

## UNDER THE BRIDGE

By

Tyson West

It's just a choice of what we want to lose

The moon hangs in the cold crisp air all night

To wash me and my pain in gentle light

My bro's harp wraps my soul in smoky blues

Without some nurse's orders I sip booze

And smoke fine weed and cigs to my delight

It's all a choice of what we need to lose

The moon shines in the cold crisp air all night

Sure there's a hospice bed for me to use

A room that's sweet and warm where sheets are white

With morphine for my pain. But I'll sit tight

To seek and check out with the drugs I choose

It's all a choice of how we want to lose