

# Grand Ennui

Michael Nesmith

was overland touring in my new Ferrari  
At just about a hundred and ten  
I was on my way home from a sophisticated party  
Where I got a little drunk on gin

And as the headlights cast a glow on the road  
I heard a voice inside of me  
It said, "You lost the light  
And now you're moving through the night  
Running from the grand ennui  
Running from the grand ennui"

Well, I reached in my pocket and I pulled out the Omega  
That was never one second behind  
I knew the horse that I was running at the Southern Talladega  
Had won for the twenty-second time

And then the countess I was with bent over with a kiss  
And put a jeweled hand on my knee  
I knew I'd lost the light  
And I was moving through the night  
Running from the grand ennui  
Running from the grand ennui

Well that night passed in a blaze of glory  
With the countess and the car both mine  
And each day passes with the same old story  
But the countess has a brand new line

Yet still at night I am haunted by the fright  
And distant memory  
Of the day I lost the light  
Moving through the night  
Running from the grand ennui  
Running from the grand ennui

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