

# Great Divide

[Bruce Hornsby](#)

You're saying I've got, got a lot, a lot of nerve  
To say that we could, we could be friends  
You're thinking I'm just another one telling lies  
You don't want to be fooled, fooled again And you always go your way  
And I always go mine  
Maybe one day we'll come together  
Across the great divide I heard somebody calling you a bad name  
But I was speechless, didn't say anything to him  
Next time I swear, it'll be different  
I promise not to be silent again And you always go your way  
And I always go mine  
Maybe one day we'll come together  
Across the great divide And I always cross to the other side  
But I go back every time  
Maybe one day we'll come together  
Across the great divide I saw a bombed aisle, heard a gunshot ring  
Saw two matchsticks burn, felt the bedsheets sting  
Ugly words on a wall, and a robe in flames  
Then I saw a little boy smile, when the clouds did move away And you always go your way  
And I always go mine  
Maybe one day we'll come together  
Across the great divide

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