

# The Monkees, The Crippled Lion

Slowly I walk through the gently falling rain  
Knowing that I will never pass this way again  
Never wondering why  
Teardrops chafing my eyes

Longing to be where the noted kisses fall  
Lingering and still while silently they tell their all  
Blue is the color of the sun  
And nothing stops till everything is done

Now my whole world opens up in different rhymes and tunes  
With the highways making up the verse  
And then suddenly I see the light of something called the moon  
And though my path is planned it's not rehearsed

So I move along to the next thing on the list  
Knowing full well that some of them just don't exist  
But I am finally alone  
And where my foot steps down is where it's home

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