

Elton John "Porch Swing In Tupelo"

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There's a porch swing in Tupelo
In the shade of the south
Where the sweet honey drips off that old hush-yo'-
mouth
It's a slow road on down
That old Natchez Trace
Through Alabama cotton fields to a state of grace
It's a crisp golden Autumn
On the Tennessee line
Rolling down to Mississippi like you headed back in
time
Town's closed on Sunday
Everybody's in church
It's empty as the moon this place here on earth

And this place don't change
Some places move slow
I'm just rocking myself on this porch swing in Tupelo
I got nothing to do 'cept hang in the breeze
Ghosts of the old south are all around me
Yea swing high, yea swing low
Here on this porch swing in Tupelo

His mama must have loved him
That truck drivin' boy
With the grease monkey look and the rock 'n roll voice
Well I was just thinkin' 'bout him
'Cause I guess he sat here
Singing all praise to God through poverty's tears
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