

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