

Bottomless Mimosas

Sam Outlaw

Trading looks and gossip over bottomless mimosas

Start of a brand new day

Friday night was wicked

So you medicate on rumours and all you can drink champagne You might get low, but you never will run out

You might not know, but who's really got it all figured out

The future's bright in your favorite horoscope

You might get low Trading looks and gossip over bottomless mimosas

You hear your voice start to fade

Wonder if there's meaning in the peaceful easy feeling

It takes all the blues away

Does working for the weekend really earn us any freedom?

Is that what the money's for?

Waiter wanders over so you look up from your phone and ask for a little more You might get low, but you never will run out

You might not know, but nobody's got it all figured out

The future's bright in your favorite horoscope

You might get low

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>