

# Bottle In My Hand

Hayes Carl

Well, I followed my feet across this land  
A tune in my heart and a bottle in my hand  
From the cold, cold east  
To the woods out west  
Ain't no home just lucky I guess  
I've seen the sunrise over the water  
Howled at the moon by the embers glow  
Stole me a kiss from a poor man's daughter  
Threw on my pack and away I go

Well, it looks like rain and it tastes like hell  
Ain't nobody ever wished me well  
Tried to make me stand in the welfare line  
I ain't see free in a long old time  
Well, every town is gone by morning  
Hitch to another till the sun goes down  
Find me a boxcar, one or two brothers  
Take out a bottle and pass it around

There's trouble at the border and a far off war  
Oil in the water and the shut down store  
Big banks closin' and world ain't round  
Jail filled up and the deal gone down  
But I got all I need on the highway  
Little bit of luck and a rainbow stew  
Sing a little song for the ones who ramble  
Hard to carry on like the way we do

Now I've had friends who've walked that line  
Spent life workin' for a nickel and a dime  
The come home ragged at the end of their day  
Feet on the table, not a word to say  
Sometimes I might have to wonder  
How's it gonna end for a man like me  
Slept with the rain and danced with the thunder

I get a little bit older  
I get a little bit older  
I'll get a little tune on my fiddle  
And then I'll be on my way

I followed my feet across this land  
A tune in my heart and a bottle in my hand  
The mines in the east  
To the woods out west  
Ain't no home just lucky I guess  
Never had a home just lucky I guess