

# Tapioca Tundra

The Monkees

Reasoned verse, some prose or rhyme  
Lose themselves in other times  
And waiting hopes cast silent spells  
That speak in clouded clues

It cannot be a part of me  
For now it's part of you

Careful plays on fields  
That seems to vanish when they're in between  
And softly as I walk away  
In freshly tattered shoes

It cannot be a part of me  
For now it's part of you

Sunshine, ragtime  
Blowing in the breeze  
Midnight, looks right  
Standing more at ease

Silhouettes and figures stay  
Close to what he had to say  
And one more time the faded dream  
Is saddened by the news

It cannot be a part of me  
For now it's part of you

Well, sunshine, ragtime  
Blowing in the breeze  
Midnight, looks right  
Standing more at ease

Sunshine, ragtime  
Blowing in the breeze  
Midnight, looks right  
Standing more at ease

Silhouettes and figures stay  
Close to what he had to say  
And one more time the faded dream  
Is saddened by the news

It cannot be a part of me  
For now it's part of you