

# 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  
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Put a nickel in the graveyard machine  
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With nothing' to shoot  
And nowhere dreams it's a..  
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