

## Monkees

# "Calico Girlfriend Samba"

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by Michael Nesmith

Mike: I dunno...

CR: This is twelve...

Mike: ...they don't smell like corn silk...

Everybody, Samba!

Me and my calico girlfriend,

Starting a set of new rules,

Watching the stars as they drop in,

Making the nighttime a fool.

Wandering over a roadway,

Changing the signs of the times,

Looking for love and a new day,

Seeing with more than our eyes.

SOLO

Keeper of men and a shadow,

Follow us up to the top,

Taking a latch off the window,

Giving us more than we dropped.

Me and my calico girlfriend,

Suddenly stare at the face

Of time and its hope that we'll win

Then, softly, drop out of the race.

Steal away,

Oh, going back to Rhode Island,

Going way back up to Rhode Island,

Shaking maracas in Rhode Island,

Maybe go to Providence, Rhode Island,

Dancing with a girl with fruit on her head in Rhode  
Island,

Rhode Island, Rhode Island, Rhode Island,

Fruit on her head and cork wedgies across the floor,

Across the floor in Rhode Island,

I'm gonna be free in Rhode Island.

fade out...

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