

# 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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