

# Mayberry

## Rascal Flatts

Sometimes it feels like this world is  
spinning faster than it did in the old days.

So, naturally we have more natural  
disasters from the strain of a fast pace.

Sunday was a day of rest now it's one more  
day for progress. and we can't slow down  
'cause more is best its all an endless process.

I miss mayberry sittin' on the porch drinking ice  
cold cherry coke. where everything is black and white  
na na, na na, na na na na na. pickin on the sixth string  
people pass you by and you call em' by their first name.  
watching the clouds roll by. by by.

Sometimes I can hear this old earth shouting through  
the trees as the wind blows. that's when I climb up here  
on this mountain to look through god's window.

Now I can't fly but i got two feet to get me high up here.  
above the noise and the city streets my worries disappear.

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watching the clouds roll by. by by.

Sometimes I dream I'm driving down an old  
dirt road not even listed on the map.

I pass a dad and a son carrying a fishing  
pole. but i always wake up every time  
I try to turn back.

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watching the clouds roll by. by by. by by.

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Lyrics submitted by Kelly.

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