

## Thank God I've Hit The Bottom

You Am I

I got dime bags stacked up like trophy wives  
I'm a punctuated pulse bereft of smile  
I'm spruced up like a cheesecake before the knife  
Thank God I've hit the bottom  
Thank God I've hit the bottom  
I've been pickin' fights with graffiti artists, hey  
Now you know the dead are filled with brains  
Chips on my shoulder, I got lungs on my sleeve  
Only You Am I know why I'm down here I guess  
Thank God I've hit the bottom  
Thank God I've hit the bottom  
'Cos hell knows if I would have seen you from up there  
It was the best of times, it was the worst of times  
I can see clearly now some pain is gone  
Thank God I've hit the bottom  
Thank God I've hit the bottom  
Thank God I've hit  
God