

Tammany Hall NYC, Back In The Bottle

back in the bottle again.

back in the bottle again.

don't know what's worse in here or sailing in the open
'cause if living's a ship, then you are sailing to be captain,
sailing so sometime you can escape from
the bottle that you're trapped in.

back in the bottle again.

like some dj vu, i come back, i come back, i come back to.

does the ship know how to steer? or is it a puppet
without a puppeteer? can the ship just sail right through?

here's to you, so long it's been swell.

hoist the anchor, aye. i'm bidding you a fond farewell.

the world is small, but clear through the glass tonight, my dear.

back in the bottle again.

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what the fuck's out there? like i care. what am i needing?

why am i leading myself on this game of stalemate solitaire?

can't start again. can't land a 10.

must be "spade" cause my heart is beaten, captain,
but you play the cards you're played.

years have passed. with each year, i'm wearing down the glass.

if my ship sails, let the breezes blow me back to better jails.

there must be another sea, but that's a mental mutiny.

and that's not me. that's not me,

but the glass is cracked and i think i'm going down.

it's not me. it's not me

to wash away the world that's whirling round.

i can't breathe anymore.