

# Thoroughfare Gap

Stephen Stills

Sometimes I consider my pace, I'm reminded of a train  
Gathering speed for the climb to the pass in whose shadow  
It already lies, a small metal dragon approaching  
The ever present ascending rise to the Seventh Mountain

Reeling and snaking, and leaping it seems  
That it wants to come loose from it's path cast in iron  
But you can't slow down now as the earth has presented  
A new crest to reach without barely a rest from the last one

Can you wonder what lies beyond? Though you've been  
There before and forget about the effort and the strain  
Always ascending, each yard as a mile to the never ending pull  
Of the steepening grade that's before you

It's no matter, no distance, it's the ride

A valley, a forest, a desert, a stream and an over sized bridge  
For the trickle beneath, you remember the torrent  
It turned to last spring from the snow melting fast  
And the river it became in the summer

Perhaps it is ruin from a fire that has scorched it  
So badly that nothing will grow without rain to wash away  
The blackened soil, now useless until called upon again  
In a future as distant and far away as the next range of mountains

Then take it as far as you see and beyond  
With eyes you don't use enough to gather up strength  
As thoroughfare gap, what awaits is whatever you see  
When you get there or even before

It's no matter, no distance, it's the ride