

Bottle Rockets

Nowhere Man and a Whiskey Girl

Bottle rockets fit into eye sockets
Lock the heart around my neck
Like a treasure chest
Like a lollipop center,
Each lick gets closer and better

Oh God, I must be a genius,
I measured time and space between us,
An equation I learned in calculus
Only to realize that
An answer is a guess and I divided you

Oh, Gretchen at the spinning wheel
Please spin us out of here

Shall we gather at the river
For a sliver of time and
A glass o' wine?
Then we'll intertwine
Blue eyes gaze eyes brown
As the moon and stars become one
Please don't let this end

An almond butter skin
disaster in the making
Open the heart around my neck
Like a treasure chest,
Can I whisper something
Sweet into your ear like
"Let's get out of here"

Oh, Gretchen at the spinning wheel
Please spin us out of here
Oh, Gretchen at the spinning wheel
Please spin us out of here
Out of here

So I begin to drown my sorrow
in some sorrow bein' hollow
Isn't anything like being borrowed

A fantasy, of the balcony
with some French symphony,
and a glass of melancholy

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Lyrics Submitted by Kaya Kismet

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