

# Sergio Mendes, Bridges

I have crossed a thousand bridges  
In my search for something real  
There were great suspension bridges  
Made like spiderwebs of steel

There were tiny wooden trestles  
And there were bridges made of stone  
I have always been a stranger  
And I've always been alone

There's a bridge to tomorrow  
There's a bridge to the past  
There's a bridge made of sorrow  
That I pray will not last

There's a bridge made of colors  
In the sky high above  
And I think that there must be  
Bridges made out of love

I can see him in the distance  
On the river's other shore  
As his hands reach out in longing  
As my own have done before

And I call across to tell him  
Where I believe the bridge must lie  
And I'll find it, yes I'll find it!  
If I search until I die

When the bridge is between us  
We'll have nothing to say  
We will run through the sunlight  
And he'll meet me halfway

There's a bridge made of colors  
In the sky high above  
And I'm certain that somewhere  
There's a bridge made of love