

## Table For One

Corey Smith

I hit Little Rock this morning. I woke up and I was feeling gray.  
I took a long walk by the Arkansas River, started wishing I could float away.  
I thought of all the ones I'm missing. Oh, I wondered if they're missing me.  
I'm sure they're doing alright but I could use a little company.

Give me a table for one, and a bottle of wine.  
I might look kinda sad and lonely but I'm doing fine.  
I'm with my best friend, just carrying on.  
Don't worry about me, I've got no problem drinking alone.

Look at me, I'm flying solo - so low, I'll take your cheap chardonnay.  
I don't drink liquor until the sun goes down, unless I'm taking holiday.  
Right now I'm still making a living, I'm trying to manage it the best I can.  
Oh, home is any hole-in-the-wall when you're a traveling man.

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One road leads to another, but they never seem to lead me home.  
I got a good woman waiting north of Atlanta, tired of keeping house on her own.  
Two more shows and I'm finished. Yeah I'm flying out of Baton Rouge.  
Until they scan my ticket, I'll be drinking away my blues.

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