

Lost Chances

Hawkwind

Crystal evenings, long ago, twisted winds and weeping snow
We missed a turning in the past, is there anything that can last
The race is run, the time is right, get out your gun
it's time to fight
And all our dreams just turn to dust, look to the future
forget the past
Mistakes you've made can't be redeemed, they are made
because you dreamed a dream
Honest sunsets turn to paint, the lie you tell
becomes a taint
The house you built reverts to dust, the sword
you held it turns to rust
The lies you tell destroy your will, the price
you paid you're paying still
And the rocks in the river grow higher and higher
As the water gets lower and lower
There are ghosts in our lives that will not fade
There are ghosts in our lives that will not fade,
until we've paid