

Bottlecaps

Ann Beretta

A twist off bottle cap's, Broken on my teeth again, I'm tired and the toll is on you... I'm six feet under but, Tripping on my soul again, I'm twisted and I'm broken and bruised ... We jump back, Stuck in the middle, Lost track, Not knowing what we're gonna lose. I'm stoned, And I'm running on empty, Trying to save myself, My best bet is looking on you, I step outside, You know that it could blow my mind, I'm twisted, And I'm broken in two. We jump back, Stuck in the middle, Lost track, Not knowing what we're gonna lose. We jump back, Stuck in the middle, Lost track, We're looking for a little, Our backs are broken, But we're doing all right, Not knowing what we're gonna lose. A twist off bottle cap's, Broken on my teeth again, I'm tired and the toll is on you ... I'm six feet under but, Tripping on my soul again, I'm twisted and I'm broken and bruised ... We jump back, Stuck in the middle, Lost track, We're looking for a little, Our backs are broken, But we're doing all right, Not knowing what we're gonna lose.