

Jars Of Clay, Water Under The Bridge

I do not love you the way I did when we met.
There are secrets and arguments I haven't finished yet.
But it's only that grace has outlived our regret that we're still here.

So maybe we can stay, till the last drop of water flows under the bridge,
We can stay, till the last drop of water flows under the bridge.

There are times meant for breaking, and words to ignore,
And a bent to our souls when our skin is at war.
And if leaving were freedom, well, we'd both walk right out of that door.

Maybe we can stay, till the last drop of water flows under the bridge,
We can stay, till the last drop of water flows.

And the years roll by, and you hold my hand, while the shadows stretch over the land.
Crumble and fall in my arms, and we'll struggle to hold on.
Waters they rise and they carry our hopes and dreams away, baby we can stay, stay.

And the years roll by, and you hold my hand, while the shadows stretch over the land.

Maybe we can stay, till the last drop of water flows under the bridge,
We can stay, till the last drop of water flows under the bridge,
We can stay till the last drop of water flows under the bridge.