

# Michael Nesmith, The Crippled Lion

Slowly, I walk through the gently falling rain  
And I know that I will never pass this way again  
Never wondering why--teardrops chaffing my eyes

Longing to be where the melted kisses fall  
Lingering and still, while quietly they tell their all  
Blue is the color of the sun  
And nothing stops when everything is done

Now my whole world opens up in different rhymes and tunes  
With the highways making up the verse  
And then suddenly I see the light of something called the moon  
And though my path is planned, it's not rehearsed

So I move along to the next thing on the list  
Knowing full well that some of them just don't exist  
But I am finally alone  
And where my foot steps down is where it's home

Now my whole world opens up in different rhymes and tunes  
With the highways making up the verse  
And then suddenly I see the light of something called the moon  
And though my path is planned, it's not rehearsed

So I move along to the next thing on the list  
Knowing full well that some of them just don't exist  
But I am finally alone  
And where my foot steps down is where it's home