

# The Edge

**Eric Alexander Quartet, Bobby Broom, Melvin Rhyne**

When I was sent to walk this long cold way  
I'd never meant to take it all this far  
Nobody told me I was bound to stray  
You gave me visions and cut out this part  
When the journey is over  
Then what will remain  
But a churchyard of angels  
Don't need no glory  
The bottle and I  
Don't need no sympathy at all  
As I hang on the edge  
Don't need no glory  
Till the river's run dry  
I won't cry for sympathy as I  
Hang on the edge

When your were shackles chances passed me by  
I've broken free  
Now I'm free falling  
Laid down my arms as you laid down the lie:  
Those words you didn't say when I was calling  
Fingers bleed onto the ivory  
They dance on the keys  
To a churchyard of angels  
Don't need no glory  
The bottle and I  
Don't need no sympathy at all  
As I hang on the edge  
Don't need no glory  
Till the river's run dry  
I won't cry for sympathy as I  
Hang on the edge

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