

# Yello, The Evening's Young

The evening's young  
The night began

Between the bottles in a mirror  
I'm smiling at myself  
Look in my eyes and start to count  
The bottles on the shelf  
Bottles on the shelf

Evening's young  
The night began  
Barman brings another beer  
Could ask myself  
Why am I here  
Between the bottles in a mirror  
Smiling at myself  
Look in my eyes and start to count  
The bottles on the shelf  
I know I could at any time  
Get up the chair and leave this place  
I know I could at any time  
Get up the chair and leave this place  
I wait for me and my decision  
Between the bottles that's my face  
Tv shows a football game  
I leave the place but all the same  
If someone asked me hey guy you  
Where do you go, what do you do?  
I wouldn't know what I could say