

# Bottle

## Floater

Start my day and hit my head with th edoor.  
Grab hold of the chair and pull myself from the floor.  
Still isn't clear what that was for  
I've recognized strong feelings in here.  
Fruit ripe for the picking and thoughts of fear  
Sometimes it gets to easy to assume that isn't clear  
Tell me 'bout those good old days.  
Older ones and better ways  
Ways I cannot change today.  
Tell me why. I'll tell you why  
Bit by the dog can pull you back in the game.  
Each new problem drives you further from sane  
Topics take root in all the things that cause my pain  
Another day and not a bad start at all.  
Less weight on the shoulders can make you feel tall  
This bottle stands empty waiting for me to call  
Tell me why.

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