

# 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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