

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

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