Jim Ed Brown & The Browns ''Bottle Hasn't Been Made''

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(Myra Smith - Margaret Lewis)

White lightnin' it's said will shatter your head And drive the old mem'ries right out of your frame So I got me a bottle and I open the throttle But those dark lonely thoughts are all just the same.

Oh, the bottle hasn't been made The glass hasn't been spun The mold hasn't been cast The world hasn't begun.

To make the bottle to hold the alcohol That would tear up with my head Make me forget the love that I had No the bottle hasn't been made.

I tried pink champagne And from that to home brew They're pretty strong fellows They really came true.

But there in the mist Of my cloudy brain You stood there smiling And down came the rain.

Oh, the bottle hasn't been made The glass hasn't been spun The mold hasn't been cast The world hasn't begun.

To make the bottle To hold the alcohol That would tear up my head.

Fog up my brain Spit up my heart Dry up my eyes Ease up the pain. Make me forget the sweet tender touch That I love so much No, the bottle hasn't been made...

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