

Bridges

Dispatch

The furrowed bed of sand worries again
As it had before, waves left the land
For the falling tide leaves the child weeping alone,
He's letting go of the anchor and all the lines...
Waiting for the fingers of the grey wave
Or his mother's hand to roll over him
With endless water... 10, 000 bridges
Show me father.
Now I'm older, now much older
And this wave can take me out to sea
I feel the pull beneath my feet
But I can see her, she is calling
I can feel her there... I can feel her there
Waiting for the fingers of the grey wave
Or his mother's hand to roll over him
With endless water... 10, 000 bridges
Show me father.

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