

## **Monkees**

# **"Michigan Blackhawk"**

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by Michael Nesmith

Flying down the highway, looking for a place to land,  
I need to leave the speed in the city,  
And people come and go and there's no time to  
understand,  
And I keep moving down the road taking notes in a  
trembling hand,  
I asked Sally to go with me but she made it very clear,  
She said, "You've got your problems and I have mine,  
dear."  
Up to the sunlit mountain, down by the silver sea,

Well, the tale is told from memory of a finely woven  
symphony,  
Forever heard without a word to disturb this melody,  
Still, I'd like to have someone along to share the air  
with me,  
Oh, Sally, why not come with me, you know I'd like be  
with you?  
You can't be all that busy, you don't have that much to  
do,  
And you know I'd like to be with you.

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