

Bottle, Bottle

Jim Ed Brown

White lightnin' it's said will shatter your head
And drive the old mem'ries right out of your frame
So I got me a bottle and I open the throttle
But those dark lonely thoughts are all just the same
Oh the bottle hasn't been made the glass hasn't been spun
The mole hasn't been cast the world hasn't begun
To make the bottle to hold the alcohol
That would tear up with my head make me forget the love that I
had
No the bottle hasn't been made

I tried pink champagne and from that to home brew
They're pretty strong fellows they really came true
But there in the mist of my cloudy brain
You stood there smiling and down came the rain
Oh the bottle hasn't been made the glass hasn't been spun
The mole hasn't been cast the world hasn't begun
To make the bottle to hold the alcohol

That would tear up with my head fog up my brain
Spit up my heart dry up my eyes ease up the pain
Make me forget the sweet tender touch that I love so much
No the bottle hasn't been made