

Looking At The World From The Bottom Of A Well

Mike Doughty

That Cuban girl that brought me low
She had that skin so fine and red lips rose-like now
Her mouth was wide and sweet as well
And now relentless hours of dreaming up her smell

I feel as if I am looking at the world from the bottom of a well
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Lonely and the only way to beat it is to bat it down
And the only way to beat it is to bat it down
And the only way to beat it is to bat it down, beat it

Lonely and the only way to beat it is to bat it down
And the only way to beat it is to bat it down
And the only way to beat it is to bat it down
And the only way to beat it is to

Oh all the days that I have run
I sought to lose that cloud that's blacking out the sun
My train will come, some one day soon
And when it comes I'll ride it bound from night to noon

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Aimless days, uncool ways of decathecting
Painless phase, blacked out thoughts, you'll be rejecting

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Let's get down to business now

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