

Bridge to Cross

Black Label Society

Hands on the wheel
All is straight ahead
Left behind
Second guessing all that I once said
I once said
I once said

My spirit is bent and there's blood on my hands
The more I'm down, the less I understand
Once so found, now so lost
I ask no questions, it's just one more bridge to cross

All is black and white
Wouldn't change even if I could
I'll take what I'm handed
Whether it's damned or if it's good
If it's good
If it's good

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