Bottoming Out

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 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

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

Bottoming out bottoming out Bottoming out bottoming out

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

Bottoming out bottoming out Bottoming out bottoming out

Bottoming out bottoming out bottoming out Lou Reed