Empty Bottle

Aviette

Look at yourself
Are you sad? Are you sad?
Don't be afraid
It's not bad to be sad
Dust off your hands
And reach into foreign lands of your mind
Don't be kind, cause we're all fools
Each others tools
When the cracks on my bedroom ceiling
Give me this empty bottle feeling
I think it's time to repaint
It's time to repaint myself
Try not to peer through plastic eyes
Through plastic eyes
Peel back the rind
And you'll find something kind
You're still you, remember you
Rosy child, strong and wild with apple lungs
You, you breathe with ease
Floating on the breeze, floating on the breeze
When the cracks on my bedroom ceiling
Give me this empty bottle feeling
I think it's time to repaint
It's time to repaint my
When the cracks on my bedroom ceiling
Give me this empty bottle feeling
I think it's time to repaint
It's time to repaint myself
Maybe blue or green
Or something in between
Maybe blue, maybe green
Maybe something in between
Maybe blue or green
May something
In between, in between

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