

Trout Fishing In America "My Front Door"

Visit "[My Front Door](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(K. Grimwood/E. Idlet)

The trees are only cardboard,
The leaves are full of paint,
There's a riot in the cornfields by the silo,
Crows are on the tightrope,
The cars a wash of rain,
While the fences fold like hands around the land.
Past old folks on the front porch,
With babies on their knees,
The dogs upon the dash begin to sing;
And each moment brings me closer,
And before the night is over,
I will open my front door.
There's a silence from the squad car,
Sirens on the street,
I hear music from the neon-lighted doorway;
Sweet comfort in the cottage,
There's a pillow for my head,
With foggy dreams of macramé tattoos.
But nothing can deter me,
There's an anvil in my shoe,
The coffee in my brain begins to sing.
And each moment brings me closer,
And before the night is over,
I will open my front door.
All roads lead to my house,
Even roads I've never known,
And when I'm backing out my driveway,
I'm just taking the scenic route home.
Well, the grass is getting greener,
I'm on the other side,
Bridges crossed like Ts are all behind me;
I'm bringing home the bacon,
Not baby bumblebees,
I bow and take an exit down my street.
The rain is gently falling,
I see the front porch light,
The keys in my ignition start to sing,
And each moment brings me closer,
And before the night is over,
I will open my front door.

Visit [Trout Fishing In America](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.