

Blues Moody

"Dear Diary"

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Ray Thomas)

Dear diary, what a day it's been.

Dear dirary, it's been just like a dream.

Woke up too late. Wasn't where I should have been.

For goodness sake what's happening to me.

Write lightly, yours truly, dear diary.

It was cold outside my door.

So many people by the score,

Rushing around as senselessly

They don't notice there's people like me.

Write lightly, yours truly, dear diary.

They don't know what they're playing.

They've got no way of knowing what the game is.

Still they carry on doing what they can

Outside me, yours truly, dear diary.

It's over. Will tomorrow be the same?

I know that they're really not to blame.

If they weren't so blind then surely they'd see

There's a much better way for them to be

Inside me, yours truly, dear diary.

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