

You Can't Go Home Again (Flies On the Butter)

Lari White

Old tin roof, leaves in the gutter
A hole in the screen door big as your fist
And flies on the butter Mama 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, it doesn't feel like it was all that long ago
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 Oh, oh, it doesn't feel like it was all that long ago
Oh, oh, you can dream about it every now and then
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 Oh, oh, it doesn't feel like it was all that long ago
Oh, oh, you can dream about it every now and then
But you can't go home again Old tin roof, leaves in the gutter
A hole in the screen door big as your fist
And flies on the butter

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