Better Than My Heart

Luke Bryan

I'm feelin kinda banged up
Slow outta the bed
Neon noise and honkey tonk wine ringin in my head
Last night I saw your car
I overheard your name
Pulled my hat down low, wouldn't want you to know I was in this shapeNow these old beer bones are like a rusty old plow
These cigarette eyes are about to burn out
But they're still doin better, better than my heart
These whiskey worn lips can't muster up a smile
The soles on my boots have walked their last mile
But they're still doin better, better than my heartYou've filled it with your love
And then you drained it out
Sometimes I think you built it up
Just to break it down
Now all that's really left
Is an emptiness inside
A river running cold, memories growing old
Dying right there on the vineNow these old beer bones are like a rusty old plow
These cigarette eyes are about to burn out
But they're still doin better, better than my heart
These whiskey worn lips can't muster up a smile
The soles on my boots have walked their last mile
But they're still doin better, better than my heartYeah yeah yeah yeah yeahOhhhhh, Now these old beer bones are like a rusty old plow
These cigarette eyes are about to burn out
But they're still doin better, better than my heart
These whiskey worn lips can't muster up a smile
The soles on my boots have walked their last mile
But they're still doin better, better than my heart
Yeah they're still doin better, better than my heart
Better than my heart

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