

# Manfred Mann, Questions

In a dream it would seem  
I went to those who close the open door  
Turning the key, I sat and spoke to those inside of me

They answered my questions with questions  
And pointed me into the night  
Where the moon was a star-painted dancer  
And the world was just a spectrum of light

They reached to my center of reason  
And pulled on the touchstone that's there  
The shock of that light had me reeling  
And I fell into the depths of despair

They answered my questions with questions  
And set me to stand on the brink  
Where the sun and the moon were as brothers  
And all that was left was to think

They answered my questions with questions  
And pointed me into the night  
The power that bore me had left me alone  
To figure out which way was right