

Bottom Of The Bottle

Andra Day

I know that you're no good for me
Low lights and red and violet dreams
You look so good in my rose-colored glasses and eye
Damn this tunnel vision of mine
Sobering when the lens gets wide

It's you, I see you when I close my eyes
Late at night, at the bottom of the bottle
Bottle, bottle, bottle, bottle
Swimming in moscato
'Scato, 'scato, 'scato
Floating in your cush clouds
You're bad for me, I know 'cause I'm bad for you

And so it goes on and on
Derailment inevitable
I only see you when it's last call
I only see you when the house lights come on

And you're not only to blame, no
Dazed and consumed by the wild flames
Though we know it's combustible

It's you, I see you when I close my eyes
Late at night, at the bottom of the bottle
Bottle, bottle, bottle, bottle
Swimming in moscato
'Scato, 'scato, 'scato
Floating in your cush clouds
You're bad for me, I know 'cause I'm bad for you

Oh, such a pretty day
Why you wanna waste it all in my ear?
Telling me things you don't believe
I'm telling you things I don't believe
Repeat offenders
Disturbing our peace with a familiar catastrophe
Oh, but then

It's you, I see you when I close my eyes
Late at night, at the bottom of the bottle (Bottle)
Bottle, bottle, bottle
Swimming in moscato ('Scato)
'Scato, 'scato
Floating in your cush clouds
You're bad for me 'cause I'm, I'm bad for you

It's you, I see you when I close my eyes
Late at night, at the bottom of the bottle
Bottle, bottle, bottle, bottle
Swimming in moscato
'Scato, 'scato, 'scato
Floating in your cush clouds
You're bad for me 'cause I'm, I'm bad for you