

Doug Anthony All Stars, Bottle

A stinking sun burned me awake,
Through the shattered windowpane,
I recalled through the eyes of claret red,
He had taken me again.
And the hair of the dog revives me,
But I find it hard to swallow,
It's a marriage made in heaven between me and the bottle.

A thousand words fell from my hands,
In the room just stands,
This sodden mattress holds my heart,
And he cradles my regrets.
I'll read it once again,
For he knows that I'll not follow.
It's a marriage of convenience between me and the bottle.

So king alcohol comes back,
With the traffic's mournful cry.
And he swaggers, drunk and skinful,
Through my throat all parched and dry.
And if I should die before I wake,
I pray the lord my soul to take.
Then I could rest,
And never wake again in sorrow.
It's a marriage on the rocks between me and the bottle.