

Bottle In My Hand

Hayes Carll

Well, I followed my feet across this land
A tune in my heart and a bottle in my hand
From the cold, cold east
To the woods out west
Ain't no home just lucky I guess
I've seen the sunrise over the water
Howled at the moon by the embers glow
Stole me a kiss from a poor man's daughter
Threw on my pack and away I go

Well, it looks like rain and it tastes like hell
Ain't nobody ever wished me well
Tried to make me stand in the welfare line
I ain't see free in a long old time
Well, every town is gone by morning
Hitch to another till the sun goes down
Find me a boxcar, one or two brothers
Take out a bottle and pass it around

There's trouble at the border and a far off war
Oil in the water and the shut down store
Big banks closin' and world ain't round
Jail filled up and the deal gone down
But I got all I need on the highway
Little bit of luck and a rainbow stew
Sing a little song for the ones who ramble
Hard to carry on like the way we do

Now I've had friends who've walked that line
Spent life workin' for a nickel and a dime
The come home ragged at the end of their day
Feet on the table, not a word to say
Sometimes I might have to wonder
How's it gonna end for a man like me
Slept with the rain and danced with the thunder

I get a little bit older
I get a little bit older
I'll get a little tune on my fiddle
And then I'll be on my way

I followed my feet across this land
A tune in my heart and a bottle in my hand
The mines in the east
To the woods out west
Ain't no home just lucky I guess
Never had a home just lucky I guess