

The Moody Blues, Our Guessing Game

Walking in the sand
Thinking of things adventures in my mind
Tall ships that sail
Across the oceans wide
They won't wait for me
See how they glide away so gracefully
And with tomorrow what will become of me
It leaves me so much to explain
That's the start of our guessing game.

There are times when I think I've found the truth
There are times when I know that I'm wrong
And the days when I try to hide my fears
Bless the days when I'm feeling strong
Bless the days when I'm feeling strong

Wonder why we try so hard
Wonder why we try at all
You wonder why the world is turning around
When in the end it won't matter at all

Standing in the town
Looking at people, counting their frowns
Unhappy faces, hurrying around
So blind they cannot see
All of these things
The way life ought to be
And with tomorrow what will they make of me
It leaves me so much to explain
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