

# Kevin Gilbert, Water Under The Bridge

What's a drop of water  
From a daughter made of glass  
Frail and poised on a question  
When there's nothing left to ask

Asking questions  
So close to the ridge  
Dirt under my feet  
Water under the bridge

What's a drop of water  
In an ocean of compromise  
One more shake of my tail  
and it falls away and dies

Asking questions  
So close to the ridge  
Dirt under my feet  
Water under the bridge

What's a drop of water  
From a storm's gentle eye  
Poisoned by an envy  
That a tear can't purify