

# The Moody Blues, Legend Of A Mind

Timothy Leary's dead.  
No, no no no, he's outside, looking in.

Timothy Leary's dead.  
No, no no no, he's outside, looking in.

He'll fly his astral plane,  
Takes you trips around the bay,  
Brings you back the same day.  
Timothy Leary.  
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Takes you trips around the bay,  
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Timothy Leary.  
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Along the coast you'll hear them boast  
About a light they say that shines so clear.  
So raise your glass, we'll drink a toast  
To the little man who sells you thrills along the pier.  
He'll take you up, he'll bring you down,  
He'll plant your feet back firmly on the ground.  
He flies so high, he swoops so low,  
He knows exactly which way he's gonna go.  
Timothy Leary.  
Timothy Leary.

He'll take you up, he'll bring you down,  
He'll plant your feet back on the ground.  
He flies so high, he swoops so low.  
Timothy Leary.

He'll fly his astral plane,  
He'll take you trips around the bay,  
He'll bring you back the same day.  
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