

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