

Coke Bottle Green

Widowspeak

Off and on and off I stare into space
And I get that crazed look on my face
Maybe too soon I don't know what to do
Maybe too often I'm thinking of you

You say I saved you a seat at the bar
Our old friends are asking where you are
Maybe too soon I fled that scene
To lie under ceilings of coke bottle green

And I won't see what I don't wanna see
And I've been bitter and it's getting the better of me

Maybe too much I don't know if it's right
Maybe it's keeping me up at night
It's not so often the reasons are bad
Just thinking about the days we've had

I want windows I can fill
With any life that I can kill
I want them open without any screens
A slanted ceiling of coke bottle green

And I won't see what I don't wanna see
And I've been bitter and it's getting the better of me
And I won't see what I don't wanna see
And I've been bitter and it's getting the better of me

Off and on, off I stare into space
And I get that look on my face
Meet me there in the in-between
Under a ceiling of coke bottle green