

# Front Porch

## Slobberbone

Driven to silence but I'm drowning in sin  
My mandolin hangs on the wall once again  
I can't seem to find the right words from within  
But I won't be looking for long  
There comes a time when nothing seems clear  
When you're past out on the front porch with a head full of beer  
Confused and clouded by thoughts of you dear  
But I won't be thinking for long  
So many years ago when I was pure  
I was drunk on direction but afflicted with a cure  
For all ailments cynical, that's how things were  
But I didn't stay drunk for too long  
Notions and knowledge came and sobered me up  
I sipped from their bottle and I slammed a whole cup  
That swill seemed to sit well, but I should've thrown it up  
'Cause it didn't sit well for too long  
I was a fool, I was stupid because  
I was mistaking knowledge for just a good buzz  
Five years drunk on wine and words and wit  
Served by cynics and charlatans, they were all full of shit  
Empty cans of frustration and cans of regret  
Line the living room floor that you've often swept  
Pop another one open and wretch at the stench  
It's a hard drink to swallow for a thirst you can't quench  
But there'll, there'll come a time when it all seems clear  
When your past out on the front porch with your head full of beer  
Confused and clouded by thoughts of you dear  
But I won't be clouded for long  
Now I'm driven to silence and I'm drowning in sin  
My mandolin hangs on the wall once again  
I can't seem to find the right words from within  
But I won't be looking for long  
I'll stink of drink till I let you in  
Then I won't be stinking for long  
No, I won't be stinking for long

Lyrics provided by

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