

Ingrid Michaelson**"Empty bottles"**

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Look at yourself
Are you sad?
Are you sad?
Don't be afraid.
It's not bad to be sad.
Dust off your hands,
And reach into
Foreign lands
Of your mind
Don't be kind
Cause we're all fools
Each others tools
When the cracks
On my bedroom ceiling
Give me this empty bottle feeling
I think is time to repaint
It's time to repaint myself
Try not to peer
Through plastic eyes
Through plastic eyes
Peel back the rind

And you'll find
Something kind
You're still you
Remember you?
A rosy child
Strong and wild
With ample lungs you
You breathe with ease
Floating on the breeze
Floating on the breeze
When the cracks
On my bedroom ceiling
Give me this empty bottle feeling
I think is time to repaint
It's time to repaint my
When the cracks
On my bedroom ceiling
Give me this empty bottle feeling
I think is time to repaint
It's time to repaint myself
Maybe blue or green or something in between
Maybe blue maybe green maybe something in between
Maybe blue or green maybe something in between

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