Chris Stapleton, The Bottom

Love is a mystery It's a tricky thing It's more than a word More than a ring When the right thing turns to wrong Turns into a lonesome song And everybody knows how it goes when it does

The bottle holds the whiskey
The whiskey holds the man
The man holds the bottle when it's all that's left
And the left hand lights what the right hand holds
The smoke can't hide what the heart regrets
'Cause the heart holds the memory
And the memory holds the past
And the past holds the woman
At the bottom of the glass
So I don't have a problem
If I don't see the bottom

I played it all over And over in my mind I'm looking for the reasons I just can't find Wish I knew what I could blame Without a moment I could name I don't have a thing that I recall

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'Cause the heart holds the memory And the memory holds the past And the past holds the woman At the bottom of the glass So I don't have a problem If I don't see the bottom

Whoa, the hurt's holding me And I'm holding on To a hundred-proof truth And a hope that's long gone So I don't have a problem If I don't see the bottom