

Jenny Owen Youngs, Drinking Song

Everything I touch turns to shit
Everyone I try to love won't hear of it
Now my hands are overfull of things I'd like to give
Does anybody want it?
Does anybody want it?
Does anybody want me?

I've been mapping it out
I don't know what's wrong with me
But I wish that it was something else
I've been mapping it out
Maybe you should find a girl who cares about herself

It's silence at the bottom of a bottle
ba da da da da da
It's silence at the bottom of a bottle
ba da da da da da

Everywhere I look I see your face
No button I can push, delete, erase
Can nothing straight but for the emptiness
No one left for me to miss

I've been mapping it out
I don't know what's wrong with me
But I wish that it was something else
I've been mapping it out
Maybe you should find a girl who cares about herself

It's silence at the bottom of a bottle
ba da da da da da
It's silence at the bottom of a bottle
ba da da da da da

Down here we've got so much time to forget

I wonder if this is how I pay for the things I've broken carelessly
Nobody wants to step on it
I guess I just keep drinking

It's silence at the bottom of a bottle
ba da da da da da
It's silence at the bottom of a bottle
ba da da da da da

The problem will find them sooner or later
you have to hit something