Lari White "You Can't Go Home Again"

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(flies on the butter)
(allen shamblin/austin cunningham/chuck cannon)

Old tin roof, leaves in the gutter

A hole in the screen door big as your fist and flies on the butter

Mamaw baking sugar cookies, we were watching cartoons

Heard her holler from the kitchen which one of you youngens wants to lick the spoon

Yellow jackets on the watermelon, honeysuckle in the air

Daddy turning on the sprinkler, us kids running through it in our underwear

Old dog napping on the front porch, his ear just a twitching

Fall asleep on granddaddys lap to the sound of his pocket watch ticking

Oh, oh, oh - oh, oh, oh
It doesnt't't feel like it was all that long ago
Oh, oh, oh - oh, oh, oh
You can dream about it every now and then
But you can't go home again

Me and my best friend vickie, set up a backyard camp Stole one of mamas mason jars, poked holes in the lid and made a firefly lamp

Me and jimmy monroe, sneaking down by the river Im still haunted by the taste of a kiss I didn't get cause he was too chicken liver

Oh, oh, oh - oh, oh, oh
It doesnt't't feel like it was all that long ago
Oh, oh, oh - oh, oh, oh
You can dream about it every now and then
But you can't go home again

There's a blacktop road, a faded yellow centerline And it can take you back to the place, but it can't take you back in time Oh, oh, oh - oh, oh oh It doesnt't't feel like it was all that long ago Oh, oh, oh - oh, oh, oh You can dream about it every now and then But you can't go home again

Old tin roof, leaves in the gutter A hole in the screen door big as your fist and flies on the butter

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