

## **Thin White Rope "On The Floe"**

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Guy Kyser)

There is a bar where everyone I know  
We talk about osme things we don't begin to know  
We're smart enough to realize we got no business here  
But not smart enough to rise above our bitterness and  
fear  
There is a bridge they're afraid to complete  
Creatures walk on it wearing ruts with their feet  
That long-ago someone has broken their hearts  
They watch without seeing as we exit the bar  
Seems to me we are stranded on the floe  
Watching distant shorelines as we go  
There is a song so hard to steer  
I thought it would capsize in bitterness and fear  
I look to the sky when I'm tired of the sea  
Constellations are moving, they're useless to me  
And it seems we've been stranded on the floe  
Watching distant shorelines as we go

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Eric Wincentsen  
267@ef.gc.maricopa.edu  
Glendale Community College  
Glendale, Arizona  
"Do you read Sutter Cane

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