

Michael Nesmith

"The Crippled Lion"

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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 noted 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
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So I move along to the next thing on the list
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