

# The Moody Blues, All That Is Real Is You

All the world over I've searched for a dream  
I've found out that life is not what it seems  
I've seen all the wonders the world has to give  
But all that is real is you.

All of the silver and all of the gold  
Seems worthless to me  
Lifeless and cold  
I've known all the treasure  
A man can possess  
But all that is real is you.

So bring me back home  
My love - my love  
Oh how I need you  
Take me back home  
My love - my love  
Oh how I love you.

Even the place where my heart used to fly  
The warm summer breeze  
The wild seabirds cry  
All are illusions and all just a dream  
'Cos all that is real is you.

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Take me back home  
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Oh how I love you.

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