

Moody Blues

"Migration"

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On and on they journey southward
To the land of warmer summers,
On the way they shed their feathers
For the poet's hand to write love letters.
Flying high in straight formation
Seeking out their destination
Over seas and windswept forest,
Frost and snow they're soon forgotten.

Trees are bare, snowflakes are falling,
You can hear their leaders calling,
"Follow me, fly strong my brother,
Be strong of heart and help each other home".

And here I am, I'm just a man;
And there you are among the stars,
Flying high,
Searching for a new tomorrow.
I wish I could follow.

Nearer still to new horizons
Chill winds blow so far behind them,
Endless days and sleepless nights,
A borrowed gift navigates their flight.

Still and pure this morning air,
So tired now but almost there,
The mystery of nature's calling,
Some will climb while others return back home.

And here I am, I'm just a man;
And there you are among the stars,
Flying high,
Searching for a new tomorrow.
I wish I could follow.

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