

# Michael Nesmith, Talking To The Wall

I have told you many times  
That love is not a game  
And in your shame you promised  
You would change your ways

That was many years ago  
And I was just a boy,  
A toy that you could take up  
When you felt the urge

Tell me as you stand there looking down at me,  
I want to know just exactly what you see,  
As the sun goes down and midnight shadows fall,  
I will think of you, will you remember me at all?

Tell me, do I see a tear  
That fell from solid stone?  
I thought I was alone  
Just talking to the wall

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