

The Monkees, Of You

I walk alone most every night
Beneath the stars that shine so bright
Bright as the eyes of you

And when the sky comes falling down
And there is darkness all around, all around
I'll be looking for you

Lonely, I look at the green, flowing meadow
Wondering what I am to do
Sun going down and the trees cast their shadow
In the shadow and the mist
I remember the last kiss of you

And when the skies are once more blue
I get that old longing, too
To be held in the arms of you

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To be held in the arms of you
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