

# The Best of Me

Brantley Gilbert

I found a box of memories,  
read a letter,  
dropped a tear where you signed your name,  
and turning the page,  
smearing the ink into "Love Always." Girl, I always start this way a  
nd then I end up in a bottle screaming out your name,  
punching the walls, carrying on like I've gone insane, And in the mirror,  
I can see the man who just shook his head with no remorse,  
watching an angel cry her tears,  
stepping over my beers as you walked out the door. And there ain't nothing like a memory,  
when it's coming on strong like a hurricane.  
How can love like that just up and walk away?  
Killing me baby.  
It's got me pouring up another drink,  
bourbon's hitting me hard like a freight train,  
with my back against the wall or on my knees,  
when the worst of your memory gets the best of me. Well, I remember it all too well, riding 441 down to  
Milledgeville,  
crossing the bridge as the sun set on Lake Sinclair. I couldn't wait to see you smile,  
but all I saw were tears in your pretty eyes and that said it all,  
it was all downhill from there.  
And I remember you saying, "Baby, please don't give up on me."  
Oh my baby, this stubborn man is gonna lie in the bed he made. Cause there ain't nothing like a memory,  
when it's coming on strong like a hurricane.  
How can love like that just up and walk away?  
Its killing me baby.  
It's got me pouring up another drink,  
bourbon's hitting me hard like a freight train,  
with my back against the wall or on my knees,  
when the worst of your memory gets the best, the best of me. Baby, there aint nothing like a memory,  
when it's coming on strong like a hurricane.  
How can love like that just up and walk away?  
Your killing me baby.  
Got me pouring up another drink,  
bourbon's hitting me hard like a freight train,  
with my back against the wall or on my knees,  
when the words to your memory gets the best, the best of me.

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