

Reed Lou "Bottoming Out"

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I'm cruising fast on a motorcycle down this winding
country road
And I pass the gravel on the foot of the hill
Where last week I fell off
There's still some oil by the old elm tree
And a dead squirrel that I hit
But if I hadn't left, I would've struck you dead
So I took a ride instead
Bottoming out, bottoming out, I'm bottoming out,
bottoming out
My doctor says, she hopes I know, how lucky I can be
After all it wasn't my blood, mixed in the dirt that night
And we must really examine this
And I say I need another drink
Bottoming out
I'm tearing down Rt. 80 East, the sun's on my right side
I'm drunk, but my vision's good and I think of my child
bride
I aim that bike at the fat pothole beyond that underpass
Bottoming out

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