The Moody Blues "Celtic Sonant"

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Deep peace of the running wave to you Deep peace of the flowing air to you Deep peace of the quiet earth to you Deep peace of the shining star to you Deep peace of the son of peace to you

One man stood firm guarding cups overflowing Brimful of memories and yesterday's dreams He could never explain his own silent thunder The ocean just blows rough at this time of year

And the wheel keeps on turning
The wheel keeps on turning
The wheel keeps on turning
Turning around

Away we will sail with all our flags flying Too many changes can cause us delay Each star in the sky is there for a reason Making it so bright for this time of day

And the wheel keeps on turning The wheel keeps on turning The wheel keeps on turning This fool made it round

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