

Moody Blues, The

"Tuesday Afternoon"

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Tuesday afternoon.
I'm just beginning to see,
Now I'm on my way.
It doesn't matter to me,
Chasing the clouds away.
Something calls to me.
The trees are drawing me near,
I've got to find out why.
Those gentle voices I hear
Explain it all with a sigh.

I'm looking at myself, reflections of my mind.
It's just the kind of day to leave myself behind.
So gently swaying through the fairy-land of love,

If you could just come with me and see the beauty of
Tuesday afternoon.
Tuesday afternoon.

Tuesday afternoon.
I'm just beginning to see,
Now I'm on my way.
It doesn't matter to me,
Chasing the clouds away.

Something calls to me.
The trees are drawing me near,
I've got to find out why.
Those gentle voices I hear
Explain it all with a sigh.

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