

# The Bridge

Grant Lee Buffalo

Crossing the bridge where many lean to see  
Over the rail to glance the trembling stream  
Others stay to the center fearful it might sway  
And all those who would choose to turn back the other way

But you and me have own bridge to cross  
Weather worn and sea tossed  
We've our own bridge to cross let's not  
Make any excuses

I came upon someone's used and yellowed paperback  
A collection of dreams and their meanings all conveyed  
Seems to dream of a bridge denotes a thousand different things  
If the planks are secure or the rope is broke or frayed

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Na na na

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