

## One Minute Millionaires "Bottle"

Visit "[Bottle](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

I found a ring at roadside stand, for half a 'days' pay  
And though I'm dead in my saddle, my horse knows  
the way back home

All that's left of my little homestead, are broken fences  
and cattle long dead  
There's no more coffee, and no more flour for bread

And I pray  
So Mary please hold me  
'Cause I killed [second time - bled] her slowly  
I begged and I prayed, she passed on the same  
And pass me the bottle, before I remember her name

Well I had nothing to give her, but cold nights and long  
days  
And all she had was my stone-hardened heart, she hid  
her sorrow and laughed the same  
So my hand clenches the bottle, as my heart cries like a  
preacher  
But I don't need your sermon, 'cause it won't help me  
reach her

The tears in my eyes, sting my sun-burned cheeks  
The first drops of water that I've seen in weeks  
I knew she'd be gone, my luck always runs bad in  
streaks

Cold steel in my temple  
A lost love I can't figure  
Though my peacemaker's empty  
Still I pull the trigger

Visit [One Minute Millionaires](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.