

# 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

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