

PETER, PETER

standard tuning

Where I'm from, we don't think of dying
We see his face and our feet are flying
To the place where the walls are made of things
We lock the door and ignore our fearing
While his eyes, through the wall, are peering
And now and then, one of us will start to sing

CHORUS:

Peter, don't you miss my number
Where it's written in your golden ledger
Peter, don't you miss my number now
Peter, see that you will know me when
I come to call at the gates of heaven
Peter, don't you miss my number now

Where I'm from, we don't see the old ones
Put their lives in a place where no one
Has to see such a horrifying thing
But where they live, the walls are falling down
You can see the light and you can hear the sound
Of the song an astounding number sing

CHORUS: