

# Nevada Fighter

Michael Nesmith

Facing left, facing right  
Saves the rest, Nevada fights  
Left on the desert out in the cold  
He thought Sam would remember  
But he was too old  
And the bygone, half-grown, high-flown cyclone rides

Saving day, saving night  
Spends the rest, Nevada fights  
Left on the highway outside of town  
He thought someone would answer  
But no one was around  
And the bygone, half-grown, high-flown cyclone rides

Lonely start, lonely time  
Lonely heart, Nevada dies  
Lands of the people drying in the sun  
Waiting for the promised help  
That never seemed to come  
And the bygone, half-grown, high-flown cyclone rides