

## **Funeral For A Friend "The Great Wide Open"**

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Spitting from the bridges  
Like a bird perched on a branch  
I'm wilting like a tree  
That will never let me breath

Soul soldier with your gun held high  
Where does the crow fly?  
Soul soldier with your gun held high  
Will you follow it home?

For the road that we walk  
Has more miles left to talk  
Stories on and on we go  
Into the great wide open

No, it never came back to break me  
The way it broke it down  
Spiting from the bridges  
While the tree gives a soft sigh to the ground

Soul sailor with your flag held high  
Where does the crow fly?  
Soul sailor with your flag held high  
Will you follow it home?

For the road that we walk  
Has more miles left to talk  
Stories on and on we go  
Into the great wide open

For the road that we walk  
Has more miles left to talk  
Stories on and on we go  
Into the great wide open  
Into the great wide open

Rush of the flood  
Sends the blood to my head  
The rush of the flood  
Sends the blood to my head

Soul soldier with your gun held high

Where does the crow fly?  
Soul soldier with your gun held high  
Will you follow it home?

The rush of the flood  
Sends the blood to my head  
The rush of the flood  
Sends the blood to my head

Climb out, climb out, ohh  
Climb out, climb out, ohh  
Climb out, climb out over me

Climb out, climb out, ohh  
Climb out, climb out, ohh  
Climb out, climb out over me  
Into the great wide open

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