

Blues Moody

"Celtic Sonant"

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Ray Thomas)

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

CHORUS

And the wheel keeps on turning

The wheel keeps on turning

The wheel keeps on turning

Turning around

Words left unsaid may have special meanings

Dust hidden pages fill the books left unread

One bleak page left the poet crying

He failed to remember there's a price on his head

CHORUS

Away we sail with alour 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

CHORUS

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