

Across the Great Divide

The Band

Standin' by your window in pain, a pistol in your hand
And I beg you, dear Molly, girl
Try and understand your man the best you can

Across The Great Divide, just grab your hat, and take that ride
Get yourself a bride, and bring your children down to the river
side

I had a goal in my younger days, I nearly wrote my will
But I changed my mind for the better
I'm at the still, had my fill and I'm fit to kill

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Pinball machine, and a Queen, I nearly took a bust
Tried to keep my hands to myself, you say it's a must
But who can you trust?

Harvest moon shinin' down from the sky, a weary sign for all
I'm gonna leave this one horse town, had to stall till the fall
Now I'm gonna crawl, across The Great Divide

Now Molly dear, don't you shed a tear
Your time will surely come, you'll feed your man chicken every
Sunday
Now tell me, hon, what you done with the gun

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