

## Casari

# "Glass Bottles Make Great Knives"

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She drove me to the grave and kicked me out of the  
car

A drink or two too many buried me at the bar  
When these days it's more common to see a drink in  
those hands  
Tonight we toast, to!

The back that's turned on me  
The love that's vexing

A conflict of interest that's crippling  
The sense of desperation that's keeping me  
On my knees and in between her sheets  
Losing my cherished sense of dignity

She's thirsty and thour-OH!

Slam one last shot to the bar

Sharp pain in my chest, leaving me breathless  
The liquids colors red and covering my hands

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