

Hollow Bottles

Taylor Ray Holbrook

If a can could tell a story
It'd have a bunch on me, oh, Lordy
Late nights and good times
Last calls and bonfires
In a cooler by the lake
Piled up on a riverbank
Drank more than I should've drank

We go hard, we get lit
When we drink we don't sip, we
Turn them bottles up, make 'em hollow
That's the way we live
How we are is how we is
Yesterday, today, and tomorrow

Hold 'em up for the good times
Take 'em down for the lonelies
Chase away the heartaches
Pour 'em out for the homies

Bottom up, knock 'em up, don't stop 'em
Drip, drop, till we hit the bottom
Truck bed filled up, we got 'em
We about them hollow bottles
We about them hollow bottles
We about them hollow bottles
Memories you want, we got 'em
We about them hollow bottles

If a bottle had a memory
Think about what a six pack sees
Me and the boys makin' noise
Out on them backroads
I remember where I was sittin'
And what bottle I was sippin'
When she walked up and kissed me
I took her back home

To my place, turn my porch
Into a first date
A thousand bottle caps later
Still in love to this day

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