

## Chris Cummings

### "Turning Round"

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flying, i thought id never learn that flying,  
i thought id spend my whole life trying,  
for flying is that ancient art of keeping one foot on the  
ground...  
lying, i thought id never keep from lying,  
i thought id lose it all by sighing,  
for lying is that ancient art of hiding words that will  
never be found.  
crying, i thought id never stop that crying,  
i thought id always dream of dying,  
for crying is that ancient art of weeping rivers into the  
ground.  
oh dying, i thought id never see that dying,  
i thought id spend my whole life flying,  
for dying is that ancient art of keeping one world  
turning round.  
sighing, i thought id never keep from sighing,  
i thought id always be there crying,  
for sighing is that ancient art of breathing sadness all  
around.  
and trying, i thought id spend my seasons trying,  
i thought i could stop myself from lying,  
for trying is that ancient art of proving that the world is  
round.  
oh flying, oh oh, lying, oh oh, crying, oh oh, sighing, oh  
oh,  
trying, oh oh and dying, oh oh,  
for dying is that ancient art of growing flowers in the  
ground, yes it is...

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