

The Moody Blues, What Am I Doing Here?

Pale the young squire who goes to fight
To die at his master's side
Living is just a dream inside
You ask me why he cried:
What am I doin' here?
What am I doin' here?

Beautiful princess, fair and pale
Stares out across the sea
Alone in her castle dark and grey
Her love she'll never see
What am I doin' here?
What am I doin' here?

Tenderly bury the fair young dead
Place a wooden cross at his head
All the words you can say have been said
It's for you my tears are shed

What can be done, you won't believe
Listen and you may see
Everyone's dream is deep within
Find it and you'll be free
What am I doin' here?
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