

## Epilog

Terence Trent D'Arby

And if in time the day's defeat  
Should seal those lips I love so sweet  
I'd catch up to her wandering feet  
And lay the law down upon her sheets  
And if in time this love should pass  
And throw my heart upon the grass  
I wouldn't hang on to the past  
I'd sell my sorrows for a glass  
And pull myself from this morass  
And save myself this sombre cast  
But no so fast

And if in time I find my soul  
And liken myself to a bowl  
That takes the milk but leaves it cold  
Then I will have defined my role  
To work on myself till complete  
And transform all that life secretes  
So I won't have mistakes repeat  
And save myself from sure defeat  
So peace to all that my voice greets

So peace to all that hears my voice  
We survive because we have no choice  
So peace to all that hears my voice  
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