

# Devil in the Bottle

## Skinny Molly

I come home late at night with my boots in my hands  
Stumble in the back door being quiet as I can  
And I know she's there in bed, cold and all alone  
And she's crying 'cause I'm breaking up our home

(Chorus)

And she knows the hell I'm going through  
In this world inside my head  
There's a devil in the bottle  
And he wants to see me dead

I fall into her arms and she helps me with my clothes  
I guess she stays on with me because she really knows  
That I'm trying, Lord, to find my freedom  
By escaping to the only freedom I've ever known

(Chorus)

And it's killing her to watch me die this way.

Written by Bobby David  
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Lyrics submitted by Grant Horn.

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