

Porter Wagoner "House Of Mulberry Street"

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HOUSE OF MULBERRY STREET

Writer Damon Black

THERE WAS OLD DAN, AND SKIP, SCOOTER AND ME IN
THE SUMMERTIME WE USED TO MEET WE WASTED OUR
TIME LIKE NICKELS AND DIMES AT A HOUSE DOWN ON
MULBERRY STREET WHILE OLD DAN AND SKIP WAS OFF
CHASING A STICK THAT WE THREW, ME AND SCOOTER
WOULD LAUGH OH SHE WAS MY GIRL, THAT WAS MY
WORLD I'D GIVE THIS ONE TO GET THAT ONE BACK SHE
ALWAYS COMPLAINED ABOUT THE NICKNAME THAT
WAS GIVEN TO HER BY HER DAD HE SAID SHE ONCE
CRIED FOR A SCOOTER TO RIDE AND HE BOUGHT ONE
WITH THE LAST BUCK HE HAD AS IF IT WERE TODAY, I
RECALL YESTERDAY OLD DAN JUST LAYED DOWN AND
DIED AND THE EYES OF OLD SKIP TAUGHT ME
SOMETHING I'D MISSED CAUSE I NEVER DID KNOW THAT
DOGS CRIED WHEN SCOOTER GREW UP SHE WENT OFF
TO WORK AS A MODEL IN SOME FASHION TOWN THAT
JUST LEFT OLD SKIP, SO WE TOOK US A TRIP CAUGHT A
FREIGHT TRAIN, WENT RAMBLIN AROUND HE DIED IN
THE COLD AND SOMEWHERE I GOT OLD I DON'T KNOW
JUST WHEN THAT OCCURRED AND MY RAMBLIN
AROUND HAS BROUGHT ME BACK TO TOWN BUT I'M
REALLY NOT LOOKIN' FOR WORK I JUST POKED MY HEAD
INTO A FAMILIAR OLD SHED THAT TIME HAS BEEN
TRYING TO PUSH DOWN THERE'S TWO LITTLE WHEELS
UNDERNEATH OF SOME STEEL ON A LITTLE RED FRAME
RUSTED BROWN WAS THAT SKIP OR OLD DAN I
THOUGHT BRUSHED MY HAND WAS THAT SCOOTER I
THOUGHT I HEARD LAUGH OR JUST MEMORIES OF THEM
OUT RIDING THE WIND THAT BLEW IN TO WELCOME ME
BACK CHORUS OH THE ROOF IT ALL LEAKS, AND
WINDOWS THEY SQUEAK THE PAINT IS ALL FADED
AWAY BUT STILL IN THE SHADE SLEEPS THE DREAMS
THAT WE MADE OUR MEMORIES STILL DANCE THERE
TODAY I'VE BEEN MANY PLACES, I'VE SEEN MANY
FACES, IF GIVEN ONE WISH IT WOULD BE FOR OLD DAN,
AND SKIP, SCOOTER AND ME, AND THE HOUSE DOWN
ON MULBERRY STREET

