

# Bridges To Terabithia

Magneta Lane

Tell me where am I suppose to go  
If everytime I dare to dream  
or dare to fly  
I'm always digging bloody  
daggers in my spine  
I'll bury you alive

Cause...  
Everytime I contemplate  
The art of love  
We're armed with guns  
I'm left stunned with a new start  
Young lovers they only fall apart

Tell me how am I suppose to feel  
If I know we will only leave this behind  
Just because the winds they'll turn  
And steal his eyes  
We're all just passing by...

This concludes now

Cause...  
Everytime I think about these times  
They'll change dreams rearranged to  
Suit the view we got ahead  
Young lovers they dream instead