

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

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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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