

Chris De Burgh, Turning Round

Flying, I thought I'd never learn that flying
I thought I'd spend my whole life trying
For flying is that ancient art of keeping one foot on the ground...

Lying, I thought I'd never keep from lying
I thought I'd lose it all by sighing
For lying is that ancient art of hiding words that will never be found

Crying, I thought I'd never stop that crying
I thought I'd always dream of dying
For crying is that ancient art of weeping rivers into the ground

Oh dying, I thought I'd never see that dying
I thought I'd spend my whole life flying
For dying is that ancient art of keeping one world turning round

Sighing, I thought I'd never keep from sighing
I thought I'd always be there crying
For sighing is that ancient art of breathing sadness all around

And trying, I thought I'd spend my seasons trying
I thought I could stop myself from lying
For trying is that ancient art of proving that the world is round

Oh flying, oh oh
Lying, oh oh
Crying, oh oh
Sighing, oh oh
Trying, oh oh
And dying, oh oh
For dying is that ancient art of growing flowers in the ground
Yes it is...