

# Chris Stapleton, The Bottom

Love is a mystery  
It's a tricky thing  
It's more than a word  
More than a ring  
When the right thing turns to wrong  
Turns into a lonesome song  
And everybody knows how it goes when it does

The bottle holds the whiskey  
The whiskey holds the man  
The man holds the bottle when it's all that's left  
And the left hand lights what the right hand holds  
The smoke can't hide what the heart regrets  
'Cause the heart holds the memory  
And the memory holds the past  
And the past holds the woman  
At the bottom of the glass  
So I don't have a problem  
If I don't see the bottom

I played it all over  
And over in my mind  
I'm looking for the reasons  
I just can't find  
Wish I knew what I could blame  
Without a moment I could name  
I don't have a thing that I recall

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Whoa, the hurt's holding me  
And I'm holding on  
To a hundred-proof truth  
And a hope that's long gone  
So I don't have a problem  
If I don't see the bottom