

Nowhere to Go, Nowhere to Be

Kenny Chesney

Like an empty bottle washed up by the waves,
Like an old schooner slippin' slowly to it's grave,
Like ghosts of old sailors caught somewhere in time,
Like a lone palm watch the world unwind...

Nowhere to go and nowhere to be,
"Trinidad Charlie" on a stool next to me,
Readin' his book bout the "have" and "have-nots,"
In between chapters we take another shot.
And one by one we slide from reality,
With nowhere to go, and no where to be...

There's jerk chicken grillin' on the grill.
Sure feels good for some time to be still.
Even if its only for a little while.
Sight of the sails in the wind makes me smile.

Days turn into night,
When you're stuck in still life.

And you got nowhere to go and nowhere to be,
"Trinidad Charlie" on a stool next to me,
Readin' his book bout the "have" and "have-nots,"
In between chapters we take another shot.
And one by one we slide from reality,
With nowhere to go, and no where to be...