

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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