

# 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  
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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

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