

# 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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