

Porch Swing In Tupelo

Elton John

There's a porch swing in Tupelo
In the shade of the south
Where the sweet honey drips offa that old hush yo mouth
It's a slow road on down
That old Natchez Trace
Through Alabama cotton fields to a state of Grace
It's a crisp golden Autumn
On the Tennessee line
Rolling down to Mississippi like you headed back in time
Town's closed on Sunday
Everybody's in church
It's empty as the moon this place here on earth
And this place don't change
Some places move slow
I'm just rocking myself on this porch swing in Tupelo
I got nothing to do 'cept hang in the breeze
Ghosts of the old south are all around me
Yea swing high, yea swing low
Here on this porch swing in Tupelo
His mama must have loved him
That truck drivin' boy
With the grease monkey look and the rock 'n roll voice
Well I was just thinkin' 'bout him
Cause I guess he sat here
Singing all praise to God through poverty's tears
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On this porch swing in TupeloHere on this porch swing in TupeloHere on this porch swing in Tupelo

Songwriters
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