

Bar at the End of the World

Kenny Chesney

There's a trail of smoke comin' out of a bottle
If you look real close, you can see it right there
A little tin roof bar down a path you have to follow
From a treasure map with the edges burnt from a few too many beers

We'll pull the ropes off the boat
We'll throw 'em up on the dock
We'll let the stars be our guide
No we don't need no clock

We'll set sail
Yeah I see you there wind in your hair
And that t-shirt on, dead man tell no tales
It's like nowhere else
You've ever been and we'll write your name on a dollar bill
Put it on a wall it'll still be there
Next time we come back girl, to the bar at the end of the world

In that old sea shell you can hear the ocean
You can hear the waves crash whisper in your ear
A little glow in the night, its the last place open
And the house drink is a beautiful thing called 'make me disappear'

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There ain't no empty glasses, they're playing drift away
That's where the magic happens, back up in that little bay

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