

Peter Koppes **"Desert Flower Bride"**

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Half-dark lady from the Amazon
Spoke perfect moments before she was gone
Her soul reached out from the deep brown eye
She said "I'm a victim of these Earthling times"

I don't know what love's about
I don't know what love's about
Feel it falling on the ground
Our fate is dealing one of a kind
I wish that it was then that we die
A Spring rain desert flower bride
Love hoping that it never helps

I don't know what love's about
I don't know what love's about
Then she gave me a transfer kiss
The winter blows, I was lost in the mist
She disappeared as in a dream
Wading out into the scene

I don't know what love's about
I don't know what love's about
Sometimes passion on my breath
Makes me think about her death

Teary-eyed child pumps a mother's heart
Mother and father lived within a lie
Blood and water none comparison
The new parents treat him like a son

I don't know what love's about
I don't know what love's about
And yet there's times when a kid leaves home
In a family yet so alone
Drift in visions of their own
To find that place or else get stoned

I don't know what love's about
I don't know what love's about

Don't know what love's about

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