Bridge

A-Town Mob

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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