

Lucero, Kiss The Bottle

it gets loneliest at night
down at the liquor store
beneath the neon sky
the moonlight
six a.m. the floor comes alive with lites
the pans dried up so tight
with hardened beans
and we're hungry
so i lean on you sometimes
just to see you're still there
these feet cant take the weight of one
much less two
we hit concrete
we were born into this mess
i know i painted you a prettier picture,baby
we were run out on a rail
fell from the wagon to the night train
i kissed the bottle
i should've been kissing you
you wake up to an empty night
with tears for two
cigarettes they fill the gaps
in our empty days
in our broken teeth
say mister, can you spare a dime
some change could make a change
could buy some time
some freedom
or an ear to hear my story
it's all i've got
my fiction beats the hell out of my truth
a palm upturned burnt blue
don't call it sunburn
you've been shaking on the job
just one drink ahead of your past
there's a white light coming up
you draw the blinds hoping it'll pass
i kissed the bottle
i should've been kissing you
you wake up to an empty night
with tears for two
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