Under the Bridge

Scala & Kolacny Brothers

I lost my job in Saginaw working on the railroad
After twenty years they just put me on the side
Now I'm hungry in the street with no place to hang my hat
And nothin' but an empty dream to ride
But under the bridge, I can make believe I'm living in a castle
Under the bridge, my baby and me
And I can pretend that I'm a king and this is my kingdom
Under the bridge making believe
Hey, the doors are always open to any old weary traveler
And you'll find some great grub feedin' here below
Any old bridge can be a palace, call it what you want to
It's a place to be when you got no place to go
Under the bridge, I can make believe I'm living in a castle
Under the bridge, my baby and me
And I can pretend I'm a king, this is my kingdom
Under the bridge making believe
Hey, under the bridge making believe

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