Queensryche, Bridge

You called me up on the phone today
struggling with the right words to say.
Time can change a thing or two.
Time has changed the lives of me and you,
but you know... it could have been different dad.

The word brings back a sweet memory.
I'm sitting on a bluff on a broken tree,
by my side a distinguished man
giving me encouragement, telling me I can,
and you know... you're not there.

You say, "Son, let's forget the past,
I want another chance, gonna make it last."
You're begging me for a brand new start,
trying to mend a bridge that's been blown apart,
but you know... you never built it dad.

So I sit here through the night,
and I write myself to sleep,
and time keeps ticking...

Time has made you finally realize
your loneliness and your guilt inside.
You're reaching for something you never had,
turning around now you're looking back,
and you know... I'm not there.

You say, "Son, let's forget the past.
I want another chance, gonna make it last."
You're begging me for a brand new start,
trying to mend a bridge that's been blown apart,
but you know... you never built it dad.