

Speechwriters Llc

"Divided"

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We were like the last Indians
Defending our own land with desperate hands
We were told that youthful love grows old
And nothing's here to stay, to stow our love away

And you were high upon my shoulders
And you were trying to reach the stars
And you were certain that if you wished it hard enough
Then it would be just us again

The bugle sounds, the uniforms come in
With flags to shield their sins, my doorbell rings
The new-found girl, she says to move on fast
A silent treaty's made, I've signed my love away

And you were high upon my shoulders
And you were trying to reach the stars
And you were certain that if you wished it hard enough
Then it would be just us again

So here I stand, oh I have traded for
More stable living plans to meet demands
Our sacred grounds, oh we knew secrets
That we thought we'd never tell, now others know as well

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And you were trying to reach the stars
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