

# Robin Trower, Bridge Of Sighs

The sun don't shine  
The moon don't move the tides,  
to wash me clean  
Sun don't shine  
The moon don't move the tides,  
to wash me clean  
Why so unforgiving and why so cold  
Been a long time crossing Bridge of Sighs  
Cold wind blows  
The Gods look down in anger,  
on this poor child  
Cold wind blows  
And Gods look down in anger,  
on this poor child  
Why so unforgiving and why so cold  
Been a long time crossing Bridge of Sighs