

## Douchka

### "Bottle"

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A stinking sun burned me awake  
Through the shattered windowpane  
I recalled through the eyes of claret red  
He had taken me again  
And the hair of the dog revives me  
But I find it hard to swallow  
It's a marriage made in heaven between me and the  
bottle

A thousand words fell through my hands  
And the room just spun  
This sodden mattress holds my heart  
And he cradles my regrets  
I'll read it once again  
For he knows that I'll not follow  
It's a marriage of convenience between me and the  
bottle

So King Alcohol's come back  
With the traffic's mournful cry  
And he swaggers, drunk and skinful  
Through my throat all parched and dry  
And if I should die before I wake  
I pray the Lord my soul to take  
Then I could rest  
And never wake again in sorrow  
It's a marriage on the rocks between me and the bottle

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