

Turn Me Round

Strawbs

My life is never peaceful
As I fly me high above
For I hover like an eagle
With an olive branch of love
With the vision of a hunter
And the conscience of a dove.

Turn me round.

Now the eagle holds the aces
When it comes to strength and pace
For the dove is a beginner
In the universal race
But lonely is the hunter
As he closes in the chase.

Turn me round
Clear my vision
Let me see the light
Turn me round
Change position
Give the blind man sight
Turn me round.

Let me see the tracery
Of the lines upon your face
As I kneel in contemplation
Of your majesty and grace
For the eagle in his sorrow
Is a man in sure disgrace.

My dove, my mediator
May you flourish in your solitude
A haven in the storm clouds
Let me paint you in your studio
May the brushmarks on the canvas
Show the eagle in his eerie mood.