# Raspberry Bush

## Jerry Leger

Light is spilling lower upon the fragile stairs
Two men passing by
How could they know he was there?
Lifting his arm and leaning to look
At the face of the dark raspberry bushThe two men were brothers coming in from the west
Determined to travel where the rivers feel best
Roaming the streets of old Willow Town
Giving out invitations then shooting them down
But fun is something that can be easily shook
By the throat of the dark raspberry bushIt's a year-long winter when you're missing the warmth
Of familiar faces and neighbourhood haunts
So you put all your trust in the friendliest guy
Deep in the crowd of men who don't cry
He looks quite harmless reading his book
On the shores of the great raspberry bushIt's a night on the strip
The velvet arcades
The bars with the women who you don't need to beg
He guided them through the pretty and the lost
And they walked past the bridge
Never to be crossed
There in the shadows all they needed was a push
To fall in the arms of the raspberry bushLooking around their companion had gone
And they couldn't find their way through the trees and the fog
It was cold careless laughter and fake searching lights
Leading them far from safety and drawn out of sight
So they sat in the dirt waiting for the cure
Next to the cold raspberry bushBrothers holding hands could look different to some
So he'll punish the times and destroy the young
Two boys on a journey had to pay for what they did
Catching the eye of some troubled kid
So bound together they lay in brass hooks
Under the roots of the raspberry bush

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