

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