

The Great Divide  
Bill Robinson

1.

My friend, I hear you  
Inside these ruins  
Where youth  
And poetry hide.  
A tune so mournful,  
Yet sweet inside,  
Of friendship's  
Sacred pride.

2.

We sang our songs  
So long ago  
To empty rooms  
And small.  
Alone, we heard  
Our voices fly  
Across the great divide.

**Bridge**

Our moments shared  
In songs and grace,  
Relinquished now by time.

Restore in me  
The light to see  
My friend,  
My home at last.

3.

The music wakens  
My heart once more  
As tho' by dreams foretold.  
Your voice is rising  
Near to mine,  
A harmony of souls!

**Bridge Repeat**