

Michael Nesmith, Nevada Fighter

Facing left, facing right
Saves the rest, Nevada fights
Left on the desert out in the cold
He thought Sam would remember
But he was too old
And the bygone, half-grown, high-flown cyclone rides

Saving day, saving night
Spends the rest, Nevada fights
Left on the highway outside of town
He thought someone would answer
But no one was around
And the bygone, half-grown, high-flown cyclone rides

Lonely start, lonely time
Lonely heart, Nevada dies
Land of the people drying in the sun
Waiting for the promised help
That never seemed to come
And the bygone, half-grown, high-flown cyclone rides