

## 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 Ferris 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,

**D**

**D/F#**

From the arms of the one that still loves her

**G      A**

With all of his heart.

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

**D      A      D**  
Threw that bottle on the ground an started to cry.

**D/F#      G**  
I know that I ve had plenty an now there just ain t any,

**D      A**  
An I m just as empty as that bottle inside.