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Kylesa "Bottom Line"

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Lost for words of any respect Can forgive but won't forget Beat down, but my head is still up high Pride intact but sore inside Don't recognize my own reflection Not open to any suggestions I'm content with what I have Look back and try to laugh

I owe you nothing I take very little I would love nothing more than to swallow the fists of your fortune I won't be dragged kicking or screaming I owe you nothing, I take very little

Throat is raw - blank recollection, many miles of separation Same night as the one before Won't complain - it's my own choice I'm content with what I have Look back and try to laugh Shake your head on the way down We're all stuck at the bottom line

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