

Blancmange

"The Great Divide"

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Believe in that our love was over
We climbed to the attic to fight
... of my favorite positions
So they wouldn't be left behind
But there in a dust covered jew box
A bundle of old letter lie
Wrapped in that old faded ribbon
Like a message across the great divide
Those letters from grandpa to grandma
Have written with love through the years
... like the words from a love song
As we read them together in tears
Last one said I've always loved you
And don't ever feel sad or cry
Cause if I cross over before you
I'll be waiting across the great divide
Oh, love has a life of it's own
To love, love, love has a life of it's own
We knew when we finished those letters
No one will be saying goodbye
The sinners forgiven up forever
When those letters crossed the great divide
Oh, love has a life of it's own
Love, love, love is a life like those letters
Across the great divide.

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