

## From the Bottle to the Bottom

Kris Kristofferson

You ask me if I'm happy now  
That's good as any joke I've heard  
It seems that since I've seen you last  
I done forgot the meaning of the words  
If happiness is empty rooms  
And drinkin' in the afternoon  
Well I suppose I'm happy as a clown  
But if it's got a thing to do  
With smilin' of forgettin' you  
Well I don't guess that I could say I am

Did you ever see a down and outer waking up alone  
Without a blanket on to keep him from the dew  
When the water from the weeds has soaked the paper  
He's been puttin' in his shoes to keep the ground from comin' t  
hrough  
And his future feels as empty as the pocket in his pants  
Because he's never seen a single dream come true  
That's the way that I've been feelin' since the day I started f  
alling  
From the bottle to the bottom stool by stool  
Learnin' hard to live with losin' you

You wonder if I'm better off  
With freedom now to do the things I choose  
With all my times my own and  
I got nothin' left but sleepin' time to lose  
There's no one here to carry on  
If I stay out the whole night long  
or give a tankerous damn if I don't call  
I'm livin' like I wanted to  
And doin' things I wanna do  
And nothin' means a thing to me at all

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