

Peter Koppes, The Lost Peace

Now you work it out
Without fear of a doubt
Not everything you touch will turn to gold

You make me turn around
If you raise your breath to shout
Not everyone's who's brave it seems are bold

So thanks very much
It's not my right to judge
Probably won't have the time to say goodbye

Did you realize you've sold
Those secrets I did hold
A piece of mind, piece of mind

First you say you won't
Then you say you will
Makes me feel like staying here and standing very still

So if you've got the number
Of a faithful friend to number
Use it now, your time spent here's worth little

So don't hold me back
You won't catch me in this sad
And tragic celebrations always pass me by

And experience at cost
Well you can't call it lost
A piece of mind, peace of mind

There may be a solution
If we all agree to choose one
Answers won't come falling from the sky

The truth won't land you blind
It's all we hope to find
And you know something always comes along