

Joanne

Michael Nesmith

Her name was Joanne
And she lived in a meadow by a pond
She touched me for a moment

With a look that spoke to me of her sweet love
Then the woman that she was, drove her on with desperation
And I saw as she went, a most hopeless situation

For Joanne and the man and the time
That made them both run
She was only a girl, I know that well
But still I could not see
That the hold that she had

Was much stronger than the love she felt for me
But staying with her and my little bit of wisdom
Broke down her desires

Like a light through a prism, into yellows and blues
And the tune that I could not have sung
Though the essence is gone
I have no tears to cry for her
My only thoughts of her are kind
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