

Bottle of Blues

Beck

I just found me a bottle of blues
Some strange comfort for a soul to soothe
Ain't it hard, ain't it hard
To want somebody who doesn't want you

And I've been waiting for a year, a day
Some strange weather must be blowing' my way
'Cause I got no mind to go or to stay
Or be left behind

Holding' hands with an impotent dream
In a brothel of fake energy
Put a nickel in the graveyard machine
I get higher and lower

I get higher and lower
Like a tired soldier
With nothing' to shoot
And nowhere to lose it's a
Bottle of blues

Egos drone and pose alone
Like black balloons
All banged and blown
On a backwoods river
The infidels shiver
In the stench of belief

I tell my momma I'm a hundred years late
I'm over the rails and out of the race
And the crippled psalms
Of an age that won't thaw
Are ringing in my ears

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I get higher and lower

I get higher and lower
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With nothing' to shoot
And nowhere dreams it's a
Bottle of blues

There's definitely a plan
Yeah, what?

Well I just found me a bottle of blues
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And I'm a ... in the back of a