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