

Hawkwind "Lost Chances"

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Brock -)

Crystal evenings, long ago, twisted winds and weeping
snow

We missed a turning in the past, is there anything that
can last

The race is run, the time is right, get out your gun
It's time to fight

And all our dreams just turn to dust, look to the future
Forget the past

Mistakes you've made can't be redeemed, they are
made

Because you dreamed a dream

Honest sunsets turn to paint, the lie you tell
Becomes a taint

The house you built reverts to dust, the sword
You held it turns to rust

The lies you tell destroy your will, the price
You paid you're paying still

And the rocks in the river grow higher and higher
As the water gets lower and lower

There are ghosts in our lives that will not fade

There are ghosts in our lives that will not fade,
Until we've paid

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