Pink Champagne

Kathleen Edwards

Top it up, a white carnation.
I borrow my mother's clutch,
Thinking the grass could be greener, at last,
Now that I'm all grown up.
But expectation and idle'll be the death of me.
In a dress to kill and a glass to fill
I wasn't ready but I didn't fight.
Pink champagne tastes the same.
I don't want to feel this way.
Looking back, it was such a dumb idea,
Five girls in the same-colored dress.
Book a honeymoon and find yourself thinking,
My life is a perfect mess.
Cause when you're far from the (?) I start feeling at home where I am
Thinking the grass would be greener, at last,
If I were on my own.

Pink champagne tastes the same.
I don't want to feel this,
I don't want to feel this way.
Everybody's saying, if I were you
Cause now you're such a good judge
When it comes to love.
And everybody's thinking they know me and you.
Oh, I can be cruel.
So can you.
Pink champagne tastes the same...
And I don't want to feel this,
I don't want to feel this,
I don't want to feel this way.
Pink champagne tastes the same...
I don't want to feel this,
I don't want to feel this,
I don't want to feel this way.

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