

## **Bill Miller** **"Broken Bottles"**

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About three miles up that run down road  
There's an old town dump with some fool's gold  
And it's waitin' for a bandit's hand to steal

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

Because 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 made it rain

Let it shine when others made it rain  
Let it shine, let it shine  
When others make it rain

While drivin' through the promised land  
Out there in the driftin' sand  
I saw a boy, he 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?

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I washed my hands in God's rainwater  
I found treasure others wouldn't claim

I threw stones at broken bottles  
I took what this life had to offer  
And I let it shine when others made it rain

Let it shine when others made it rain  
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