

Still Life Of Peace

Galactic Cowboys

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 gray
Can't reach the buildings holding me at bay

Pay to get in, pray to get 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

Pay to get in, pray to get out. (Help me out) (x2)