

# The Moody Blues, The Dream

When the white eagle of the North is flying overhead  
The browns, reds and golds of autumn lie in the gutter, dead.  
Remember then, that summer birds 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 at 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.