

Bottle Of Blues

Beck

I just found me a bottle of blues
Some strange comfort for a soul to soothe
Ain't it hard, ain't it hard
To want somebody who doesn't want youAnd I've been waiting for a year, a day
Some strange weather must be blowing' my way
'Cause I got no mind to go or to stay
Or be left behindHolding' hands with an impotent dream
In a brothel of fake energy
Put a nickel in the graveyard machine
I get higher and lowerI get higher and lower
Like a tired soldier
With nothing' to shoot
And nowhere to lose it's a
Bottle of bluesEgos drone and pose alone
Like black balloons
All banged and blown
On a backwoods river
The infidels shiver
In the stench of beliefI tell my momma I'm a hundred years late
I'm over the rails and out of the race
And the crippled psalms
Of an age that won't thaw
Are ringing in my earsHolding' hands with an impotent dream
In a brothel of fake energy
Put a nickel in the graveyard machine
I get higher and lowerI get higher and lower
Like a tired soldier
With nothing' to shoot
And nowhere dreams it's a
Bottle of bluesThere's definitely a plan
Yeah, what?Well I just found me a bottle of blues
Some strange comfort for a soul to soothe
Ain't it hard, ain't it hard
To want somebody who doesn't want youHolding' hands with an impotent dream
In a brothel of fake energy
Put a nickel in the graveyard machine
I get higher and lowerI get higher and lower
Like a tired soldier
With nothing' to shoot

And nowhere dreams it's a
Bottle of blues
Bottle of bluesAnd I'm a [Incomprehensible] in the back of a

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