

Nothing Left To Burn

Taylor Austin Dye

I've burned every highway down
'Til I've burned out
I've been with and I've damn sure been without
I've been pawn shop rings and goodwill jeans
Wagon wheels and limousines
And gasoline

I've burned rubber, I've burned bridges
Took a match to my old pictures
I'd smoke it down if it would make a flame
It keeps you warm for a minute
But it don't make no difference cause
It all goes to ash when it's your turn
When you're cold and you've got nothing left to burn

There's some things you do you can't take back
And there's some things that's best left in the past
All my sorry's go up with the embers
But I still remember

I've burned rubber, I've burned bridges
Took a match to my old pictures
I'd smoke it down if it would make a flame
It keeps you warm for a minute
But it don't make no difference cause
It all goes to ash when it's your turn
When you're cold and you've got nothing left to burn

Oh, nothing left to burn

I've burned rubber, I've burned bridges
Took a match to my old pictures
I'd smoke it down if it would make a flame
It keeps you warm for a minute
But it don't make no difference cause
It all goes to ash when it's your turn
When you're cold and you've got nothing
When you're cold and you've got nothing left
When you're cold and you've got nothing left to burn