

Monkees

"Sweet Young Thing"

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by Michael Nesmith, Carole King, & Gerry Goffin

I know that something very strange
Is happening to my brain.
I'm either feeling very good
Or else I am insane.
The seeds of doubt you planted
Have started to grow wild
And I feel that I must yield before
The wisdom of a child.
And it's love you bring,
No, that I can't deny
With your wings,
I can learn to fly,
Sweet young thing.
People try to talk to me
Their words are ugly sounds

But I resist all their attempts
To try and bring me down.
Turned on to the sunset
Like I've never been before,
And I listen for your footsteps
And your knock upon the door.
And it's love you bring,
No, that I can't deny
With your wings,
I can learn to fly
Sweet young thing.
And it's love you bring,
With dreams of bluer skies
All these things,
When I see it in your eyes
Sweet young thing.
Sweet young thing.

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