

## **Aaron Thompson**

### **"Grey Highway"**

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How can the coast always withstand the tide?  
How can the sun be so lonely but shine so bright?  
We came here from Brooklyn  
We came to start over  
A life in the gutter waiting to get wet

Though I'm a poor man  
My time here is rich

I saw a bluebird on the grey highway  
He was the fortunate one  
As gamblers and bankers and architects  
Raced against time  
I watched them go by

Though I'm a blind man  
I never needed my eyes

Though the light's fading I've still got my mind  
Through all the ages and the arches of time  
All the cathedrals, their bells will ring  
You might push us down  
But we'll never stop singing.

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