

The Monkees, Michigan Blackhawk

Flyin' down the highway
Lookin' for a place to land
Need to leave the speed in the city
And people come and go and there's no time to understand
And I keep movin' down the road taking notes in a trembling hand

Asked Sally to come with me but she made it very clear
She said, "You've got your problems and I have mine"

Up to the sunlit mountain
Down by the silver sea
Where the tale is told from memory of a finely woven symphony
Forever heard, without a word to disturb it's melody
Still I'd like to have someone along to share the air with me

Oh, Sally, why not come with me
You know I'd like be with you
You can't be all that busy
You don't have that much to do
And you know I'd like to be with you