

Juan Pablo Torres

"Wide Road"

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You choose your path and walk with pride
Things you love are often cast aside
I never, ever meant to hurt you
And would it be wrong to ask you...
To guide me home?
And to help me on

I walk alone; this is my choice
In my darkest hour, I yearn another voice
I never, ever meant to hurt you
And would it be wrong to ask you...
To guide me home?
And to help me on...

This wide road
Mother, help me walk this
Wide road
I've tried so hard, but I'm still so alone
And walk this wide, wide road
'Cause the older I get
The wider, the wider it becomes
It becomes

Never, ever meant to hurt you
Would it be wrong to ask you...
To guide me home?
And to help me on
This wide road
Mother, help me walk
'Cause I've tried so hard, but I'm still so alone
Walk this wide, wide road
'Cause the older I get
The wider
And the older I get
The wider
And the older I get
The wider, wider it...becomes

So if you love someone
You should help them on
This wide road

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