

## **Milton Nascimento**

### **"Bridges (Travessia)"**

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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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