

# Green Bridge

Claudia Scott and Karen Green

Meet me down at the green bridge, baby  
Lean me up against the sun bleached wood  
Hold me long, and kiss me good  
I know the moonlight's not your style  
But stay on the bridge a while

Let's go to the place where we first kissed  
Where childhood and secrets still exist  
Where weapons are words  
And ignorance bliss  
And knives are for carving initials with  
Down on the old green bridge

Police helicopters hovering overhead  
The bad guys are on the prowl I guess  
Hold my head against your chest  
Drown the sounds of the city life  
Just lovers on the bridge tonight

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