

Bottle

Paul Weller

Where has my bottle gone
Where is the man I was
And not this black eyed dog
Who barks away at night
Tiny fragments deep and real
Unforgiven but always true
Are the only truths I now
The ones I hang on to

Farewell my old true love
Goodbye this town
I can no longer live this life
Not knowing up from down
Tiny pieces in a grass
Unforgiving but always true
Are the only truths I know
The few I hang on too...