

# 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...