are unlimited  
They are reflections of the way  
Pure consciousness provides for us  
Ideas that light our day

And more than we ever can imagine  
Life extends beyond our dreams  
It spreads out its lasting promises  
And shelters with its wing  
It strikes down ignorance and want  
It lifts the drooping heart  
Love guides us back to where we are  
Establishing our worth

As more than we imagine  
More than we even know  
The fields are white with harvest  
The triumph has been shown  
The fields are white with harvest  
The triumph has been shown