

## Nobody's Home

Clint Black

Move slowly to my dresser drawers  
Put my blue jeans on  
Find my cowboy boots, my button down  
Strap my timepiece on my arm  
Grab my billfold, my pocket change  
Just a mindless old routine  
Then it's out the door and down the street  
But it's not really me  
I still comb my hair the same  
Still like the same cologne  
And I still drive that pickup truck  
That the same old bank still owns  
But since you left, everybody says  
I'm not the guy they've known  
The lights are on, but nobody's home  
Cup of coffee in the morning  
Just food for the brain  
But I've been numb since our last goodbye  
I haven't felt a thing  
But now there's pains in my head  
And pains in my chest  
And I think I'm losing my hair  
I'm a half a man with half a mind  
To think you didn't care  
Repeat chorus