

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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