

## So Much Wine, Merry Christmas

Andrew Bird

I had nothing to say on Christmas day  
When you threw all your clothes in the snow  
When you burnt your hair, and you knocked over chairs  
I just tried to stay out of your way  
But when you fell asleep  
With blood on your teeth, I just got in my car and drove away

Listen to me, butterfly  
There's only so much wine  
That you can drink one life,  
But it will never be enough,  
To save you from the bottom of your glass

Where the state highway starts, I stop my car  
I get out, to stare up at the stars  
And as meteors die  
And shout across the sky  
I just stop about your setting shining eyes  
And I went back for my clothes, when the sun finally rose  
Oh, You were still passed out on the floor

Listen to me, butterfly  
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That you can drink one life,  
But it will never be enough,  
To save you from the bottom of your glass