

# Bottle of Blues

## Beck

I just found me a bottle of blues  
Some strange comfort for a soul to soothe  
Ain't it hard, ain't it hard  
To want somebody who doesn't want you And I've been waiting for a year or a day  
Some strange weather must be blowing' my way  
'Cause I got no mind to go or to stay  
Or be left behind Holding' hands with an impotent dream  
In a brothel of fake energy  
Put a nickel in the graveyard machine  
I get higher and lower I get higher and lower  
Like a tired soldier  
With nothing' to shoot  
And nowhere to lose it's a  
Bottle of blues Egos drone and pose alone  
Like black balloons  
All banged and blown  
On a backwoods river  
The infidels shiver  
In the stench of belief I tell my momma I'm a hundred years late  
I'm over the rails and out of the race  
And the crippled psalms  
Of an age that won't thaw  
Are ringing in my ears Holding' hands with an impotent dream  
In a brothel of fake energy  
Put a nickel in the graveyard machine  
I get higher and lower I get higher and lower  
Like a tired soldier  
With nothing' to shoot  
And nowhere to lose it's a  
Bottle of blues There's definitely a plan  
Yeah, what? Well I just found me a bottle of blues  
Some strange comfort for a soul to soothe  
Ain't it hard, ain't it hard  
To want somebody who doesn't want you Holding' hands with an impotent dream  
In a brothel of fake energy  
Put a nickel in the graveyard machine  
I get higher and lower I get higher and lower  
Like a tired soldier  
With nothing' to shoot

And nowhere dreams it's a  
Bottle of blues  
Bottle of blues And I'm a [Incomprehensible] in the back of a

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