

# She Ain't Home

Brantley Gilbert

Every time I make it to a front door droppin' off a girl any other boy would die for any day  
I see your face and I say goodnight  
And even if it makes it to the back seat thinkin' I'm finally movin' on, it's on, it's all good  
It's all wrong  
'Cause she ain't home

'Cause she ain't home  
She don't taste like sweet tea  
Ain't got a voice that sounds like Dixie  
Don't play dashboard drums with her bare-feet  
There ain't no memory, ain't no history like  
Your little smile from the choir  
Don't light up a sky like a Friday night  
She ain't the girl mama keeps in a frame in the drawer  
Nah she ain't home

Every time I try to turn a page I'm seein' words in red  
I love you, I miss you, I can't keep doin' this  
And I ain't over it  
And she ain't done nothin' wrong

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