

Beck, Bottle Of Blues

F-in trees with the pumpkin pie!
I just found me a bottle of blues
Some strange comfort for a soul to soothe
Ain't it hard
Ain't it hard,
To want somebody who doesn't want you
And I've been waiting for a year, a day
Some strange weather must be blowing' my way
Cause I got no mind to go or to stay,
Or be left behind
Holding' hands with an impotent dream
In a brothel of fake energy
Put a nickel in the graveyard machine
I get higher and lower
I get higher and lower
Like a tired soldier
With nothing' to shoot
And nowhere to lose
This bottle of blues
Egos drone
And pose alone
Like black balloons
All banged and blown
On a backwoods river
The infidels shiver
In the stench of belief
I tell my momma I'm a hundred years late
I'm over the rails
And out of the race
And the crippled psalms
Of an age that won't thaw
Are ringing in my ears
Holding' hands with an impotent dream
In a brothel of fake energy
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With nothing' to shoot
And nowhere dreams it's a..
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