

Honorable Peace

B.J. Thomas

Now your Father has told you
Son you're naive
To still be out lookin'
For something to believe
The realities of power
Are above your ideals
And he sure has good reasons
For the way that he feels

For man has never hesitated
To do violent deeds
To ravage this earth
And take more than he needs
Can there be any doubt
To the size of his crimes
After all that we've seen
Within our own times

Oh but what kind of logic
In what kind of brain
What manner of man
Would think it was sane
What kind of soul
And what heart that beats
Would chose to kill millions
For an honorable peace

There are those who will argue
It's all too complex
You must live past the present
To see it's effects
As if the peasant in the fields
Hearing planes in the sky
Waits for history to tell him
It's his turn to die

Now I'm sorry that you have to hear
These words tonight
They're not pleasant to sing
They're not pleasant to write
I know the tide of protest
Has passed us somehow
Oh but when do you speak out
If you don't speak out now

Tell me
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What manner of man
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And what heart that beats
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