

Bottom Of Our Glass

Fiddler's Green

We're going down, we're going down
We're facing our way, our feet back on the ground
We're going down, we're going down
There's no one who can really stop us now
And if you think that night comes to an end
Then let us sing once again
We're going down, we're going down
We're going down to the bottom of our glass

So swallow down, so swallow down
We're raising our glasses and pound them on the ground
So swallow down, so swallow down
There's no one who can really stop us now
And if you think that life makes no sence
Then let us sing once again:
We're going down, we're going down
We're going down to the bottom of our glass

At the dead of night we are drinking here and make the sun rise
again
So here's to you, to my good old friends, I raise my glass to t
hem

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