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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