The Bridge

Grant Lee Buffalo

Crossing the bridge where many lean to see
Over the rail to glance the trembling stream
Others stay to the center fearful it might sway
And all those who would choose to turn back the other wayBut you and me have own bridge to cross
Weather worn and sea tossed
We've our own bridge to cross let's not
Make any excusesI came upon someone's used and yellowed paperback
A collection of dreams and their meanings all conveyed
Seems to dream of a bridge denotes a thousand different things
If the planks are secure or the rope is broke or frayedBut you and me have own bridge to cross
Weather worn and sea tossed
We've our own bridge to cross let's not
Make any excusesNa na naYou and me have own bridge to cross
Weather worn and sea tossed
We've our own bridge to cross let's not
Make any excuses

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