

Sergio Mendes, Bridges

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 to 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
As his hands reach out in longing
As my own have 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

When the bridge is between us
We'll have nothing to say
We will run through the sunlight
And he'll meet me halfway

There's a bridge made of colors
In the sky high above
And I'm certain that somewhere
There's a bridge made of love