

The Ark, Bottleneck Barbiturate

I don't believe in angels
Well, at least not in yours
But I believe in the sensation
of holding you close

And I don't believe in exile
at least not how you practise it
but I'm willing to regret
all the travels I made
all the triumphs in my book
'cause I'm afraid
that they took me away from you

-So, don't be upset
'cause your bottleneck barbiturate
ain't helping you out
-It wasn't meant to be
a hole in the ground
Don't make me wait
'cause your bottleneck barbiturate
is letting you down
'cause I know other ways
of getting around
the lonely hour

I'm the one who used to tell you
that something is for free
And, that being lonely
doesn't have to be a drag
(What a gag...)

Now if I was to envy you
you know it wouldn't be for real
just a way to steal - or...
Can it be so
that we've made it our own?
-I don't know
but these walls seems to tell me
it ain't so

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