

Monkees, The

"Michigan Blackhawk"

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(Michael Nesmith)

Flyin' down the highway, lookin' for a place to land.
Need to leave the speed in the city
And people comin', goin', there's no time to
understand.
And I keep movin' down the road taking notes in a
trembling hand

Asked Sally to go with me but she made it very clear.
She said, "You've got your problems and I have mine
tonight."

Up to the sunlit mountains, down by the silver sea,
Well, the tale is told from memory of a finely woven
symphony.
Forever heard without a word to disturb it's 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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