

Michael Nesmith, The Other Room

Nez: "Count it and start it, David"
David Briggs: "1 - 2 - 3 - 4..."

Carlos slammed his foot down
Hard upon the pavement
And watched his daydream die
Too much had been expected
From the games that he was playing
Too much of what he said
Had been a lie
So now the bitter anguish
Delivered him to sadness
Too well he knew the meaning of despair
But this time something happened
And he saw his own dilemma
As the product of his unfronted fears

For years now he had felt like
A cork upon the ocean
And injustice was the wind that blew him ill
But he began to feel the power
Of his own enlightened thinking
Real power, on beyond his human will

No, it did not come at once
It unfolded to him slowly
And the next few months
Were crowded with ideas
Ideas that weren't reactive
Ideas that were brand new
And unopposed they conquered each new fear

Well, Carlos found that consciousness
Would unfold upon its own
When lifted out of selfish, mean desires
And expose things unsuspected
That were hidden in the throes
Of jealousy and stupid mortal lies

Well, it came in bits and pieces
But it came without a doubt
And it came because his pit of gloom
Left him no other action
But to open up his thinking
And to find within his heart
The other room