

Monkees, The

"Carlisle Wheeling"

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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 a 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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