

The Bottle

Rancid

climb in
climb in
climb inside me.. pain

another night of drinkin'
another night of beeing
out of my head and i don't know
where i was last night
drinkin' on a empty stomach
or an empty mind
it makes no difference when i'm way out of line
things i can't remember comes back to haunt me
a lot of people out there who seem to want me
climb in the bottle and never come out

i may know nothing but i'm good at something
i will drink till the sun comes up
no more one of these days gonna come out of my haze
better hurry up it's getting harder to come back