

Bridge Building Man

Rick Price

Every morning with the rising of the sun
It was, pull on your boots boy
There's work to be done
In the valley over yonder
Where the river runs between
Well folks they're needing bridges
Son, you know what I mean

It's time to snig out the timber
Get the monkey in the frame
Land all your girders
Get the decking on the same
Well such is the life
Of a bridge building man
He pushes on through thick and thin
The best that he can

Well the river runs deep
And the river runs wide
And there's only one way to the other side

Now we're building bridges
Got to build them strong
For when the river rises after the storm
Son did I ever tell ya, do you understand?
Do you know what it's like
To be a bridge building man?

So goes the story
Of my dad and grandpa Jack
Ever since I was a little boy
Sitting on my daddy's lap
He said, life is like a river son
That keeps us all apart
You got to learn to build your bridges
From heart to heart

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And the river runs wide
And there's only one way to the other side

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