

# Ingrid Michaelson, Empty Bottle

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  
Dont be kind cuz we're all fools  
Each others tools

When the cracks on my bedroom ceiling  
Give me this empty bottle feeling  
I think its time to repaint  
It's time to repaint myself

Try not to peer through plastic eyes  
Through plastic eyes  
Peel back the rind  
And youll find something kind

You're still you, remember you  
Rosy child, strong and wild  
With apple 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 its time to repaint  
It's time to repaint my...

When the cracks on my bedroom ceiling  
Give me this empty bottle feeling  
I think its 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  
In between