

Bruce Hornsby **"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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