

## At The Bottom

Old Man Markley

Late nights, I lie awake  
Counting moments I didn't take  
It's not like me to listen  
Now there's dreams that I'm missing  
I make the bed in which I lie  
And cry myself a lullaby

Yeah, I'm getting up, I'm falling down  
I'm searching for a solid ground  
Trying to solve all my problems  
In the bottle at the bottom  
Oh, in the end all I found  
Was emptiness, a hollow sound

Close my eyes and all I see  
Left inside of me  
Are regrets  
And a few forgotten dreams  
Laid to rest  
[X2]

Last chance to fall asleep  
But the sun begins to creep  
And I don't even know it  
In the spur of the moment  
Drifting in, out of time  
The sunshine hits my sunken eyes  
Good night

Oh, now in the end  
All I found was emptiness  
A hollow sound