

# Bottle of Blues

Beck

I just found me a bottle of blues  
Some strange comfort for a soul to soothe  
Ain't it hard, ain't it hard  
To want somebody who doesn't want you

And I've been waiting for a year, a day  
Some strange weather must be blowing' my way  
'Cause I got no mind to go or to stay  
Or be left behind

Holding' hands with an impotent dream  
In a brothel of fake energy  
Put a nickel in the graveyard machine  
I get higher and lower

I get higher and lower  
Like a tired soldier  
With nothing' to shoot  
And nowhere to lose it's a  
Bottle of blues

Egos drone and pose alone  
Like black balloons  
All banged and blown  
On a backwoods river  
The infidels shiver  
In the stench of belief

I tell my momma I'm a hundred years late  
I'm over the rails and out of the race  
And the crippled psalms  
Of an age that won't thaw  
Are ringing in my ears

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With nothing' to shoot  
And nowhere dreams it's a  
Bottle of blues

There's definitely a plan  
Yeah, what?

Well I just found me a bottle of blues  
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And I'm a ... in the back of a