

Joanne

Michael Nesmith

Her name was Joanne, and she lived in a meadow by a pond.
And she touch'd 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 wrong.

She was only a girl, I know that will, and still I could not see;
That the hold she had was much stronger than the love she had for me.
But staying with her, and my little bit of wisdom,
broke down her desires like a light thru a prism;
into yellows and blues and a tune that I could not have sung.

Tho' the essence is gone,
I have no tear to cry for her
and my only tho't of her is kind.

Her name was Joanne, and she lived in a meadow by a pond.
And she touch'd 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 wrong.
For Joanne, and the man, and the time, that made them both wrong.

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by Nesmith, Michael
Lyrics Â© EMI Music Publishing

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>