

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 steal And what one soul lost I'd always find
And it's wild what some folk leave behind
But a poor boys dreams can always make it real Because I threw stones at broken bottles
I washed my hands in God's rainwater
I found treasure others wouldn't claim I threw stones at broken bottles
Took what this life had to offer
And I let it shine when others made it rain Let it shine when others made it rain
Let it shine, let it shine
When others make it rain While drivin' through the promised land
Out there in the driftin' sand
I saw a boy, he looked at lot like me As 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 dream Because I threw stones at broken bottles
I washed my hands in God's rainwater
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Let it shine, let it shine
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And it's waitin' for a bandit's hand to steal

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