

The Moody Blues, Late Lament

Breathe deep the gathering gloom,
Watch lights fade from every room.
Bedsitter people look back and lament
Another day's useless energy is spent.
Impassioned lovers wrestle as one;
Lonely man cries for love and has none;
New mother picks up and suckles her son;
Senior citizens wish they were young.

Cold-hearted orb that rules the night
Removes the colours from our sight,
Red is grey is yellow white
But we decide which is right
And which is an illusion