

Spill Canvas, The "Rock Bottom"

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You know you've hit rock bottom,
When you're mumbling the words to all her favorite
songs,
Till the neighbors can hear your drunken slurs.
You know the end is creeping up when all,
That you can feel were the faint remnants of touching
her,
And wishing they were real.

You know you've hit rock bottom,
When you constantly refuse to take down,
All the photographs from,
The times that she was with you.

You know the end is nigh,
When you repeatedly deny,
The fact that she is,
In the earth and you,
Never got to say,
Goodbye.

Marigold withers away,
And this world never felt so cold.
My marigold,
Oh it's a miracle that you kept,
Me alive this long.

I'm seriously contemplating chewing off my tongue,
To prevent from screaming out your name in these
endless nights to come.

I'm seriously contemplating chewing off my tongue,
To prevent from screaming out your name in these
endless nights to come.

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