Pages

Bering Strait

Yesterday's wars stack up like old papers on the floor
Poundin' like old knocks upon my door
Breakin' like the ocean, washin' through my hands
Changin' this old mountain into sandYou know me by the stories I have made
You know me, lookin' out through boxes and cages
And it's hard to clearly see what's right in ordinary light
Does the truth filter down through the ages?We cannot see the end so here we must begin
Tell me what will we write on these pages?Life's open road, showin' only what it wants to show
Callin' when it's time for us to go
Driven by emotion, pushing from the past
Runnin' till our spirit's free at leastYou know me by the stories I have made
You know me, lookin' out through boxes and cages
And it's hard to clearly see what's right in ordinary light
Does the truth filter down through the ages?We cannot see the end so here we must begin
Tell me what will we write on these pages?Down through history we race across
Borders into empty space we write
A chapter, a fable, a line, a trace
Another heart may followYou know me by the stories I have made
You know me, lookin' out through boxes and cages
And it's hard to clearly see what's right in ordinary light
Does the truth filter down through the ages?We cannot see the end so here we must begin
Tell me what will we write on these pages?
We cannot see the end so here we must begin
Tell me what will we write on these pages?

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