

The Moody Blues, Departure

Be it sight, sound, smell, or touch,
There's something inside, that we need so much.
The sight of a touch, or the scent of a sound,
Or the strength of an oak, with roots deep in the ground.
The wonder of flowers, to be covered, and then to burst up,
Through tarmac, to the sun again, or to fly to the sun
Without burning a wing; to lie in a meadow
And hear the grass sing; to have all these things
In our memory's hoard, and to use them,
To help us, to find.....