**Dust on the Bottle**

**Verse1: C G F C**

**Creole Williams lived down a dirt road**

**Am G F C**

**made homemade wine like nobody I know**

**C G F C**

**dropped by one Friday night and said can you help me Creole**

**Am G F C**

**got a little girl waitin' on me and I wanna treat her right, he said**

**Bridge1: G Am F**

**I got what you need son, it's sittin down in the cellar**

**G Am F G**

**he reached through the cobwebs as he turned on the light and said**

**Chorus: C G F C**

**There might be a little dust on the bottle**

**Am G F**

**but don't let it fool ya about what's inside**

**C G F C**

**There might be a little dust on the bottle**

**Am G F G**

**it's one of those things that gets sweeter with time**

**Verse2:**

**she was sittin in the porch swing as I pulled up the driveway**

**my ole heart was racing as she climbed inside**

**she slid over real close and drove down to the lake road**

**watched the sun fade in that big red sky**

**Bridge2:**

**I reached under the front seat and said, now here's something special it's just been waiting for a night like tonight**

**[CHORUS] [SOLO - over verse]**

**Bridge3:**

**you're still with me, we made some memories**

**after all these years theres one thing I've found**

**some say good love, well it's like a fine wine**

**it keeps getting better as the days go by**

**[CHORUS with stops on first half]**

**[CHORUS]**

**[SOLO 2 over chorus]**