

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