

All That is Real is You

The Moody Blues

All the world over I've searched for a dream
I've found out that life is not what it seems
I've seen all the wonders the world has to give
But all that is real is you

All of the silver and all of the gold
Seems worthless to me
Lifeless and cold
I've known all the treasure
A man can possess
But all that is real is you

So bring me back home
My love, my love
Oh how I need you
Take me back home
My love, my love
Oh how I love you

Even the place where my heart used to fly
The warm summer breeze
The wild seabirds cry
All are illusions and all just a dream
'Cause all that is real is you

So bring me back home
My love, my love
Oh how I need you
Take me back home
My love, my love
Oh how I love you.

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'Cause all that is real is you