

Marah

"Walt Whitman Bridge"

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Got seven dollars to my name
Got sixteen cigarettes somehow I just ain't smoked
yet
Got two shoelaces and two shoes
I should toss 'em on the telephone wire as a
monument to my blues

I'm goin' down to get a coffee
Gonna mean one less buck
Maybe six will bring me luck
Got a little shake I kept in the fridge
Gonna drink my bean and walk out smoking on the
Walt Whitman Bridge

Faraway from these winter streets
On a cloudless day
Your memory
Blows away

Got a leather wallet on a chain
Got a picture of my lover's lips before they dried up
under my kiss
A prayer in my heart I'm too scared to recite
Oughtta toss that stale loaf of words to the birds as a
monument to my whole life
/]

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