The Great Wide Open

Funeral for a Friend

Spitting from the bridges
Like a bird perched on a branch
I'm wilting like a tree
That will never let me breathSoul soldier with your gun held high
Where does the crow fly?
Soul soldier with your gun held high
Will you follow it home?For the road that we walk
Has more miles left to talk
Stories on and on we go
Into the great wide openNo, it never came back to break me
The way it broke it down
Spiting from the bridges
While the tree gives a soft sigh to the groundSoul sailor with your flag held high
Where does the crow fly?
Soul sailor with your flag held high
Will you follow it home?For the road that we walk
Has more miles left to talk
Stories on and on we go
Into the great wide openFor the road that we walk
Has more miles left to talk
Stories on and on we go
Into the great wide open
Into the great wide openRush of the flood
Sends the blood to my head
The rush of the flood
Sends the blood to my headSoul soldier with your gun held high
Where does the crow fly?
Soul soldier with your gun held high
Will you follow it home?The rush of the flood
Sends the blood to my head
The rush of the flood
Sends the blood to my headClimb out, climb out, ohh
Climb out, climb out, ohh
Climb out, climb out over meClimb out, climb out, ohh
Climb out, climb out, ohh
Climb out, climb out over me
Into the great wide open

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