

# Bucky Covington, Empty Handed

He's a mover, he's a shaker. He's a big money maker.  
Spit and shine on his alligator shoes.  
Doin' what he's doin', headed sraight for ruin.  
And he doesn't even have a clue.

The hollow man hasn't asked where it all happens,  
Gotta window on the forty-second floor.

Whoever would have thought it turns out the only thing he wanted, Ain't the thing he was lookin' for

Sometimes he wishes that the wish wasn't granted.  
Wonderin' how he ever got disenchanted.  
Holdin' on to the good life, and he can't stand it.  
Well, everybody leaves here empty handed.

A small town beauty queen, livin' on amphetamines,  
Hangin' in the Hollywood Hills.  
She got herself famous in the City of the Angel's,  
With the help of the devil and the pills.  
And daddy was a preacher, even Jesus couldn't reach her.  
She's a victim of another disease.  
She's done a lot of purgin' and she's had a lot of surgery,

A searchin' for what she needs.

Sometimes she wishes that the wish wasn't granted.  
Wonderin' how she ever got disenchanted.  
Holdin' on to the good life, but she can't stand it.  
Well, everybody leaves here empty handed.

(INSTRUMENTAL)

Well, the cold hard truth is up to you...

So, if you ever wish that your wish wan't granted.  
Wonderin' how you ever got disenchanted.  
Holdin' on to the good life, but you can't stand it.  
Well, everybody leaves here empty handed.  
Well, empty handed.  
Empty handed.  
Well, everybody leaves here empty handed.  
Empty handed.  
Empty handed.