

## Empty Bottle

Ingrid Michaelson

Look at yourself  
Are you sad? Are you sad?  
Don't be afraid  
It's not bad to be sad

Dust off your hands  
And reach into foreign lands of your mind  
Don't be kind, cause we're all fools  
Each others tools

When the cracks on my bedroom ceiling  
Give me this empty bottle feeling  
I think it's time to repaint  
It's time to repaint myself

Try not to peer through plastic eyes  
Through plastic eyes  
Peel back the rind  
And you'll find something kind

You're still you, remember you  
Rosy child, strong and wild with apple lungs  
You, you breathe with ease  
Floating on the breeze, floating on the breeze

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Maybe blue or green  
Or something in between  
Maybe blue, maybe green  
Maybe something in between

Maybe blue or green  
May something  
In between, in between