

Juliane Hatfield

"Bottles And Flowers"

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Reach inside carefully.
Feel my psyche.
Make it last.
Put this moment under glass.

Nobody really can do that.
What a low fantasy.
She don't know how to live.

So alone.
Somebody take me home.
Alone too long it drags on.
It's so wrong. So alone. So alone.

Catatonic insomniac lying in the grass.
What is she thinking of, overlooked by everybody?
A long embrace, though you won't see it on her face.

She's so alone.
Somebody take me home.
Alone too long it drags on.
It's so wrong, so alone, so alone.

Feels like an end, so much unsaid.
Feels like an end, so much unsaid.

So alone, somebody take me home.
Alone too long it drags on.
It's so wrong, so alone, so alone.
So alone, so alone, so alone.

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