

Alejandro Escovedo "Little Bottles"

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Line up your little bottles
In a tight little row
Then try to sip some courage
Through a rusted straw
You're convinced she wants you,
And you will have your way,
Then why did you ignore her?
While the Diva sat upon your knee
You're not a man, you're just a fool
The odds are good
You ain't got what it takes
You're wrapped in so much pain
And we should pity that
Why don't you write her a poem,
Or better yet a song or two
I'm sure she'll be quite taken
Paint a monument upon her back
That you can see as she walks away
An impression that you can't forget
An unexpected visit means more to you than her
The years have played some cruel tricks it seems
She's not reacting like you thought she would
Oh wasted, wasted, wasted
You're acting like a fool
The floor belongs to you, it's yours
That's an image that she can't forget

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