

## 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....