

Samples, The "Under the Bridge"

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My mother went this morning,
October in the fall.
There wasn't any warning,
And no good friends to call.

(Chorus):
It's just water under the bridge,
It's just water under the bridge.

Is this time to wipe my eyes,
From staring at the sun?
All day long I heard the blackbird sing,
What's it take to make him cry?

The sermon was empty,
And there are clouds in my eyes.
Mom and Dad turned to ashes and just blew away.
Slip away little darlin',
Your angles are long gone.
They're in the flame of a candle that's melting a new
dawn.

(Chorus)

For the rest of our lives we could live so free,
Like a million flying birds.
But I don't remember if it was you or me,
Who sang these dying words...

(Chorus)

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