

Of You

The Monkees

I walk alone most every night,
Beneath the stars that shine so bright,
Bright as the eyes of you.
And when the sky comes falling down,
And there is darkness all around, all around,
I'll be looking for you.

Lonely I look at the dream-flowing meadow
Won'dring what I am to do.
Sun going down and the trees cast their shadow,
In the shadow and the mist, I remember the last kiss of you.

And when the sky wants more blue,
I get that old longing to, to be held in the arms of you.
To be held in the arms of you.