

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