

## **Austin Cunningham** **"Buck Clayborn"**

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His name was Robert Clayborn but the whole town  
called him Buck  
He didn't have a whole lot cept his cowdog and his  
truck  
And I'd hang out on the front porch of his shack just  
west of town  
And soak up all his stories til the Texas sun went down

he'd sip his flask of bourbon while I sipped a bottle  
coke  
I'd almost wet my pants yall just laughing at his jokes  
He taught me how to cuss and how to lose at dominoes  
And how to throw a roundhouse right if it ever came to  
blows

Chorus:

We were the toughest hombres  
We were the best of friends  
And freedom never felt so free  
As sittin there on that front porch way back when  
When it was Buck Clayborn and me

Now some town folks called him drunkard and they  
called my Daddy twice  
Concerned that my virtue to be exposed to all Bucks  
vice  
I can still hear Mrs. Beasley tell my Mama I declare Im  
afraid to see what kind of manners your boy picks up  
down there.

But what a preacher could not teach me about how to  
talk to God  
I learned from Buck a prayin when we buried his old  
dog  
He said Please take him to heaven Lord if you let an old  
dog in  
And bless dear Mrs. Beasley, she's a peach, Amen.

Sometimes I like to come home, and stand on this very  
spot  
And though the porch we sat and laughed on is now an  
asphalt parking lot

I can still hear his old whiskey voice whisper on the  
wind sayin  
How bout a game of checkers son, if you're lucky I'll let  
you win

Whoa, take me back to that front porch once again  
When it was Buck Clayborn and me

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