

Old Southern Porches

[Dale Ann Bradley](#)

They're harbor for flower pots, old folks, and sleepy dogs, sandals and wooden swings.
They're known for there shade and ice cold lemonade and morning glory vines and wire screens.
They keep the world from running right up to our front door.
They're a place where time doesn't matter anymore and on a dark summer night they shine like torches.
Old southern porches.

All the years of our evil talk creep into there floors and walls.
But oh the stories they could tale.
They know the sounds of snapping beans, roller skates and guitar strings.
Box fans rattling on the window seals.
To the one that has been away to long the steps are open arms.
And they have always been a place where young lovers exchange hearts.
They're shelter from the rain and the august sun that scorches.
Old southern porches.

If you have never known one I'm so sorry.
But they're some of my very favorite memories.
There beams are framed by gingerbread, white columns and iron rails.
Life looks like a movie passing by.
If you find one let it rest you, set back and let it bless you.
I guarantee it is going to ease your weary mind.
Times are changing fast now and everything is a race.
The world is full of trouble and nowhere is really safe, but I always
find a harbor and a comfort in the voices of old southern porches.

Yes I always find a harbor and a comfort in the voices of old old southern porches.

Lyrics submitted by Little dove.

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