

# 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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