

# Bottoming Out

Lou Reed

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 have struck you dead  
so I took a ride instead

Bottoming out  
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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

But this violent rage, turned inward  
can not be helped by drink  
And we must really examine this and I say  
I need another drink

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I'm tearing down Route 80 east  
the sun's on my right side  
I'm drunk, but my vision's good  
and I think of my child bride  
And on the left in shadows  
I see something that makes me laugh  
I aim that bike at the fat pothole  
beyond that underpass

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