

The Moody Blues, My Little Lovely

Fairy tales sometimes come true
Use fairy dust and pixie glue
Then all the love will stick to you
My little lovely.

Always believe and never doubt
That wizards cast their spells about
There's such a lot you won't lose count
If you look closely.

Ripples are like dreams
Searching for the shore
Poured together make oceans roar
Night visions make spirits soar
So choose one wisely.

Not all angels can grow wings
They seem to soar by other means
You can fly although it seems
A little slowly.

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