

# Michael Nesmith, There It Is

Driving all night,  
Looking for light,  
Straining to hear and see...

Then as the sun hits,  
Glittering domes it,  
Answers the question,  
When do we get--there...

It looks like we made it,  
Right as we played it,  
Gone is the question,  
When do we get--there...

It's in our sights,  
It's in our hearts,  
Within our reach,  
And now to the top of our mind,  
There up ahead,  
Just like she said,  
The place where we'll be,  
Leaving the dust and journey behind.