

# Broken Bottles

[Dmgm](#)

Broken bottles under the sink  
I'm kissing babies, with wedding rings  
Evaporation, it makes me think  
Of broken bottles under the sinkDear God, can I cut in line?  
Dear God, am I wasting my time?Broken bottles under the skin  
The imitation pushes the pin  
I can't afford to keep it thin  
Broken bottles under the skinDear God, can I cut in line?  
Dear God, am I wasting my time?All broken bottles behind the scene  
I'm filling your head with kerosine  
Intoxicated on self esteem  
All broken bottles behind the scenesAnd now we're breathing in our policy  
Keep getting bludgeoned by the policy  
Our poor little broken policy  
Now why the hell is this all happening?Dear God, can I cut in line?  
Dear God, am I wasting my time?[Solo]Can we hold on to me  
Cause everything is sinking in denial  
While my teeth keep on chattering  
How can you leave,  
when the bloods up to my knees  
And the doors of cement  
It's never endingI don't want to relive this  
I don't want to relive it  
I don't want to relive this  
I don't want to relive it  
I don't want to relive this  
I don't want to relive it

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