

# Galactic Cowboys, Still Life Of Peace

A painted scene view of a street  
A large city, no crime, no deceit  
An autumn day pastels and grace  
Buildings loom ominous, hold them at bay

The image haunts though no one wants  
Caged in serenity as freedom taunts  
Always an autumn day pastel and grey  
Can't reach the buildings holding me at bay

Pay to get in, Pray to get out  
Now that you're in, let me out

See the wind blows everything's frozen  
Still life of peace a life they've chosen  
Wanting the wind, the snow or the sun  
Trade in freedom for a world that has none