

Peter Gabriel, The Time Of The Turning

In the big house
Where the sun lives
With the walls so white and blue
In the red soil
All the green grows
And the winds blow across your face
They blow across your heart

It's the time of the turning and there's something stirring outside
It's the time of turning and we'd better learn to say our goodbyes

All the earth breaks
Like a stale bread
And the seeds are folded in the soil
Oh the sun pours
Then the rains fall
While the roots reach out right through the ground
They reach out through the ground

It's the time of turning and there's something stirring outside
It's the time of turning and the old world's falling
Nothing you can do can stop the next emerging
Time of the turning and we'd better learn to say our goodbyes
If we can stand up
When all else falls down
We'll last through the winter
We'll last through the storms
We'll last through the north winds
That bring down the ice and snow
We'll last through the long nights
Till the green field's growing again
Growing again