

Grounded

Pavement

Doctor's leaving for the holiday season
Got crystal ice picks, no gift for the gab
And in the parking lot is the sedan he bought
He never, he never complains when it's hot

He sold a swollen daughter
In a sauna playing contract bridge
They're soaking up the fun or doing blotters, I don't know which
Which, which boys are dying on these streets

I know the medical world could knock you out
To sell the coins that you jayed last Thursday
Dine by candle light and hold your savings tight
You never, you never know when the bridge falls apart

We spoke of latent causes, sterile gauzes
And the bedside morale
We traipse around the table talking sentences so incomplete
Please, plea, boys are dying on these streets