

The Moody Blues, Question

Why do we never get an answer
When we're knocking at the door?
With a thousand million questions
About hate and death and war.

It's where we stop and look around us
There is nothing that we need.
In a world of persecution
That is burning in it's greed.

Why do we never get an answer
When we're knocking at the door?
Because the truth is hard to swallow
That's what the wall of love is for.

It's not the way that you say it
When you do those things to me.
It's more the way that you mean it
When you tell me what will be.

And when you stop and think about it
You won't believe it's true.
That all the love you've been giving
Has all been meant for you.

I'm looking for someone to change my life.
I'm looking for a miracle in my life.
And if you could see what it's done to me
To lose the the love I knew
Could safely lead me through.

Between the silence of the mountains
And the crashing of the sea
There lies a land I once lived in
And she's waiting there for me.

But in the grey of the morning
My mind becomes confused
Between the dead and the sleeping
And the road that I must choose.

I'm looking for someone to change my life.
I'm looking for a miracle in my life.
And if you could see what it's done to me
To lose the the love I knew
Could safely lead me to
The land that I once knew.
To learn as we grow old
The secrets of our souls.

It's not the way that you say it
When you do those things to me.
It's more the way you really mean it
When you tell me what will be.

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