

The Bottle
Trent Tomlinson

Capo 2nd Fret

D D/F# G

D D/F# G
I just cracked the top on some Jim Beam I just bought.

D A D
Took a big ol' swig an I just set her down.

D/F# G
It's a foolish thing to think, that you could kill the hurt with drink,

D A D D/C#
But it's the only thing that I can think of now.

Bm A G
Got her down to the top of the stick:

Em7 A
I wish this stuff would kick in a little quicker.

D D/F#
I can still see us on that tiltawhirl, spinnin'.

G A
Cotton candy in the wind she had mustard on her chin,

D D/F#
From that corn-dog that slipped right off of the stick,

G A
And that top of the Ferriss wheel kiss.

Em7 D/F# G
I ain't forgot a bout that yet,

Em7 A D
But I still have some whiskey left.

D D/F# G
Sure thought I'd be able, once I reached the middle of the label,

D A D
That some of those memories would somehow wash a way.

D/F# G
Now I'm pushin' toward the bottom, and thoughts of her, yeah, I still got 'em.

D A D
Those shots, I've shot 'em, but they ain't killed yester day.

Bm A G
Just a little below the stick:

Em7 A
Yeah, I must've got a bad batch of liquor.

D D/F#
I can still see her standin' there on that sidewalk,

G A
Yellin' out for the taxi that would take her away,

From the arms of the one that still loves her

With all of his heart.

I ain't forgot a bout that yet,

But I still have some whiskey left.

I just tipped it up an took the last sip from the cup:

Threw that bottle on the ground an started to cry.

I know that I ve had plenty an now there just ain't any,

An I m just as empty as that bottle inside.