

Casey Stratton "Burning The Bridge"

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Somehow I think we had missed it
A turn of phrase on quicksand
Caught by another way underground, we found
No kind of diamond or sapphire
Across a telephone wire
I might have heard a lot more than you

And the more that we guessed it
The more it became unknown
Kept moving against it
Kept burning the bridge that lead home

I said "Olly olly oxen free
I'll bet you really missed me."
You said "Not too much, really I was fine."
Buried beneath a little story
You wrote so long ago for me
I found the answer to the question, finally

And the more that we guessed it
The more it became unknown
Kept moving against it
Kept burning the bridge that lead home

Before when I was saying more
When we implored about this
I thought it might be out of line
Now I know it was completely fine

And the more that we guessed it
The more it became unknown
Kept moving against it
Kept burning the bridge that lead home

And the more that we guessed it
The more it became unknown
Kept moving against it
Kept burning the bridge that lead home

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