

# Nowhere to Go, Nowhere to Be

[Kenny Chesney](#)

Like an empty bottle washed up by the waves  
Like an old scooter slippin' slowly to it's grave  
Like ghosts of old sailors caught somewhere in time  
Like a lone palm, watch the world unwind  
Nowhere to go and nowhere to be  
Trinidad Charlie on a stool next to me  
Readin' his book 'bout the have and have-nots  
In between chapters we take another shot  
And one by one we slide from reality  
With nowhere to go, and nowhere to be  
There's jerk chicken grillin' on the grill  
Sure feels good for some time to be still  
Even if it's only for a little while  
Sight of the sails in the wind makes me smile  
Days turn into night  
When you're stuck in still life

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