

# The Band, Across The Great Divide

Standin' by your window in pain  
A pistol in your hand  
And I beg you, dear Molly, girl,  
Try and understand your man the best you can  
Across The Great Divide  
Just grab your hat, and take that ride  
Get yourself a bride  
And bring your children down to the river side

I had a goal in my younger days, I nearly wrote my will  
But I changed my mind for the better  
I'm at the still, had my fill and I'm fit to kill  
Pinball machine, and a queen, I nearly took a bust

Tried to keep my hands to myself  
Ya say it's a must, but who can ya trust?  
Harvest moon shinin' down from the sky  
Aweary sign for all  
I'm gonna leave this one horse town  
Had t' stall till the fall, now I'm gonna crawl

Now Molly dear, don't ya shed a tear  
Your time will surely come  
You'll feed your man  
Chicken ev'ry Sunday, now tell me, hun  
What-cha done with the gun  
Across The Great Divide  
Just grab your hat, and take that ride  
Get yourself a bride  
And bring your children down to the river side