

Billy Walker**"From the Bottle to the Bottom"**

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(Kris Kristofferson)

You ask me if I'm happy
Now that's good as any joke I've heard
It seems that since I've seen you last
I done forgot the meaning of the words.

If happiness is empty rooms and drinkin' in the
afternoon
Well, I suppose I'm happy as a clown
But if it's got a thing to do with smilin' or forgettin' you
Well, I don't guess that I can say I am.

Did you ever see a down and outer waking up alone
Without a blanket on to keep him from the dew
When the water from the weeds has soaked the paper
He's been puttin' in his shoes to keep the ground from
comin' through.

And his future feels as empty as the pocket in his pants
Because he's never seen a single dream come true
Well, that's the way that I've been feelin' since the day I
started fallin'
From the bottle to the bottom stool by stool
Learnin' hard to live with losin' you.

You wonder if I'm better off with freedom
Now to do the things I choose
With all my times my own and I got nothing left
But sleepin' time to lose.

There's no one here to carry on if I stay out the whole
night long
Or give a tankerous damn if I don't call
I'm livin' like I wanted to and doin' things I wanna do
And nothing means a thing to me at all.

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