

Maria Mena, This Bottle Of Wine

I down this bottle of wine,
I don't know how to feel but
I don't mind the buzz
As the night moves slow you
look more and more like someone I could
love tonight
without the fuzz

And the feelings
I don't know you've been there
I don't think I can go there again

Don't analyze me
There no apparent link between
the day he said he'd leave
and my

Recurring dreams
and how I just can't sleep
unless I've had a drink or five

On these feelings
I don't know if you've been there
I don't think I can go there again
Oh these feelings
I don't know if you've been there
but I don't think I can go there again

I down this bottle of wine,
I don't know how to feel but
I don't mind the buzz.