

Moody Blues, The "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

Words left unsaid may have special meanings
Dust hidden pages fill the books left unread
One blank page left the poet crying
He failed to remember there's a price on his head

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

Away we sail with all our flags flying
Too many changes can cause us to 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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