

Joseph Arthur, Bottle Of You

I squeeze the last bit of you
Out of a bottle of your old shampoo
It smells just like you
Now I do too
Rinse out my hair and wipe my eyes
As your soap rolls in between my toes
Dry myself off in the moonlight
And I can touch you
Every time I breath in through my nose
I wish that I had faith in you
I watched you breath into a heartbreak
The night we first held hands
Your eyes they switched from blue to green
Then they went back to being blue again
You say you never get to sleep
'Cause all your dreams are buried in the sand
I could barely hear you crying
Over the buzz of our electric fan
I wish that I had faith in you
You're a tether ball
Fastened to the end of my head
Who you are and who you want to be
Are competing at opposite ends
And when they hit you back and forth
You squeeze tight around my neck
Darling I can barely breath
But I know that you mean
Absolutely no disrespect
I wish that I had faith in you