

Rainer Maria, Bottle

Baby, there's the moon.
I'll sing it down if you ask me to.
And maybe I'm a fool,
but nothing ever felt this good.

It's like a bottle to the head.
I'm seeing stars, I'm seeing red.
I'd taste your mouth in any kiss.
Where do you end
and I begin?

Baby there's the moon.
I'll shoot it down if you tell me to.
And maybe I'm a fool,
but nothing ever felt this good.

It's like a bottle to the head.
I'm seeing stars, I'm seeing red.
I'd taste your mouth in any kiss.
Where do you end and I begin?

Where I begin . . .
Where I begin . . .

It's like a bottle to the head.
I'm seeing stars, I'm seeing red.
I'd taste your mouth in anyone's kiss.
Where do you end and I begin?
It's like a bottle to the head.
Peg the needle in the red!
I'd taste your mouth in any kiss.
Where do you end and I begin?

Baby, there's the moon.
I'll sing it down if you tell me to.
And maybe I'm a fool,
but nothing ever felt this good.