

Empty

Tucker Beathard

Parking lot, stools at the bar
Table tops, the band's tip jar
Sawdust floor just like my heart
Empty

First one here, last to leave
Same bartender, same ole me
Conversation guaranteed
Empty

All this empty is taking everything in me
Trying to get her memory out of my head
Can't go home now, that place is a ghost town
When everything goes south, ain't nothing left but
Empty...