



Bridge Boyz (LV - 30.3.16)

The boys are on the bridges
All doing different things
Guitars and drums and fiddles
They strum and drum and sing.

Others boys are on the bridges
Their eyes don't meet your own
For they have different stories
Explains why they sit alone.

All children years ago
They'd play and fight and cry
Then doors they chose to open
Led them to where they lie.

So what is there to learn at all?
Is there wisdom in this prose?
The world is full of different doors
Can you see which ones you chose?