

Moody Blues, The

"The Land Of Make-Believe"

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We're living in a land of make-believe
And trying no to let it show
Maybe in that land of make-believe
Heartaches can turn into joy

We're breathing in the smoke of high and low
We're taking up a lot of room
Somewhere in the dark and silent night
Our prayer will be heard, make it soon

So fly little bird
Up into the clear blue sky
And carry the Word
Love's the only reason why, why

Open all the shutters on your windows
Unlock all the locks upon your doors
Brush away the cobwebs from your daydreams
No secrets come between us anymore

Oh, say it's true
Only love can see you through
You know what love can do to you

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And trying not to let it show...
Maybe in that land of make believe
Heartaches can turn into joy

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