The Rotting Strip

Crooked Fingers

Blurry eyes half bent and I can't take you sober
Tricking off the rotting strip that we've been trudging under
We ducked into a dim lit room out where the river bends
And turned to walk the burning bridge that we would build
And crossed our hearts half hoping
That we could both quit smoking
And kick the booze and blow
And one day go make something of ourselvesGlory came and went the night we both slipped under
'Neath the row of oil slicks and ancient ugly lovers
Some they say the price you pay is far too much to spend
But they don't know the cost is fair if for a while
It keeps your heart from crumblingAnd we'd take what we want when we knew what we wanted
When we wished we had something to lose
You were a fine young thing crammed in your tight red vinyl jeans
I was a third rate going nowhere burning for nothing to doBoredom settled in and I can't take you sober
Strewn across the rotting strip that we've been building over
'Til nothing made its wicked way slow creeping into view
Where we could watch the burning bridge that we half built
Across our hearts now broken
And we could both quit smoking
And kick the booze and blow
And one day go make something of ourselvesAnd we'd take what we want when we knew what we wanted
When we wished we had something to lose
You were a fine young thing crammed in your tight red vinyl jeans
I was a third rate going nowhere burning for nothing to doSo we branded our hearts and we toasted the stars
Getting wasted by the light of the moon
You were a two bit tramp - I was a low life lying scum
We were a bad lay coming undone burning for someone to use

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