

She Ain't Home

Brantley Gilbert

Every time I make it to a front door droppin' off a girl any other boy would die for any day
I see your face and I say goodnight
And even if it makes it to the back seat thinkin' I'm finally movin' on, it's on, it's all good
It's all wrong
'Cause she ain't home 'Cause she ain't home
She don't taste like sweet tea
Ain't got a voice that sounds like Dixie
Don't play dashboard drums with her bare-feet
There ain't no memory, ain't no history like
Your little smile from the choir
Don't light up a sky like a Friday night
She ain't the girl mama keeps in a frame in the drawer
Nah she ain't home
Every time I try to turn a page I'm seein' words in red
I love you, I miss you, I can't keep doin' this
And I ain't over it
And she ain't done nothin' wrong 'Cause she ain't home
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