

Samples "Eatonville"

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t's not every day I see you waiting here
on the front porch of the store telling
tales
I've come a hundred miles from the
everglades
And if you've got some time tell me of
your day
Oh sit beneath the stars
Oh the days are hot and long
I think time has taken everything from
me
And my hands no longer work anymore
There's a child in the mud laughing now
She doesn't know her life is running
away
Oh sit beneath the stars
Oh the days are hot and long
It's not every day I see you waiting
here on the front porch of the store
telling tales
I've come a hundred miles from the
everglades
And if you've got some time tell me of
your day
Oh sit beneath the stars
Oh the days are hot and long
Only if you've got some time
Only if you've got some time
Only if you've got so

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