

Every Bitter Drop

The Posies

Behind, beneath, below a certain
Level of intoxication
Hidden like a joyful bundle
Prisoner of inebriation

If you had the chance
Would you realize
That every bitter drop
Is clouding up your eyes
And it's clouding up your eyes

The motive come of sympathy
And portrait from the empathetic
More than just a head is aching
Now you are apologetic
Wouldn't have the need to doubt you
If your trappings weren't synthetic

And if you had the chance
Would you realize
That every bitter drop
Is clouding up your eyes
And if you stop to think
Would you be surprised
That it's clouding up your eyes
And it's raining from your skies

You'll have to be the one
To let you know
What you already know
You'll have to be the one
To let you know
To let you know

Don't pretend the scapegoat's heavy
I see little stacked against you
Don't invent another venom
Self infliction will prevent you
By the time you get this message
Some poor notion might expect you

If you had the chance
Would you realize
That every bitter drop
Is clouding up your eyes
And if you stop to think
Would you be surprised
That every bitter drop
Is clouding up your eyes
And it's raining from your skies
It's clouding up your eyes
And it's draining your supplies