

Grant Lee Buffalo, The Bridge

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 way

But 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 excuses

I 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 frayed

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Na na na

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