

## **Moody Blues, The**

### **"The Dream"**

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When the white eagle of the North is flying overhead  
And the browns, reds and gold of autumn lie in the  
gutter, dead.  
Remember then the summer bird with wings of fire  
flaying  
Come to witness spring's new hope, born of leaves  
decaying.  
As new life will come from death, love will come with  
leisure.  
Love of love, love of life and giving without measure  
Gives in return a wondrous yearn of a promise almost  
seen.  
Live hand-in-hand and together we'll stand on the  
threshold of a dream.

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