

Bottles And Flowers

Juliana Hatfield

Reach inside carefully
Feel my psyche
Make it last
Put this moment under glass

Nobody really can do that
What a low fantasy
She don't know how to live

So alone
Somebody take me home
Alone too long it drags on
It's so wrong, so alone, so alone

Catatonic insomniac lying in the grass
What is she thinking of, overlooked by everybody?
A long embrace though you won't see it on her face

She's so alone
Somebody take me home
Alone too long it drags on
It's so wrong, so alone, so alone

Feels like an end, so much unsaid
Feels like an end, so much unsaid

So alone, somebody take me home
Alone too long it drags on
It's so wrong, so alone, so alone
So alone, so alone, so alone