

Turning Round

Chris de Burgh

Flying, I thought I'd never learn that flying,
I thought I'd spend my whole life trying,
For flying is that ancient art of keeping one foot on the ground...

Lying, I thought I'd never keep from lying,
I thought I'd lose it all by sighing,
For lying is that ancient art of hiding words that will never be found.

Crying, I thought I'd never stop that crying,
I thought I'd always dream of dying,
For crying is that ancient art of weeping rivers into the ground.

Oh dying, I thought I'd never see that dying,
I thought I'd spend my whole life flying,
For dying is that ancient art of keeping one world turning round.

Sighing, I thought I'd never keep from sighing,
I thought I'd always be there crying,
For sighing is that ancient art of breathing sadness all around.

And trying, I thought I'd 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...