

Faulkner Street

Hayes Carll

The record player's scratchin' out an old and dusty tune On the front porch, on a Sunday, on an Arky afternoon
We were lyin' 'round like gypsies, thinkin' 'bout goin' to town And Jimmy's drinkin' whiskey straight and
lyin' in the shade Jamie's dancin' round the kitchen with a glass of lemonade Lookin' like an angel who's never
gonna touch the groundChorus: Trouble in mind

How'd we ever lose that time?

Livin' for the best

Leavin' all the rest behindNow them boys from Morgan County, there a comin' out tonight With country on the
radio and trouble in there eyes They come walkin' up the driveway, singin' 'bout the night before And we'll
head up to the mountain, pick-up trucks and old guitars We'll all smoke marijuana as we look up at the stars
Raisin' hell for hours, until we can't take any moreRepeat ChorusNow there's a picture on the mantle top, filled
with old regrets There are times I can't remember and things I won't forget I'd call you up and tell you, but
baby, we've been gone too long That porch is just a memory and the record player's broke The hills have gone
to houses and Jimmy's gone to smoke But I'd do the whole thing over, darlin' just to hear that songRepeat

Chorus

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