

# Bridge

## Public Transport

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

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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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