

Bluebottle Kiss "Loaded To The Gills"

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Am I loaded to the gills
Treading water on the window sill
Ain't no flashlight to take you back
That wet paint that's on your wall leaves me feeling
weak
And small below you when I can't get back
Leaves and winter trees I am the boy who can enjoy
invisibility
Beneath those bells of distant boats just afloat
And my guitar could creep so out of tune when I'm in
your room
It's so insidious it eats me inside out

Wish I could set my alarm to a different year
If time was just like plasticine we'd be on our own
Catch a train to far off to never-tell or Babylon
With no consistency we'll let it be far out

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