

Great Divide

Bruce Hornsby

You're saying I've got, got a lot, a lot of nerve
To say that we could, we could be friends
You're thinking I'm just another one telling lies
You don't want to be fooled, fooled again

And you always go your way
And I always go mine
Maybe one day we'll come together
Across the great divide

I heard somebody calling you a bad name
But I was speechless, didn't say anything to him
Next time I swear, it'll be different
I promise not to be silent again

And you always go your way
And I always go mine
Maybe one day we'll come together
Across the great divide

And I always cross to the other side
But I go back every time
Maybe one day we'll come together
Across the great divide

I saw a bombed aisle, heard a gunshot ring
Saw two matchsticks burn, felt the bedsheets sting
Ugly words on a wall, and a robe in flames
Then I saw a little boy smile, when the clouds did move away

And you always go your way
And I always go mine
Maybe one day we'll come together
Across the great divide