

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