

Moody Blues

"The Last Dream"

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A simple man had the strangest dream,
He stood in a garden of flowers
That overlooked the sea
And there sailing by
Were his truth and his lies going home.
While all around the sweetest sounds
Filled the air with love,
They made his senses pound.
He saw with open mind
His life turn with the tide to go home.

Memories of youth had passed before,
He and he alone could count the score,
For he was free, he was free,
This was his last dream.

Such melodies were made to sing,
The mellow sounds within a thousand violins.
Caught upon the breeze
They play in sweet harmony, sweet harmony.

At last he knew his act was through,
With no applause and no encores
Though the house was full,
So bring the curtain down,
Lay him on the ground,
For he's gone home.

Memories of youth had passed before,
He and he alone could count the score,
For he was free, he was free,
This was his last dream.
Now he is free

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