

Bottle Into Gold

Wade Bowen

Tell me, tell me they got the wrong man
And they dealt me somebody else's hand
I was sitting right here five years ago
Tell me that it won't be five years more

I once looked everyone in the eye
Had my feet on the floor and my head in the sky
I listened when they spoke, now I could care less
Except when they whisper how I'm such a mess

Well I've got no where to run, but the night has just begun
And I know it's going to end somewhere
Lay my head in some strange place, same look upon my face
Another wasted night alone
Trying to turn this bottle into gold

Tell me, tell me your a drifter too
It would ease my mind if we wore the same shoes
Cuz you would know how hard it is to just sit here
And watch them all fly by year after year

Please give me something more to hold
Turn this bottle into gold

Oh tell me, tell me they got the wrong man
And they dealt me somebody else's hand...