

# Bruce Hornsby, Great Divide

You're saying I've got  
Got a lot, lot of nerve  
To say that we could  
We could be friends

You're thinking I'm just  
Another one telling lies  
Don't want to be fooled  
Fooled again

When you always go your way  
And I always go mine  
Maybe one day we'll come together  
Go across the great divide

I heard somebody  
Calling you a bad name  
I was speechless  
Didn't say anything to him

Next time I swear  
It's gonna be different  
I promise not to be silent again

And you always go your way  
And I always go mine  
Maybe one day we'll come together  
Go across the great divide

And I always cross to the other side  
But I go back every time  
Maybe one day we'll come together  
Go across the great divide

I saw a bombed aisle  
Heard a gunshot ring  
Saw two matchsticks burn  
Felt the bedsheets sting

Ugly words on a wall  
And a robe in flames  
I saw a little boy smile  
When the clouds did move away

And you always go your way  
And I always go mine  
Maybe one day we'll come together  
Go across the great divide