

Drinking Song

Jenny Owen Youngs

Everything I touch turns to shit
Everyone I try to love won't hear of it
Now my hands are overfull of things I'd like to give
Does anybody want it?
Does anybody want it?
Does anybody want me? I've been mapping it out
I don't know what's wrong with me
But I wish that it was something else
I've been mapping it out
Maybe you should find a girl who cares about herself
There's solace at the bottom of a bottle
ba da da da da da
There's solace at the bottom of a bottle
ba da da da da Everywhere I look I see your face
No button I can push, delete, erase
Got nothing straight but for the emptiness
No one left for me to miss I've been mapping it out
I don't know what's wrong with me
But I wish that it was something else
I've been mapping it out
Maybe you should find a girl who cares about herself
There's solace at the bottom of a bottle
ba da da da da da
There's solace at the bottom of a bottle
ba da da da da Down here we've got so much time to forget
I wonder if this is how I pay for the things I've
broken carelessly
Nobody wants to step on it
I guess I just keep drinking
There's solace at the bottom of a bottle
ba da da da da da
There's solace at the bottom of a bottle
ba da da da da The problem with falling is
sooner or later you have to hit something

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