

The Mariner's Children

"Bridges"

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There's gold hidden in the mountainside
There's gold hidden in the ground
There's gold hidden in the riverbed son
Just waiting to be found
Pack all of your things
Haste turns men to kings my boy
And tears will turn to pride
Go leave my side my boy

I've spent a lifetime building bridges
But now's the time to burn them down
I will swim among the ashes until I drown
I hope one day the water's sweeter
And the soil grows thick with green
And you'll never have to worry
What might have been
What might have been

There's holes ridden in the mountainside

There's holes ridden in the ground
No fish swimming in the riverbed son
No birds singing in the town
He packed all of his things
And flew up on the wind did my boy
There's choices to be made
Mine I'll stand by till the grave my boy
And haste turns men to kings
Your fortune it'll bring my boy
And tears will turn to pride
Though mine are still to dry my boy

I've spent a lifetime building bridges
But now's the time to burn them down
I will swim among the ashes until I drown
I hope one day the water's sweeter
And the soil grows thick with green
And you'll never have to worry
What might have been
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