

Talking to the Wall

Michael Nesmith

I have told you many times
That love is not a game
And in your shame you promised
You would change your ways

That was many years ago
And I was just a boy,
A toy that you could take up
When you felt the urge

Tell me as you stand there looking down at me,
I want to know just exactly what you see,
As the sun goes down and midnight shadows fall,
I will think of you, will you remember me at all?

Tell me, do I see a tear
That fell from solid stone?
I thought I was alone
Just talking to the wall

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