

# All That's Left

Wade Bowen

Heading out, another night has fallen  
These empty arms have got something to prove  
'Cause they're all that's left of loving you

I washed this jacket half a hundred times  
But your smell don't fade away like the blue  
It's all that's left of loving you

I turn to sidewalks over memories  
Walk these crowded streets 'til they're empty  
I talk to strangers, lean on old friends  
They hide the silence that comes creeping in the room  
'Cause that's all that's left of loving you

This pair of boots you bought me for no reason  
They're looking ragged and the soles are worn clean through  
They're all that's left of loving you

A man plays guitar on the corner  
He must feel like me 'cause all he plays are leaving tunes  
And that's all that's left of loving you

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Closing time, stumble to the taxi  
Tell the driver, Eldridge Lane 1202  
'Cause that's all that's left of loving you