

# This Old Porch

Lyle Lovett

This old porch is like a big old red and white Hereford bull  
Standing under a mesquite tree, out in Agua Dulce  
And he just keeps on playing hide and seek with that hot August sun  
Just a-sweatin' and a-pantin' 'cause his work is never done  
And this old porch is like a steaming, greasy plate of  
enchiladas  
With lots of cheese and onions and a guacamole salad  
And you can get 'em down at the Lasalle hotel in old downtown  
With iced tea and a waitress and she will smile every time  
And this old porch is the palace walk-in on the main  
street of Texas  
That's never seen the day of G and R and X's  
With that '62 poster that's almost faded down  
And a screen without a picture since giant came to town  
And this old porch is like a weathered, gray-haired  
seventy years of Texas  
Who's doing all he can and not to give in to the city  
And he always takes the rent late, so long as I run his cattle  
And he picks me up at dinnertime and I listen to him rattle  
He says, "The Brazos still runs muddy, just like she's  
run all along  
And there ain't never been no cane to grind, the cotton's all but gone"  
And you know this brand new Chevrolet, hell it was something back in '60  
But now there won't nobody listen to him 'cause they all think he's crazy  
And this old porch is just a long time  
of waiting and forgetting  
And remembering the coming back and not crying about the leaving  
And remembering the falling down and the laughter of the curse of luck  
From all of those passersby who said we'd never get back up  
This old porch is just a long time of waiting and  
forgetting  
And remembering the coming back and not crying about the leaving  
And remembering the falling down and the laughter of the curse of luck  
From all of those sons-of-bitches who said we'd never get back up

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