

Bottle of Jesus

[Beth Hart](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I got my wine and cigarettes
These twenty cents is all I got left
Don't bother me, I'm trying to swim I guess, I'll lay around all day
Sit back and smile, just fade away
A drunk yard dog is what I am Break out the bottle of Jesus
Plug in the black light rosary
Somebody's waiting to save me, yeah I know my neighbors wish I'd die
I'm much too loud when I get high
I think I'll send around some pie I'll spike that dish with a touch of herb
It'll numb their lips and soothe their nerves
I'll build my kingdom on the curb Break out the bottle of Jesus
Plug in the black light rosary
Somebody's waiting to save me, yeah Be it the rain or shine
I'll get a high like summertime
It's an All-Americana party time Tell that landlord man
I'll kick that bastard like a can
It's an All-Americana party time And I don't listen to rules or gospel
They're just trying to shut me up
Call me the master of old misfortune
A weasel, a weasel in' away Dear Lord, hold the sight
Oh Lord, gonna set me free Break out the bottle of Jesus
Plug in the black light rosary
And somebody's waiting to save me Break out the bottle of Jesus
Plug in the black light rosary
And somebody's waiting to save me Somebody's waiting to save me
Somebody's waiting, somebody waiting
Americana party time, an Americana party time
An Americana party time, time, time, time

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