

# Berkeley Pier

## Tilt

I guess sometimes I'm lucky  
when I go,  
For whole days at a time  
without thinking about you,  
And ask myself why,  
But then I find I'm traveling,  
Traveling down,  
To that same old piece of road  
and wind up down by the water  
Whatever happened to our walls on the pier?  
I cry myself alone  
all the way down to the end,  
I drink my bottle dry  
and heave it across the bay,  
to the city,  
Smashin' outside your door  
Oh now there goes the Romeo,  
hand in hand  
with his punk rock Juliet,  
They remind me of two people  
That I'm trying my best to forget,  
I can hear their sweet nothings  
on the wind,  
As I hurry to get by,  
Diverting my gaze,  
To the Oakland Bay Bridge  
Whatever happened to our walls on the pier?  
I cry myself alone  
all the way down to the end,  
I drink my bottle dry  
and heave it across the bay,  
to the city,  
Smashin' outside your door  
(Could that be you honey, way over on that side?  
Flashin' a signal to me, Down by Pier 39,  
'Cause if I only knew, I'd jump in that water  
and swim right across, drowning in my relief)  
Maybe I should be warning them,  
Should I say, "Don't do something that you'll regret.  
Now you have no recollection  
of heartbreak you don't have yet."  
I could give them an earful,

But I know,  
They must find out on their own,  
and the thought of that  
is chilling me to the bone  
Whatever happened to our walls on the pier?  
I cry myself alone  
all the way down to the end,  
I drink my bottle dry  
and heave it across the bay,  
to the city,  
Smashin' outside your door

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