

# The Great Wide Open

## Funeral for a Friend

Spitting from the bridges, like a bird perched on a branch,  
I'm wilting like a tree that will never let me breathe.

Soul soldier with your gun held high, where does the crow fly,  
Soul soldier with your gun held high, will you follow it home.

For the road that we walk has more miles left to talk,  
Stories on and on we go, into the great wide open.

No it never came back to break me, the way it broke it down,  
Spitting from the bridges, while the trees give a sigh to the ground.

Soul sailor with your flag held high, where does the crow fly,  
Soul sailor with your flag held high, will you follow it home.

For the road that we walk has more miles left to talk,  
Stories on and on we go, into the great wide open.  
For the road that we walk has more miles left to talk,  
Stories on and on we go, into the great wide open, into the great wide open.

The rush of the flood, sends the blood, to my head,  
The rush of the flood, sends the blood, to my head,

Soul soldier with your gun held high, where does the crow fly  
Soul soldier with your gun held high, will you follow it home.

The rush of the flood, sends the blood, to my head,  
The rush of the flood, sends the blood, to my head.

Climb out, climb out (woah), climb out, climb out (woah),  
Climb out, climb out (woah), over me.  
Climb out, climb out (woah), climb out, climb out (woah),  
Climb out, climb out (woah), over me.

Into the great wide open.