

# Michael Nesmith, Silver Moon

See the lazy windmills slowly turning  
Cutting up the marble canyons of the sky  
See the dust around my feet go churning  
Moving with the winds down the highways  
Of goodbyes

Standing in the lonely light of the silver moon  
Looking over maps of memories for the road  
Standing in the lonely light of the silver moon  
With the unexpected destination of my home

Half the thoughts I'm thinking speak in sighs  
As that same old wave of loneliness returns  
And I can see you when I close my eyes  
Speaking very softly as you turned

Standing in the lonely light of the silver moon  
Looking over maps of memories for the road  
Standing in the lonely light of the silver moon  
With the unexpected destination of my home

Now I must go  
Go and let go

Standing in the lonely light of the silver moon  
Looking over maps of memories for the road  
Standing in the lonely light of the silver moon  
With the unexpected destination of my home