

## Continuing

Michael Nesmith

There was something reflected inside  
Her remarkably curious eyes  
So the shock that she felt didn't show  
When I told her that I had to go

She just stood there somewhere in between  
A smile and an unpleasant scene  
Then she, with her back to the sun  
Said, "If you think it's best, then it's done"

Ah, but oh, it seemed so cold  
The compassion that I felt just didn't show  
I haven't seen her since  
And there was much about our parting which seemed amiss

For the love that I felt hadn't died  
But by cruel circumstances denied  
And her feelings and trust weren't misplaced  
Nor are they now in her new lover's face

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