

# Don't Burn the Bridge

Don McLean

I am a man who travelled everywhere  
Holding mirages made of hair  
Mansions of silver, women of gold  
Well, all I had was the tale I told  
I've been a wanderer, I can let go  
But you would do better to stay  
Don't burn the bridge  
That brought you over  
Or you'll be travelling all your days  
I had no family, I had no real friends  
I had a lover who more then just pretends  
She played a mind game  
I played it too  
When you're in love, those're the things you do  
I've been a loser, I've won the game  
I've had power, fortune, and fame  
Don't burn the bridge that brought you over  
For you're a poor man just the same  
Poor man  
Poor man  
Yes, I'll admit I've burned my bridges one and all  
That I have turned my back on some who tried to see me fall  
And then you came and built a bridge where once there was a wall  
In my life  
I can cross over, live on the other side  
I was a rover, until I met my bride  
She has the magic, I have the dreams  
With her, my life is really all it seems  
There's no illusion, this is for real  
And I'm so satisfied, deep within  
You are the bridge that brought me over  
And you are everywhere I've ever been  
Your man  
I'm your man  
Yes, I'll admit I've burned my bridges one and all  
That I have turned my back on some who tried to see me fall  
And then you came to build a bridge where once there was a wall  
Came and built a bridge where there was a wall  
Came and built a bridge where there was a wall  
In my life  
In my life