

Empty As A Drum

Turnpike Troubadours

Well two old red-nosed whiskey drunks were talkin
politics
It was time to hit the bricks, it was time for me to go
And I was right there on the verge of pullin' out my
hair
Actin as though I could not care less and hopin' she
would show

Well my bags are packed and ready, I was feelin' like a
wreck
Some clothes and personal effects, I left everything I
own
And the last I laid eyes on her, we were in a hotel
hall
Holdin hands like paper dolls, aw but here I sit alone

Well I'm gonna give it one more minute, give me one
more round of rum
Well I'm as empty as a drum, I'm as empty as a drum
Could you spare a cigarette, I hate to be a bum
But here's to hopin' she'll still come, I'm too old to
be this dumb, well I'm too old to be this dumb

Well I tell you that bartender, she's a site to see
Aw you'd be envious of me, least you would if she was
here
And the kid there in the corner has been spoilin' for a
fight
And it feels like that of night, aw buddy instead pour
me a beer

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more round of rum
Well I'm as empty as a drum, I'm as empty as a drum
Could you spare a cigarette, I hate to be a bum
But here's to hopin' she'll still come, I'm too old to
be this dumb, well I'm too old to be this dumb

When you darkened up the doorway, I stood up from the
bar
Well I said hey now here you are, damn it darlin how
are you and you kissed me
Said I can't say that I'm great oh lord I hate it that
I am late
Oh what a mess we got into