

Kenny Chesney, Nowhere To Go, Nowhere To Be

Like an empty bottle washed up by the waves
Like an old schooner slippin slowly to its grave
Like ghosts of old sailors caught somewhere in time
Like a lone palm thats watched the world unwind

Nowhere to go and nowhere to be
Trinidad Charlie on a stool next to me
Reading his book about the Have And Have Nots
In between chapters we take another shot
And one by one we slide from reality
With nowhere to go, and no where to be

Theres jerk chicken grilling on a grill
Sure feels good for some time to be still
Even if its only for a little while
The Sight of those sails in the wind makes me smile

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Days turn into night
When youre stuck in still life

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