

The Moody Blues, The Afternoon

Tuesday, afternoon,
I'm just beginning to see,
Now I'm on my way,
It doesn't matter to me,
Chasing the clouds away.

Something, calls to me,
The trees are drawing me near,
I've got to find out why
Those gentle voices I hear
Explain it all with a sigh.

I'm looking at myself, reflections of my mind,
It's just the kind of day to leave myself behind,
So gently swaying through the fairy-land of love,
If you'll just come with me and see the beauty of

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