

Bottle, Bottle

Porter Wagoner

Bottle, bottle, why do I love you so much

Gasping for air I come up from your lips
Amazed at the beauty at my fingertips
Awed by the softness and warmth of your touch
Bottle, bottle, why do I love you so much

You give me the strength to go on day by day
You help keep the mem'ries of a lost love away
She left me crippled but I've found my crutch
Bottle, bottle why do I love you so much

Your warmth and your beauty make me thirsty for more
I can't get enough of what you hold in store
Your amber reflection I see in my glass
My only regret is that you're empty too fast

Bottle, bottle, please, don't let me down
Fight off the feeling that's always around
Fill me with contentment and hold to my hand
And bottle, bottle, I'll be in your command