

Bloodshot Eyes

Trampled by Turtles

It's empty where you were
Just a big gaping hole
Now I tried every bottle
Every pill that I know
But time baby time
Works better than wine
And bloodshot eyes I went to the mountains
I thought it might help
I wrote some songs
But they were shitty as hell
Only works when I'm broken
Four inches from dying
And at my best If you know what I know
And I think that you do
You head to the country
For a minute or two
And lie on the earth
And for better or worse
Let it swallow you hole

Songwriters

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