

# Treaty Oak Revival, No Vacancy

Sitting on the curbside, liquor in my cup  
Well she says goodbye and the phone hangs up  
And it's kind of got me feeling some type of way  
Like a sinner left sitting on Judgement Day

Well these empty bottles and motel rooms  
Don't treat me quite like they used to  
And the company man still treats me well  
Paying for a glorified prison cell

Well she comes and she goes, but she always says goodbye  
And I'd give anything just to be by her side  
I got a bottle, and a room and a motel key  
And a broken heart with no vacancy  
Broken heart with no vacancy  
No vacancy

She said she'll call me round half past eight  
Been a damn long day, don't wait up too late  
And I'm sitting like a prisoner in these four walls  
Watching basic cable, drinking alcohol

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