Bottle Dry

Greensky Bluegrass

I can't make a living that don't make me feel alive
I won't spend my time counting things that made me cry
Home is empty, bottle dry
But I'm packed and ready for another lonesome ride

Walking along these tracks
Watching these cars fly by
Thinking about heading south of the town
Home it empty, bottle dry
But I'm packed and ready for another lonesome ride

I will take the liquor I already drank
What is left, I leave behind
Home is empty, bottle dry
But I'm packed and read for another lonesome ride

If this path I'm on don't lead me home
I'll carry on another road
I can't make a living that don't make me feel alive
I won't spend my time counting things that made me cry
Home is empty, bottle dry
But I'm packed and ready for another lonesome ride

Lyrics submitted by CerebrusX.

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