

Dolly Parton

"Sittin' On The Front Porch Swing"

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I remember the time when the bloom was on the cotton
When our hearts chased the clouds like the swallows
on their wings
Winter cares which we're already few or soon forgotten
Just sittin' on the front porch swing

Oh we sit every Sunday and watched the married
ladies
And we dreamed of white dresses and church bells in
the spring
And they talked and painted their nails while they let us
hold their babies
Sittin' on the front porch swing

Where was I when the time came to join the married
ladies
Why did I paint the nail when the finger had no ring
Why do I sit at night and long to hold their baby
Sittin' on the front porch swing

When the mind longs to follow but the memory erases

And the lips form the words that the heart no longer
sings
When the leaves in the hollow have been died to match
our faces
Sittin' on the front porch swing

Oh we'll dream of the time when the bloom was on the
cotton
When our hearts chased the clouds like the swallows
on their wings
But the words to the rhyme are the only things
forgotten
Sittin' on the front porch swing
Sittin' on the front porch swing

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