

From the Bottle to the Bottom

[Kris Kristofferson](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

You ask me if I'm happy now that's good as any joke I've heard
It seems that since I've seen you last I done forgot the meanin' of the word
If happiness is empty rooms and drinkin' in the afternoon
Well I suppose I'm happy as a clam
But if it's got a thing to do with smilin' of forgettin' you
Well I don't guess that I could say I am Did you ever see a down and outer waking up alone
Without a blanket on to keep him from the dew
When the water from the weeds has soaked the paper
He's been puttin' in his shoes to keep the ground from comin' through And his future feels as empty as the
pocket in his pants
Because he's never seen a single dream come true
That's the way that I've been feelin' since the day I started falling
From the bottle to the bottom stool by stool
Learnin' hard to live with losin' you You wonder if I'm better off with freedom now to do the things I choose
With all my times my own and I got nothin' left but sleepin' time to lose
There's no one here to carry on If I stay out the whole night long
Give a cankerous damn if I don't call
I'm livin' like I wanted to and doin' things I wanna do
And nothin' means a thing to me at all Did you ever see a down and outer waking up alone
Without a blanket on to keep him from the dew
When the water from the weeds soaked the paper
He's been puttin' in his shoes to keep the ground from comin' through And his future feels as empty as the
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