

Moody Blues, The

"Evening: A Time To Get Away"

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Evening has come to pass,
The time of day doesn't last.
Evening has earned its place today,
I'm tired of working away.

Working, living, it brings,
Only way to have those things.
Toiling has borne too many tears,
Turn round all those past years.

Evening time to get away.
Evening time to get away.
Evening time to get away.
'Til next day.

Live all you people,
You can see where you're at.
It doesn't really matter,
So it can't be bad.

Live all you people,
You can't see where you're at,
It doesn't really matter,
So it can't be bad.

Evening is a time to get away.

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