

# Peter Koppes, Peak To Peak

Sounds of the crash can be heard  
Echoing all through the years winding streams  
Calm isolation to sweet penetration  
Living on from beat to beat

Her hairnet would hang on his chin  
Buzzes her world from inside her key  
Boistered from beers, the celibate fears  
Can not be late or his PA  
Welcome to the human race

Down from the mountain now  
[0:50] Into the valley of mine  
Down from the mountain now  
They whisper "good for you";

As the snow starts to fall  
Made crystal clear, clearer than glass  
??? may have found the piece of his skin  
In London like footsteps in wait

Stained in stone to the sky  
Everything there ??? [1:20] (including the toe)  
Laughter hides, beckons the spy  
???  
Where there's a sweat of the cold

What a way from your loneliness  
That old the cage now with the wrist  
Down from the mountain  
Though it's been good for you

As the snow starts to fall  
Made crystal clear, clearer than glass  
Join in an air from the peaks of the snear  
In London the footsteps in line  
Living on from peak to peak