

Empty Bottles

Yelawolf

Empty bottles on the table
Black roses on the ground
Silhouettes of people dancing
To an unfamiliar sound
Hello stranger, can I call you a friend?
My friend, I'm going down
With empty bottles on the table
Black roses on the ground

Brown bottle sits with the permanent bliss
Razor sharp glass lips, give me a kiss
Eyes fixated with the familiar shape
Black label, white letters, they integrate
Cupid's in the bar room with harpoons
I bloom in the night fog like mushrooms
See every bullet hole in the window of my past
Now that's what I call a shot glass (2, 3, 4)

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Count the cracks on the sidewalk
Pack the cigarette box in my left palm
Flame on the tip of a smoke
I don't know where the light came from
Legs like a ghost, I still walk
Whole world mushed concrete, feels soft
Blinded by the cameras pop flash
I'm a big fan, shot glass? (2, 3, 4)

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Oh, what a life it's been
What about my life in there? What about the would and when's?
If's, maybe's, could-have-been's? You didn't know shit about me, man
You didn't go to school in the clothes that I had to wear back then
Look at you, fucking faggot, what you looking at, punk?
What, bitch? Give me another shot, hey, what you want?
Make it a double, fuck it, a triple, fuck it, give me the bottle
And then it's bottoms-up, what a positive role model

Hey Wolf, Wolf!
Come on man, time to go

Wake up in the morning feeling like I'm not awake at all, take a Tylenol, shake it off

Wanna take another shot of Jack but Jack D shot me with a sawed-off

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