

BRIDGES AND WALLS

© Belinda McArdle 2014

There's a harbour in the deepest, darkest trenches and
There's a cave with just a sliver for the light
There's a valley low and green beside the mountains and
There's a peace beneath the cover of the night

*But I rise and I choose home every day
And I use my hands to build in so many ways*

**I build walls
Just the ones to keep us safe and strong and tall
When the world could knock us down
And that's not all
I build bridges, I build bridges for we know, what
goes around will come around
And we know they
Give us ground they keep us sound**

There's a comfort in the lonely hour of dawning and
There's a refuge in a room all of my own
There's a solace in the pattern of the landscape and
There's a portal to a long and distant road

*But I rise and I choose home every day
And I use my hands to build in so many ways*

CHORUS

(I build walls)
Through fire, flood and the rain
Through tempest, hunger and pain
I build walls...