

Long Black Line

[Mike Gordon](#)

I've never seen a granite bridge this high
 leaning on the ocean side
 Crushing snow in the salty fog
I'm walking on the long black line I'll never swim in those quiet crashing waves
 or steal another rain washed kiss
 or surf the swirling notes around my half done songs
So far above the ocean mist My alter ego flies and swoops down toward the coastline
 to splash the crest where tidal waves collide
 But smashing on the rocks, I watch my ego die in terror
My spirit walks the long black line I stomp on rocks and scuff this muddy trail
 Try to kick these spinning thought I've known
 Like how we never bought that rolling hill
 Or built your dream chalet of stone

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