

The Dream

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 flame
Come to witness springs new hope, born of leaves decaying
And 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 for promise, almost seen
Live hand in hand and together we'll stand, on the threshold of a dream

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