

Beck "Bottle Of Blues"

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I just found me a bottle of blues
Some strange comfort for a soul to soothe
Ain't it hard, ain't it hard
To want somebody who doesn't want you

And I've been waiting for a year, a day
Some strange weather must be blowing' my way
'Cause I got no mind to go or to stay
Or be left behind

Holding' hands with an impotent dream
In a brothel of fake energy
Put a nickel in the graveyard machine
I get higher and lower

I get higher and lower
Like a tired soldier
With nothing' to shoot
And nowhere to lose it's a
Bottle of blues

Egos drone and pose alone
Like black balloons
All banged and blown
On a backwoods river
The infidels shiver
In the stench of belief

I tell my mamma I'm a hundred years late
I'm over the rails and out of the race
And the crippled psalms

Of an age that won't thaw
Are ringing in my ears

Holding' hands with an impotent dream
In a brothel of fake energy
Put a nickel in the graveyard machine
I get higher and lower

I get higher and lower
Like a tired soldier

With nothing' to shoot
And nowhere dreams it's a
Bottle of blues

There's definitely a plan
Yeah, what?

Well I just found me a bottle of blues
Some strange comfort for a soul to soothe
Ain't it hard, ain't it hard
To want somebody who doesn't want you

Holding' hands with an impotent dream
In a brothel of fake energy
Put a nickel in the graveyard machine
I get higher and lower

I get higher and lower
Like a tired soldier
With nothing' to shoot
And nowhere dreams it's a
Bottle of blues
Bottle of blues

And I'm a [Incomprehensible] in the back of a

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