

Wine & Depression

New Bomb Turks

So here it comes again.
That self-inflicted pain.
The popped cork and glass.
On your ass

I got the wine and depression
coming on so fast.
Blinding intentions
see the eyelids crash.
Digging for dollars
through the holes burning.
Wine and depression
yeah gonna win...

I got wine and depression.
And I'm feeling like I gotta move.
Wine and depression
the only mixed drink I approve.
When the time and conditions
drown this sinking thinking man,
I screw myself, pop the cork,
and let the river bend.

So let me dive right in.
Tears are my best friends.
I'll wallow while I can.
While I can...

Maybe it's whining depression,
I'm a little brat.
When the wine gets depressing
I'll try another hat.
For now it's lamp shades
and some belly laughs.
I got the wine and depression
it's a gas gas gas.
It's gonna pass