

## Turning Around

Tim O'Brien

From where you sit you cannot see it  
No one watches anyway  
No one stops to listen for it  
Covered by the sounds of day

But we each play our own part in it  
Nothing that you need to learn  
Every breath from birth to dying  
We all help the world to turn

Turning like the water flowing  
From the mountains to the sea  
A gentle wind that keeps on blowing  
Pray that it will always be  
Turning around, this old world, turning around

Through the window I can see you  
In the garden sewing seeds  
Hand and heart with rain and sunshine  
Growing what the family needs

Need it like the water flowing  
From the mountains to the sea  
Keep the roots and branches growing  
Pray that they will always be  
Turning around, this old world, turning around

All God