

Running On Empty

Max McNown

Turns out staring at a ceiling fan
For hours and hours and days on end
Laying here in this old motel bed
Can make you start to lose your head
Burning a candle at both ends
Jumping out a window just don't make sense

When I'm running on "Empty"
On my way but not home yet
This is the real me
What you see is what you get
Born to chase that old cliché 'bout a guitar and a dream
Guess I'm somewhere in between
Running on "Empty"
Running on "Empty"

Just a few miles left in my tank
And even less money left in the bank
I wonder how much more I can take
What I wouldn't give to see your face

When I'm running on "Empty"
On my way but not home yet
This is the real me
What you see is what you get
Born to chase that old cliché 'bout a guitar and a dream
Guess I'm somewhere in between
Running on "Empty"
Running on "Empty"

If I could I'd drive all night
Until I crossed that old Kentucky line
And I'd be alright again
But until then
Until then

I'm still running on "Empty"
On my way but not home yet
This is the real me
What you see is what you get
Born to chase that old cliché 'bout a guitar and a dream
Guess I'm somewhere in between
I'm somewhere in between
Running on "Empty"
Running on "Empty"