

## **PEACEFUL REPOSE**

4-30-15  
(#38)

1. Kiss on my face by the mornin's soft breeze —  
don't know how it comes or where it goes.  
Like that classic western scene everyone knows,  
in a peaceful repose.  
Put it on a postcard, try to save the picture,  
try to save the feeling in my soul.  
Save it for the rainy days of the wilting of the rose,  
in a peaceful repose.

### **[INSTRUMENTAL]**

2. Lost my inspiration, feeling kind of mellow,  
finally takin' it light, easy and slow.  
Dreamin' of goin' any way that the wind blows,  
in a peaceful repose.  
Days that turn from placid to acid  
before the dawn becomes the twilight,  
are but a memory in time's snapshot — froze,  
in this peaceful repose.

**BRIDGE:** The days pass by so slowly now,  
I've earned my reprieve from the days of grief.  
Just letting life live itself through me  
— nowhere else I'd rather be . . .  
These are the days of milk & honey.

### **[INSTRUMENTAL]**

3. Sweetened by the scent of jasmine in the air,  
so rich, the sacred places in my heart.  
In the now, they take a bow, no longer foes,  
in a peaceful repose.  
Glory, restful story, days of an easy pace,  
gone, the days of running ragged, the endless race.  
For now, no cares, no woes, suspended time itself slows —  
in a peaceful repose . . .  
In this peaceful repose.

**[END]**

Written: April 30, 2015 [G, M]