

## Hayden Panettiere

### "Faulkner Street"

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The record player's scratchin' out an old and dusty  
tune  
On the front porch, on a Sunday, on an Arky afternoon  
We were lyin' 'round like gypsies, thinkin' 'bout goin' to  
town  
And Jimmy's drinkin' whiskey straight and lyin' in the  
shade  
Jamie's dancin' round the kitchen with a glass of  
lemonade  
Lookin' like an angel who's never gonna touch the  
ground

Chorus:

Trouble in mind  
How'd we ever lose that time?  
Livin' for the best  
Leavin' all the rest behind

Now them boys from Morgan County, there a comin'  
out tonight  
With country on the radio and trouble in there eyes  
They come walkin' up the driveway, singin' 'bout the  
night before  
And we'll head up to the mountain, pick-up trucks and  
old guitars  
We'll all smoke marijuana as we look up at the stars  
Raisin' hell for hours, until we can't take any more

Repeat Chorus

Now there's a picture on the mantle top, filled with old  
regrets  
There are times I can't remember and things I won't  
forget  
I'd call you up and tell you, but baby, we've been gone  
too long  
That porch is just a memory and the record player's  
broke  
The hills have gone to houses and Jimmy's gone to  
smoke

But I'd do the whole thing over, darlin' just to hear that  
song

Repeat Chorus

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