Beth Hart, Bottle Of Jesus

I got my wine and cigarettes
These twenty cents is all I got left
Don't bother me, I'm trying to swim
I guess I'll lay around all day
Sit back and smile just fade away.
A drunk yard dog is what I am

Break out the bottle of Jesus
Plug in the black light rosary
Somebody's waiting to save me

I know my neighbors wish I'd die
I'm much too loud when I get high
I think I'll send around some pie
I'll spike that dish with a touch of herb
It'll numb their lips
And soothe their nerves
I'll build my kingdom on the curb

Break out the bottle of Jesus
Plug in the black light rosary
Somebody's waiting to save me

Be it rain or shine
I'll get high like summertime.
It's an All-Americana party time
Tell that landlord man
I'll kick that bastard like a can
It's an All-Americana party time
I don't listen to rules or Gospel
They're just trying to shut me up.
Call me the master of "ole misfortune
A weasel a weaselin' away.
Dear Lord. Hold the sight.
Oh Lord. Gonna set me free