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A Quiet Thing

Reference number PT0130

When it all comes true,
Just the way you planned,
It's funny, but the bells don't ring.
It's a quiet thing.

When you hold the world
in your trembling hand,
You'd think you'd hear a choir sing.
It's a quiet thing.

There are no exploding fireworks,
Where's the roaring of the crowds?
Maybe it's the strange new atmosphere,
'Way up here among the clouds.

But I don't hear the drums,
I don't hear the band,
The sounds I'm told such moments bring,
Happiness comes in on tiptoe.
Well, whatd'ya know!
It's a quiet thing.
A very quiet thing.