

She Ain't Home

Brantley Gilbert

Every time I make it to a front door droppin' off a girl any other boy would die for any day

I see your face and I say goodnight

And even if it makes it to the back seat thinkin' I'm finally movin' on, it's on, it's all good

It's all wrong

'Cause she ain't home 'Cause she ain't home

She don't taste like sweet tea

Ain't got a voice that sounds like Dixie

Don't play dashboard drums with her bare-feet

There ain't no memory, ain't no history like

Your little smile from the choir

Don't light up a sky like a Friday night

She ain't the girl mama keeps in a frame in the drawer

Nah she ain't home

Every time I try to turn a page I'm seein' words in red

I love you, I miss you, I can't keep doin' this

And I ain't over it

And she ain't done nothin' wrong 'Cause she ain't home

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