

Moody Blues, The

"Departure"

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Be it sight, sound, the smell, the touch.
There's something,
Inside that we need so much,
The sight of a touch, or the scent of a sound,
Or the strength of an arquebus deep in the ground.
The wonder of flowers, to be covered, and then to
burst up,
Thru tarmack, to the sun again,
Or to fly to the sun without burning a wing,
To lie in the meadow and hear the grass sing,
To have all these things in our memories hoard,
And to use them,
To help us,
To find...

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