Bottle

Trent Tomlinson

I just cracked the top on some Jim Beam I just bought
Took a big ol' swig an' I just set her down
It's a foolish thing to think, that you could kill the hurt with drink
But it's the only thing that I can think of now
Got her down to the top of the sticker
I wish this stuff would kick in a little quicker

I can still see us on that tiltawhirl, spinnin'
Cotton-candy and then when she had mustard on her chin
From that corn-dog that slipped right off of the stick
And that top of the Ferriss wheel kiss
I ain't forgot about that yet
But I still have some whiskey left

Sure thought I'd be able, once I reached the middle of the label
That some of those memories would somehow wash away
Now I'm pushin' toward the bottom, an' thoughts of her, yeah, I still got 'em
Those shots, I've shot 'em, but they ain't killed yesterday
Just a little below the sticker
Yeah, I must've got a bad batch of liquor

I can still see her standin' there on that sidewalk
Yellin' out for the taxi that would take her away
From the arms of the one that still loves her
With all of his heart.
I ain't forgot about that yet,
But I still have some whiskey left

I just tipped it up an' took the last sip from the cup
Threw that bottle on the ground an' started to cry
I know that I've had plenty an' now there just ain't any
An' I'm just as empty as that bottle inside

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