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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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.

Lyrics submitted by Kelly.

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