

## Lips Touch The Bottle

Josh Ross

There she goes catchin' that bus three sheets to the wind  
And I know she's feelin' low 'cause she's fallin' off again  
She don't even miss me, she's ridin' that high  
But I miss her lips, her touch, used to be just mine

She could out burn the bourbon at the bar  
Or out shine the neon lights  
'Cause every time she smiles no one understands  
It's wasted on blurred eyes  
Yeah, I try to help her out, she don't want it  
I can't feel that awful  
Even the angel on her should can't keep her at full throttle  
When her lips touch the bottle

And it hurts watchin' her make mistakes, she doesn't learn  
Like pourin' gas on a fire tryna help  
She's only makin' it worse

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Her lips give in  
One sip and she's gone again  
She just won't quit  
To her it's not a sin

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