

# It Got All Black

## Shivaree

It got all black in the bottom of my glass  
I looked up and there was Bridgette Fontaine  
I've got poison in my head, I've got chocolate and bread  
And I may never leave this room again Now it's dark and you love me, honey, count to ten  
I can help you to distinguish your pain  
It's so gorgeous to be back in Paris once again  
Now I wonder what they put in the rain This could be true or it could take all of an hour  
I could just forget you have a cocktail and a shower  
Like my mother taught me That everybody loves a mystery  
So you can leave it at your name and your rank  
If we like it maybe I can get your history  
Maybe put a little more in the bank This could be true or we could just be a while here  
Find better things to do  
'Cause you might go out of style dear And remember only  
Ice cream, sunshine, thrill rides, and a song  
They can leave you doubled over, burned and broken  
If they take too long This could be true or we could be all of an hour  
I could still forget you have a cocktail and a shower  
Like my mother said, it's true That we could just be a while here  
Find better things to do  
'Cause you might go out of style dear  
Remember that it's black in the bottom of my glass  
It's black in the bottom of my glass

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