

# Popcorn Box

Edwin McCain

"There's a black girl singin' in the morning before church  
Cause she wants things just right  
There's a white boy holdin' his head  
Cause he stayed out too late last night  
At the same time Mamma's yellin'  
Move your asses or I'll leave you behind  
The god lord don't wait for sinners all day  
Especially sinners of your kind.

[CHORUS:]

The old days

The old ways of the drive-in picture show.

It's a fact, if it was opened baby, you and me, we'd surely go.  
The picture rolls by, soundtrack low, but we don't see a thing.

Feel around in the middle of your popcorn box,  
At the bottom is a diamond ring. (yes)  
I love you, could you, hold me tight,  
Like we're pretending it ain't about black or white.

Sun burns hot early in the morning  
Small town, best hush my mouth.  
We've all got closets that we live in.

Down at Baker's house  
The right fun with the wrong one  
That's things we don't talk about.  
Hell always seems to rise to the surface  
On that you can count.

[CHORUS:]

The old days

The old ways of the drive-in picture show

It's a fact, if it was opened baby, you and me, we'd surely go  
The picture rolls by, soundtrack low, but we don't see a thing.

Feel around in the middle of your popcorn box,  
At the bottom is a diamond ring. (yes)  
I love you, could you, hold me tight,  
Like we're pretending it ain't about black or white.

Young man makes a young man's stand,  
Tries to stand up tall.

Old man from the same clan  
Bangs his head against the wall.  
Life's rough, it just get's tougher

But that ain't no thing, it's always one thing

Or another, let me tell you brother....

Shut your mouth boy and sing.

[CHORUS:]

The old days

The old ways of the drive-in picture show

It's a fact, if it was opened baby, you and me, we'd surely go

The picture rolls by, soundtrack low, but we don't see a thing.

Feel around in the middle of your popcorn box,

At the bottom is a diamond ring. (yes)

I love you, could you, hold me tight,

Like we're pretending it ain't about black or white.

I love you, could you, hold me tight,

Like we're pretending it ain't about black or white."

Songwriters

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