

Broken Bottles

Bill Miller

About three miles up that run down road
There's an old town dump with some fool's gold
And it's waitin' for a bandit's hand to stealAnd what one soul lost I'd always find
And it's wild what some folk leave behind
But a poor boy's dreams can always make it realBecause I threw stones at broken bottles
I washed my hands in God's rainwater
I found treasure others wouldn't claimI threw stones at broken bottles
Took what this life had to offer
And I let it shine when others made it rainLet it shine when others made it rain
Let it shine, let it shine
When others make it rainWhile drivin' through the promised land
Out there in the driftin' sand
I saw a boy, he looked a lot like meAs I rolled my window down
I yelled across that one-horse town
I said, Don't give up boy, you've got the right to dreamBecause I threw stones at broken bottles
I washed my hands in God's rainwater
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When others make it rainAbout three miles up that run down road
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