

Bill Miller, Broken Bottles

About three miles up that run down road
There's an old town dump with some fools gold
Just waiting for a bandit's hand to steal

What one soul lost I'd always find
It's wild what some folk leave behind
But a poor boys dreams can always make it real

CHORUS:

Cause I threw stones at broken bottles
I washed my hands in God's rainwater
I found treasure others wouldn't claim
I threw stones at broken bottles
Took what this life had to offer
And I let it shine when others make it rain
Let it shine when others make it rain
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine
When others make it rain
While driving through the promised land
Out there in the drifting sand
I saw a boy who looked at lot like me.
As I rolled my window down
I yelled across that one-horse town
I said, don't give up boy, you've got the right to dream!

(REPEAT CHORUS)