

## Empty As A Drum

Turnpike Troubadours

Well two old red-nosed whiskey drunks were talkin  
politics  
It was time to hit the bricks, it was time for me to go  
And I was right there on the verge of pullin' out my  
hair  
Actin as though I could not care less and hopin' she  
would show

Well my bags are packed and ready, I was feelin' like a  
wreck  
Some clothes and personal effects, I left everything I  
own  
And the last I laid eyes on her, we were in a hotel  
hall  
Holdin hands like paper dolls, aw but here I sit alone

Well I'm gonna give it one more minute, give me one  
more round of rum  
Well I'm as empty as a drum, I'm as empty as a drum  
Could you spare a cigarette, I hate to be a bum  
But here's to hopin' she'll still come, I'm too old to  
be this dumb, well I'm too old to be this dumb

Well I tell you that bartender, she's a site to see  
Aw you'd be envious of me, least you would if she was  
here  
And the kid there in the corner has been spoilin' for a  
fight  
And it feels like that of night, aw buddy instead pour  
me a beer

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more round of rum  
Well I'm as empty as a drum, I'm as empty as a drum  
Could you spare a cigarette, I hate to be a bum  
But here's to hopin' she'll still come, I'm too old to  
be this dumb, well I'm too old to be this dumb

When you darkened up the doorway, I stood up from the  
bar  
Well I said hey now here you are, damn it darlin how  
are you and you kissed me  
Said I can't say that I'm great oh lord I hate it that  
I am late  
Oh what a mess we got into