

Alcohol

Bourgeois

My glass is half empty
Like the promise you made
Like the words that you said
That are filling my head
My glass is half empty
Like the tears that I shed
Like the hope that I bled
The paranoia you fed

And I guess this is what happens
And I'll be fine
Just need a few more glasses
And a bit of time

I don't even like the look of this at all
But it burns the taste of you right out my mouth
Wondering where it all went south
Sitting on my own
At this bar on my way home
Trying not to feel so cold

With a little bit of alcohol
Oh it burns the taste of you right out my mouth
Wonder where it all went south
Making my way home
I'll be sleeping on my own
Maybe it won't feel so cold

Maybe it won't feel so cold

Making my way home
I'll be sleeping on my own
Maybe it won't feel so cold

If love is so simple
So easy to feel
Why is it so hard
To spot the fake from the real
I wore my heart on my sleeve
But my head in the sand
All the warning signs
And I just feel so mad

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