

Monkees "Carlisle Wheeling"

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by Michael Nesmith

In a long and involved conversation with myself,
I saw precious things come into view,
When I poured through the files taken off my mental
shelf,
I dusted off some memories of you.
Then I thought about the time when our affair was
green,
How the phoenix of our love first flapped its silken
wings,
All the urgency and passion of each new day as it
happened,
And how it all mellowed as it grew.
I remembered the times that our laughter would
explode
And how you would turn to hide your smile,
Then the hours of silence while the perfumed candle
glowed,
And both our thoughts meandered on for miles.
I remembered the time I said I really had to go,
I remembered the tears that filled your eyes,
Then I touched your hand and told you that it really was
a lie,

And though you never knew it, dear, I cried.
It's amazing how time can so softly change your ways
And make you look at things that can't be seen,
How the years that roll by can start you listening,
Not just to what they say, but what they mean.
So forgive me, my dear, if I seem preoccupied,
If the razor edge of youth-filled love is gone,
But, we're both a little older, our relationship has
grown,
Not just in how it's shaped, but how it's shown.
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If the razor edge of youth-filled love is gone,
But, we're both a little older, our relationship has
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