

## Neal Morse

### "Tuesday Afternoon"

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Tuesday afternoon,  
I'm just beginning to see, now I'm on my way  
It doesn't matter to me, chasing the clouds away.

Something, calls to me,  
The trees are drawing me near, I've got to find out  
why?  
Those gentle voices I hear, explain it all with a sigh.

I'm looking at myself reflections of my mind,  
It's just the kind of day to leave it all behind.  
So gently swaying through the fairyland of love,  
If you'll just come with me you'll see the beauty of

Tuesday afternoon, Tuesday afternoon.

Tuesday, afternoon,  
I'm just beginning to see, now I'm on my way.  
It doesn't matter to me, chasing the clouds away.  
Something, calls to me,  
The trees are drawing me near, I've got to find out  
why?  
Those gentle voices I hear, explain it all with a sigh.

Ah, aaaah

Tuesday afternoon, Tuesday afternoon.  
Tuesday afternoon, Tuesday afternoon.

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