

## **Ben Watt**

# **"Empty Bottles"**

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Crippled anger from a crippled brain  
Crippled footsteps through a crippled train  
Bloody headwound leaves a bloody stain  
On a raincoat smelling from the rain

It's the last train, it's the last train home  
It's the last train, it's the last train home

Knees together handbag nicely perched  
Her dateline boyfriend left her in the lurch  
Through the window she keeps her constant stare  
Which is funny because there's nothing there

It's the last train, it's the last train home  
It's the last train, it's the last train home

The carriage lurches like the drunken man  
Swaying sideways through the wasteland  
While never flinching the wheels keep tight reign  
Like the girl, like the girl, staring through the pain

It's the last train, it's the last train home  
It's the last train, it's the last train home  
But is that any comfort, is that any comfort?  
But is that any comfort, is that any comfort?

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