

## Brothers under the bridge

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

Campsites an hours walk from the nearest road or town  
Theres too much brush in camp for the CHP choppers to touch down  
Aint lookin for nothin , I just want to live  
Me and the brothers under the bridge

Come the Santa Anas and man that dry brush would light  
Billy Devon got burned up in his own campfire one winter night  
We buried his body in the white stone high up on the ridge  
Me and the brothers under the bridge

I had enough of the town oh and the street life  
Over nothing you end up on the wrong end of someones knife  
Now I want no trouble and I aint got none to give  
Me and the brothers under the bridge

Well I shipped home back in 72  
And you know you were just a beautiful light  
In your moms dark eyes of blue  
I stood down on the tarmac, I was just a kid  
Me and the brothers under the bridge

Come Veterans Day I sat on the stand in my dress blues  
I held your mothers hand, and they passed with the red, white and blue  
One minute youre right there, and somethin slips.....