

The Candidate

Michael Nesmith

Half the world concerned with a slightly tarnished masterpiece
Hoping to return as the once forgotten culture thief
Lying on its side, the stately vessel now replete
With harbingers of peace, telling lies
Waiting at the door with a stance secure in second thoughts
Overlooking signs of the spiritual bereavement's cost
Trying to arrive at a destination that they've lost
To ignorance which winks at them and smiles
Listen well
The patience of the people soon will end
Time will tell
As the melting of your plastic smile begins
Sailing ships of state and ignoring navigation laws
Through the sea of man, the captains mad with power pause
And congratulate themselves on the virtuous and noble cause
Which must surely save the world and alter time

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