Bruce Hornsby & The Range "The Long Race"

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B. R. Hornsby/Hohn Hornsby

It's a hazy winter's day
And I'm staring out on the southland
In the twilight distance on the bay
My mind sees you running through the marshland
All these years I've been waiting for you
Through the high tides and the low tides too
But if I stop now how could I ever be with you?

It's a long race
If I try I will surely finish
It's a long race
If I try I will surely win it
Some day some night with you

There's a village on the lower Eastern Shore Where the watermen's boats are anchored And they work so hard all day long Showing me what you want to go after All these years I've been pushing so hard Through the high times and the low times too But if I stop now How could I know what I could do?

It's a long race
If I try I will surely finish
It's a long race
If I try I will surely win it
Some day some night with you

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