

## **Peter Koppes** **"The Lost Peace"**

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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

