Broken Bottles

Mankato

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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