The Moody Blues, Om

The rain is on the roof. Hurry high, butterfly, As clouds roll past my head. I know why the skies all cry.

Om. Om. Heaven. Om.

The Earth turns slowly round. Far away, the distant sound Is with us everyday. Can you hear what it says?

Om. Om. Heaven. Om.

The rain is on the roof. Hurry high, butterfly, As clouds roll past my head. I know why the skies all cry.

Om. Om. Heaven. Om.