

## Cold Case

Jameson Rodgers

A 24-pack of them Rocky Mountain mile-highs sittin' on ice  
A bunch of bottle caps are scattered on the porch  
Gonna have a few more 'fore that sun comes around  
There's nothing else I can do  
Sit right here and try to figure out  
What the hell I'ma do

No tire marks peeling out of the drive  
No goodbye, no salty heart-broke tears  
No fingerprints on a slamming door  
No evidence you were ever here  
You disappeared without a trace  
So I'm drinking beer, working on a cold case

I've tried going out  
I've tried to find you in a bar  
And your car ain't parked at your mama's house  
You ain't picking up the phone and your friends don't know  
Or they're just telling lies  
Covering up for you  
I'm here at the scene of the crime  
But still ain't got a clue

No tire marks peeling out of the drive  
No goodbye, no salty heart-broke tears  
No fingerprints on a slamming door  
No evidence you were ever here  
You disappeared without a trace  
So I'm drinking beer, working on a cold case

'Till I know why you left  
Or 'till you come back I guess  
It's gonna be a cold case

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No goodbye, no salty heart-broke tears  
No fingerprints on a slamming door  
No evidence you were ever here  
You disappeared without a trace  
So I'm drinking beer, working on a cold case  
Yeah I'm working on a cold case