

Monkees

"The Crippled Lion"

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by Michael Nesmith

Slowly, I walk through the gently, falling rain,
And I know that I will never pass this way again,
Never wondering why,
Teardrops chafing 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,
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.

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