

The Monkees, The Girl I Knew Somewhere

You tell me that you've never been this way before.
You tell me things I know that I've heard somewhere.
You're standing in the places and you're
staring down through faces, that bring to mind traces
of a girl, a girl that I knew somewhere.

I just can't put my finger on what it is
that says to me "Watch out! Don't believe her."
I can't give any reasons girl,
my thoughts are bound down in a whirl.
I just can't think who in the world was that girl;
I know I met her somewhere.

Someway, somehow this same thing was done.
Someone, somewhere did me this same wrong.

Well, goodbye dear, I just can't take this chance again.
My fingers are still burning from the last time.
And if your love was not a game, I only have myself to blame.
That's as may be, I can't explain.

Just ask the girl that I knew somewhere.

(Words and music by Michael Nesmith - transcribed from "The Monkees
Pocketbook of Songs" - 1967 - Raybert Productions, Inc.)