

# What Am I Doing Here

The Moody Blues

Pale the young squire who goes to fight  
To die at his master's side  
Living is just a dream inside  
You ask me why he cried  
"What am I doin' here?"  
"What am I doin' here?"

Beautiful princess, fair and pale  
Stares out across the sea  
Alone in her castle dark and grey  
Her love she'll never see  
"What am I doin' here?"  
"What am I doin' here?"

Tenderly bury the fair young dead  
Place a wooden cross at his head  
All the words you can say  
Have been said  
It's for you my tears are shed

What can be done, you won't believe  
Listen and you may see  
Everyone's dream is deep within  
Find it and you'll be free  
"What am I doin' here?"  
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