

Bridges

Astrud Gilberto

I have crossed a thousand bridges
In my search for something real
There were great suspension bridges
Made like spiderwebs of steel
There were tiny wooden trestles
And there were bridges made of stone
I have always been a stranger
And I've always been alone

There's a bridge to tomorrow
There's a bridge from the past
There's a bridge made of sorrow
That I pray will not last
There's a bridge made of colors
In the sky high above
And I think that there must be
Bridges made out of love

I can see him in the distance
On the river's other shore
And his hands reach out in longing
As my own has done before
And I call across to tell him
Where I believe the bridge must lie
And I'll find it
Yes, I'll find it
If I search until I die

There's a bridge to tomorrow
There's a bridge from the past
There's a bridge made of sorrow
That I pray will not last
There's a bridge made of colors
In the sky high above
And I am certain that somewhere
There's a bridge made out of love