

# The Monkees, St. Matthew

By Michael Nesmith

She walks around on brass rings that never touch her feet.  
She speaks in conversations that never are complete.  
And looking over past things that she has never done  
She calls herself St. Matthew, when she is on the run.

She stoops down to gather partly shattered men  
And knows that when it's over it will start again.  
Both the times she smiled it was a portrait of the sun.  
She calls herself St. Matthew, when she is on the run.

Part of it is loneliness and knowing how steal.  
But most if it is weariness from standing up, trying not to kneel.

She discovered three new ways that she could help the dead.  
Sometime she must raise her hand to tell you what she said.  
Then standing in a landslide she suddenly becomes  
A girl that's named St. Matthew, when she is on the run.

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