# 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