

# The Moody Blues, Celtic Sonant

Deep peace of the running wave to you  
Deep peace of the flowing air to you  
Deep peace of the quiet earth to you  
Deep peace of the shining star to you  
Deep peace of the son of peace to you

One man stood firm guarding cups overflowing  
Brimful of memories and yesterday's dreams  
He could never explain his own silent thunder  
The ocean just blows rough at this time of year

And the wheel keeps on turning  
The wheel keeps on turning  
The wheel keeps on turning  
Turning around

Away we will sail with all our flags flying  
Too many changes can cause us delay  
Each star in the sky is there for a reason  
Making it so bright for this time of day

And the wheel keeps on turning  
The wheel keeps on turning  
The wheel keeps on turning  
This fool made it round