

## 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