

## A Small Victory "Otis"

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This broken bottle is empty and my throat is all but torn  
apart  
From choking on my own teeth and i won't sleep tonight  
at all  
You sense the silence ending but you would rather  
roam the dark  
Search for idle hands but my dear, that only starts a  
fever

All i wanted was to let you know,  
That only starts a fever.  
You're feeling down because i let you go  
This ghost won't haunt me anymore from now on  
And i just can't let go of this bottle,  
It keeps me hanging on by every sip you've gone and  
fed me tonight

This broken bottle is empty and my hands are all but  
torn apart  
From choking on these splinters as i continue to write  
out verses  
About the things you do that seem to get us nowhere  
And the things you say in the waking of a crumbling  
day

Like when you tell me you don't miss me  
There's nothing in me but a bottle of whiskey  
And it's keeping my tounge wet too  
It's either one or the two  
I've got my keys in my pocket and a list of what i left  
you  
And it's keeping my mind lit too  
What better way to erase you? [2x]

You're not suffering anymore so move on

This ghost won't haunt me anymore from now on  
And i just can't let go of this bottle,  
It keeps me hanging on by every sip you've gone and  
fed me tonight

