

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
Ground bottle six with the permanent bliss
Razor sharp glass lips, give me a kiss
Eyes fixated with the familiar shape
Black label, white letters, they integrate
Cubans 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)
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
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 must try and concrete feels soft
Blinded by the cameras pap flash
I'm a big fan, shot glass? (2, 3, 4)
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
Oh, what a life it's been
What about my life in there? What about the would and whens?
If, maybes, could-have-beens? 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
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
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
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
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.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>