

Manfred Mann, Questions

In a dream it would seem
I went to those who close the open door
Turning the key, I sat and spoke to those inside of me

They answered my questions with questions
And pointed me into the night
Where the moon was a star-painted dancer
And the world was just a spectrum of light

They reached to my center of reason
And pulled on the touchstone that's there
The shock of that light had me reeling
And I fell into the depths of despair

They answered my questions with questions
And set me to stand on the brink
Where the sun and the moon were as brothers
And all that was left was to think

They answered my questions with questions
And pointed me into the night
The power that bore me had left me alone
To figure out which way was right