

Burt Bacharach, Lost Horizon

Have you ever dreamed of a place
Far away from it all
Where the air you breathe is soft and clean
And children play in fields of green
And the sound of guns
Doesn't pound in your ears (anymore)

Have you ever dreamed of a place
Far away from it all
Where the winter winds will never blow
And living things have room to grow
And the sound of guns
Doesn't pound in your ears anymore.

Many miles from yesterday before you reach tomorrow
Where the time is always just today
There's a lost horizon waiting to be found.
There's a lost horizon
Where the sound of guns
Doesn't pound in your ears
anymore.