

Foo Fighters, Kiss The Bottle

It gets loneliest at night.
Down at the liquor store.
Beneath the neon sky.
Our moonlight.
Six a.m., the floor comes alive with lice.
The pan's dried up so tight.
With hardened beans.
We're hungry.
So I lean on you sometimes.
Just to see you're still there.
Your feet can't take the weight of one.
Much less two.
We hit concrete.

How were we born into this mess?
I know I painted you a prettier picture, baby.
But we were run out on a rail.
Fell from the wagon to the night train.

I kissed the bottle.
I should've been kissing you.
You wake up to an empty night.
With tears for two.

Cigarettes they fill the gaps.
In our empty days.
In our broken teeth.
We're jonesing.
Say mister, can you spare a dime?
Some change could make a change.
Could buy some time.
Some freedom.
Or an ear to hear my story.
It's all I've got. My fiction
beats the hell out of my truth.
A palm upturned burnt blue.
Don't call it sunburn.

You've been shaking on the job.
Just one drink ahead of your past.
There's a white light coming up.
You draw the blinds hoping it'll pass.

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