

The Dream

The Moody Blues

When the white eagle of the North
Is flying overhead
And the browns, reds and golds of autumn
Lie in the gutter, dead

Remember then, the summer birds
With wings of fire flaying
Come to witness Spring's new hope
Born of leaves decaying

Just as new life will come from death
Love will come at leisure
Love of love, love of life
And giving without measure

Gives in return a wondrous yearn
Of a promise almost seen
Live hand-in-hand
And together we'll stand

On the threshold of a dream....