

Lady Love

Michael Nesmith

Oh, my lady, she runs
To the ends of the earth
In the search of her worth
In the search of her worth "Oh, my woman", she cries
What lays here inside
Must not be be denied
Shall not be denied The eyes of a fool, hide only the sun
And the light from an incoming day
The eyes of the wise, one looks over the dead
And sees what is said as a play Sing with an ongoing sound
Of a wisdom that's found
That's waiting to speak
That's wanting to speak

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