

Bottle It Up

Hundredth

I'm not swimmin' in the money
But at least I'm sleepin' every night
Why does life get so boring?
And does it ever start to feel right?

Am I too proud to say I'm sorry?
My empathy hides in disguise
So sometimes I just force a smile
So I can escape, I can get out instead of try

So I'll just bottle it up
Save it for a night on the weekend
When I can't get enough
We'll cut the flowers down to the stems

We can spiral all the way down
Then pull each other back to life
So I'll just bottle it up
Save it for a night on the weekend

But I kinda like it in a low key
Siamese arms in a fight
We only know where the beat is
When we tap our feet on time

Don't expect that you'll find it
Ever again if you stop
They say it's all about the rhythm
But I'm everywhere that it's not

So I'll just bottle it up
Save it for a night on the weekend
When I can't get enough
We'll cut the flowers down to the stems

We can spiral all the way down
Then pull each other back to life
So I'll just bottle it up
Save it for a night on the weekend

I'll just bottle it up
Save it for a night on the weekend
When I can't get enough
We'll cut the flowers down to the stems

We can spiral all the way down
Then pull each other back to life
So I'll just bottle it up
Save it for a night on the weekend