

# Better Than My Heart

Luke Bryan

I'm feeling kind of banged up  
Slow out of the bed  
Neon noise and honkey-tonk wine ringing 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 shape  
Now these old beer bones  
Are like a rusty old plow  
These cigarettes eyes are  
'Bout to burn out  
But they're still doing 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 doing better  
Better than my heart  
You filled it with your love  
Then you drained it out  
Sometimes I think you built it up  
Just to break it down  
Now that's really left  
Is an emptiness inside  
A river running cold, memories growing old  
Dying right there on the vine  
Now these old beer bones  
Are like a rusty old plow  
These cigarettes eyes are  
'Bout to burn out  
But they're still doing 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 doing better  
Better than my heart  
Now these old beer bones  
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These whiskey worn lips can't muster up a smile  
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Better than my heart Yeah, they're still doing better  
Better than my heart  
Better than my heart

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