

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