

Milow

"Bridges"

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I have crossed a thousand bridges
In my search for something real
There were great suspension bridges
Made like spiderwebs of steel
There were tiny wooden trestles
And there were bridges made of stone
I have always been a stranger
And I've always been alone
There's a bridge to tomorrow
There's a bridge from the past
There's a bridge made of sorrow
That I pray will not last
There's a bridge made of colors
In the sky high above
And I think that there must be
Bridges made out of love
I can see her in the distance
On the river's other shore
And her hands reach out in longing
As my own have done before
And I call across to tell her
Where I believe the bridge must lie
And I'll find it
Yes, I'll find it
If I search until I die
When the bridge is between us
We'll have nothing to fear
We will run through the sunlight
And I'll meet her halfway
There's a bridge made of colors
In the sky high above
And I'm certain that somewhere
There's a bridge made of love

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