

Hayes Carll "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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