

# Empty Bottles

[Yelawolf](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Empty bottles on the table  
Black roses on the ground  
Silhouettes of people dancing  
To an unfamiliar sound  
Hello stranger  
Can I call you a friend? My friend, I'm going down  
With empty bottles on the table  
Black roses on the ground  
Ground bottle six with the permanent bliss  
Razor sharp glass lips, give me a kiss  
Eyes fixated with the familiar shape  
Black label, white letters, they integrate  
Cubans in the bar room with harpoons  
I bloom in the night fog like mushrooms  
See every bullet hole in the window of my past  
Now that's what I call a shot glass (two, three, four)  
Empty bottles on the table  
Black roses on the ground  
Silhouettes of people dancing  
To an unfamiliar sound  
Hello stranger  
Can I call you a friend? My friend, I'm going down  
With empty bottles on the table  
Black roses on the ground  
Count the cracks on the sidewalk  
Pack the cigarette box in my left palm  
Flame on the tip of a smoke  
I don't know where the light came from  
Legs like a ghost, I still walk  
Whole world mushed concrete, feels soft  
Blinded by the cameras pop flash  
I'm a big fan, shot glass? (Two, three, four)  
Empty bottles on the table  
Black roses on the ground  
Silhouettes of people dancing  
To an unfamiliar sound

Hello stranger  
Can I call you a friend? My friend, I'm going down  
With empty bottles on the table  
Black roses on the ground Oh, what a life it's been  
What about my life in there? What about the would and when's?  
If's, maybe's, could-have-been's? You didn't know shit about me, man  
You didn't go to school in the clothes that I had to wear back then  
Look at you, fucking faggot, what you looking at, punk?  
What, bitch? Give me another shot, hey, what you want?  
Make it a double, fuck it, a triple, fuck it, give me the bottle  
And then it's bottoms-up, what a positive role model Hey Wolf, Wolf!  
Come on man, it's time to go Wake up in the morning feeling like I'm not awake at all  
Take a Tylenol, shake it off  
Wanna take another shot of Jack but Jack D shot me with a sawed-off Wake up in the morning feeling like I'm  
not awake at all  
Take a Tylenol, shake it off  
Wanna take another shot of Jack but Jack D shot me with a sawed-off Empty bottles on the table  
Black roses on the ground  
Silhouettes of people dancing  
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Hello stranger  
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