

# The Bottle

**Gil Scott-Heron**

See that black boy over there, runnin' scared  
His ol' man's in a bottle.  
He done quit his 9 to 5 to drink full time  
So now he's livin' in the bottle. See that Black boy over there, runnin' scared  
His ol' man got a problem  
Pawned off damn near everything, his ol'  
Woman's weddin' ring for a bottle. And don't you think it's a crime  
When time after time, people in the bottle. See that sista, sho wuz fine before she  
Started drinkin' wine  
From the bottle.  
Said her ol' man committed a crime And he's doin' time,  
So now she's in the bottle.  
She's out there on the avenue, all by herself  
Sho' needs help from the bottle. Preacherman tried to help her out,  
She cussed him out and hit him in the head with a bottle.  
And don't you think it's a crime  
When time after time, people in the bottle. See that gent in the wrinkled suit  
He done damn near blown his cool  
To the bottle  
He wuz a doctor helpin' young girls along If they wuzn't too far gone to have problems.  
But defenders of the dollar eagle  
Said "What you doin', Doc, it ain't legal,"  
And now he's in the bottle. Now we watch him everyday tryin' to  
Chase the pigeons away  
From the bottle.  
And don't you think it's a crime  
When time after time, people in the bottle.

Songwriters

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