

The Bridge

Sting

They say there's a bridge out there, out there in the mist
Some will deny it's there, others will tell you it don't even exist
It's not made of iron or steel nor stone, yet it spans the rising waters
We are but bags of blood and bone, yet we carry the weight of our sons and our daughters
And now the fields are all but drowned, and we climb up to the ridge
Some will seek the higher ground
Some of us the bridge

If all is behind us now, beneath that swollen river
The bridge we will find somehow, only then will we be delivered
Though some will claim to be inclined, it's a figment or a ghost
But the bridge is deep inside the mind, invisible to most
And now the city's all but drowned, and here up on the ridge
Some will seek the higher ground
Some of us the bridge

Open the gates that we may follow
Open the bridge to all of us
Open the floodgates to the river
Open the bridge that we may cross