**The Turning** © Tony Winn 2021

 C Em

The sun setting

Am F C Em

Has become entangled in the branches of a tree

Am F C

And blushing, struggles to break free

The moon rising

Extends a silver hand to help her on her way

Eager for the passing of the day

F C

The skylark sounds her sweet alarm

 F G F

As nature’s pendant jewels drip into view

 C

I’m missing you

A heart broken

Recalls a parting glance without a murmur of regret

Reluctant to forget

Clouds gather

Confusing thoughts that thunder in the corner of a brain

Falling salty rain

A house of dreams built on shifting sands

Falls apart without love’s glue

I’m missing you

 F G C F

The turning of a life is like the turning of a day

 G C

The turning of the seasons and a year

 F G C F

Summer flowers grow dull in autumn, winter fades to grey

 G

But soon the buds of future life appear

The sun rising

Heralded by birds that hang their voices on the wind

Casts a gentle eye across the land

Clouds scatter

Skulk away like thieves and hide their faces from the light

And lurk among the shadows of the night

Past regrets are cast aside

There’s nothing left for them to do

I’m missing you.