

Lari White, You Can't Go Home Again (Flies On T

(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 Granddaddy's lap to the sound of his pocket watch ticking

Oh, oh, oh - Oh, oh, oh
It doesn'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 mama's mason jars, poked holes in the lid and made a firefly lamp
Me and Jimmy Monroe, sneaking down by the river
I'm still haunted by the taste of a kiss I didn't get 'cause he was too chicken liver

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Oh, oh, oh - Oh, oh, oh
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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

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