

# Beth Hart, Bottle Of Jesus

I got my wine and cigarettes  
These twenty cents is all I got left  
Don't bother me, I'm trying to swim  
I guess I'll lay around all day  
Sit back and smile just fade away.  
A drunk yard dog is what I am

Break out the bottle of Jesus  
Plug in the black light rosary  
Somebody's waiting to save me

I know my neighbors wish I'd die  
I'm much too loud when I get high  
I think I'll send around some pie  
I'll spike that dish with a touch of herb  
It'll numb their lips  
And soothe their nerves  
I'll build my kingdom on the curb

Break out the bottle of Jesus  
Plug in the black light rosary  
Somebody's waiting to save me

Be it rain or shine  
I'll get high like summertime.  
It's an All-Americana party time  
Tell that landlord man  
I'll kick that bastard like a can  
It's an All-Americana party time  
I don't listen to rules or Gospel  
They're just trying to shut me up.  
Call me the master of "ole misfortune  
A weasel a weaselin' away.  
Dear Lord. Hold the sight.  
Oh Lord. Gonna set me free