

## 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