

# This Bottle of Wine

**Maria Mena**

I down this bottle of wine,  
I don't know how to feel but  
I don't mind the buzz  
As the night moves slow you  
look more and more like someone I could  
love tonight  
without the fuss And the feelings  
I don't know if you've been there  
I don't think I can go there again Don't analyze me  
There no apparent link between  
the day he said he'd leave  
and my Reacurring dreams  
and how I just can't sleep  
unless I've had a drink or five On these feelings  
I don't know if you've been there  
I don't think I can go there again  
Oh these feelings  
I don't know if you've been there  
but I don't think I can go there again I down this bottle of wine,  
I don't know how to feel but  
I don't mind the buzz.

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