

# Page France, Bridge

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  
Warm

There's a cashman  
There are quick cures  
There are taste tests  
There are trashwhores  
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 mistakes  
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 hair

And I'm a bridge with all of my addictions  
All of my addictions  
All of my addictions  
And I'm a bridge with all of my addictions  
All of my addictions  
All of my addictions

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  
And I'm the trashwhore  
And I don't feel a thing  
But I want to be real  
And I don't feel a thing  
But I want to be real  
And I don't feel a thing  
But I want to be real  
And I don't feel a thing  
But I want to be real  
As you are  
Are