

Samples, The "Eatonville"

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It's not every day I see you waiting here
On the front porch of the store telling tales
I've come a hundred miles from the everglades
And if you've got some time, tell me of your day

Oh, sit beneath the stars
Oh, the days are hot and long

I think time has taken everything from me
And my hands no longer work anymore
There's a child in the mud laughing now
She doesn't know her life is running away

Oh, sit beneath the stars
Oh, the days are hot and long

Oh, sit beneath the stars
Oh, the days are hot and long

It's not every day I see you waiting here
On the front porch of the store telling tales
I've come a hundred miles from the everglades
And if you've got some time, tell me of your day

And if you've got some time
Only if you've got some time
If you've got some time

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