

# Turn Me Around

Venus Hum

Mood perpetuates mood,  
Tune perpetuates tune.  
One line touches the other fine.

Fear perpetuates fear,  
Tears perpetuate tears.  
One lie touches the other fine.

The ground is grown  
And blue stars are blooming.  
The seeds are falling out.  
The problem is, the ground is on the side  
And the sky is on the down.  
Turn me around.

Calm perpetuates calm,  
Songs perpetuate songs.  
One hand quietly touches mine.

Blue stars are blooming.  
The seeds are being thrown.  
The problem is, the ground is on the side  
And the sky is on the down.  
Turn me around. (4x)

The ground is grown  
And blue stars are blooming.  
The seeds are blowing by.  
The problem is, the ground is on the side  
And the sky is on the down.  
Turn me around. (5x)