

Bottleneck Barbiturate

Ark

I don't believe in angels
Well, at least not in yours
But I believe in the sensation
Of holding you close
And I don't believe in exile
At least not how you practise it
But I'm willing to regret
All the travels I made
All the triumphs in my book
'cause I'm afraid
That they took me away from you
-So, don't be upset
'cause your bottleneck barbiturate
Ain't helping you out
-It wasn't meant to be
A hole in the ground
Don't make me wait
'cause your bottleneck barbiturate
Is letting you down
'cause I know other ways
Of getting around
The lonely hour
I'm the one who used to tell you
That something is for free
And, that being lonely
Doesn't have to be a drag
(What a gag...)
Now if I was to envy you
You know it wouldn't be for real
Just a way to steal - or...
Can it be so
That we've made it our own?
-I don't know
But these walls seems to tell me
It ain't so
-So don't be upset
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