

# Bridge

## Page France

There's a narrow bridge that leads me to your door  
Between the apple trees and poison leaves that form  
Around my shoulders as they toss me back and forth  
They bring me pleasure and they always keep me warm  
There's a cashman, there are quick cures  
There are taste tests, there are trash whores  
There is numbness, there is feeling  
There is sickness, there is healing  
And I'm halfway to you but I'm taking a break  
Where I walk with a limp and I sleep with the stakes  
And I blow up my lungs with the air that I need  
And my dreams I'm on knees and  
I'm washing your feet with my hands  
I'm a bridge with all of my addictions  
I'm a bridge with all of my addictions  
There are sunbeams, there are dark clouds  
There are voices, there are no sounds  
And I'm stable so you want me  
Yes, I'm stable while you want me  
And I'm upright while you're downsized  
While you're downsized I am upright  
I'm the cashman, you're the quick cure  
You're the taste test, I'm the trash whole  
And I don't feel a thing but I want to be real  
As you are

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