

Brothers Under the Bridge

Cowboy Junkies

Saigon, it was all gone
The same coke machines as the streets i grew on
Down a mesquite canyon we come walking along the ridge
Me and the brothers under the bridge

Campsite's an hour's walk from the nearest road to town
Up here there's too much brush and canyon for the chp choppers
to touch down
Ain't lookin' for nothin', just wanna live
Me and the brothers under the bridge

Come the santa ana's, man, that dry brush'll light
Billy devon got burned up in his own campfire one winter night
We buried his body in the white stone high up along the ridge
Me and the brothers under the bridge

Had enough of town and the street life
Over nothing you end up on the wrong end of someone's knife
Now i don't want no trouble and i ain't got none to give
Me and the brothers under the bridge

I come home in '72
You were just a beautiful light in your mama's dark eyes of blue
e
I stood down on the tarmac, i was just a kid
Me and the brothers under the bridge

Come veteran's day i sat in the stands in my dress blues
I held your mother's hand when they passed with the red, white
and blue
One minute you're right there . . . Then something slips . . .