

**Jason Charles Miller****"Up To Me"**

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I was cut in Mississippi in June of '36  
Trucked out west to Texas and laid down here to rest  
They framed my edge in maple, tacked trim around my  
base  
But my last coat of lacquer has long since worn away

Now I've felt wine and tears and whiskey  
Raining down on me  
Hearts, and names and numbers carved with  
pocketknives and keys  
I've helped to balance spirits of lovers, drunks and  
thieves  
When their lives have let them down, they belly up to  
me

I've broken long neck bottles  
In accidents and fights  
I've been a place to rest your weary head  
On those 'one too many' nights  
I've overheard the best and worst of pickup lines and  
prayers  
I've seen the start of one night stands  
And the end of long affairs

I've felt wine and tears and whiskey  
Raining down on me  
Hearts, and names and numbers carved with  
pocketknives and keys  
I've helped to balance spirits of lovers, drunks and  
thieves  
When their lives have let them down, they belly up to  
me

Sometimes I wish that I was still there rising with the  
pines  
My roots deep in the delta - limbs soaked in sunshine  
It's a world away from happy hours and closin' times

Now I've felt wine and tears and whiskey  
Raining down on me  
Hearts, and names and numbers carved with

pocketknives and keys  
I've helped to balance spirits of lovers, drunks and  
thieves  
Cause one time or another, they've all felt the need  
To let their inhibitions down, and belly up to me  
Belly up to me

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