

Front Porch Swing Afternoon

[Jamey Johnson](#)

Sittin' here countin' the cars goin' by
And an hour must've been one or two
The sheets are flappin' on momma's clothesline
It's an old front porch swing afternoon I can hear music from somewhere outside
The faint sound of a Hank Williams tune
I just caught the smell of a blackberry pie
On this old front porch swing afternoon And, ooh, ooh, feel that breeze blowin'
That magnolia showin' her blooms
On this old front porch swing afternoon That old dog is layin' under grandpa's old chair
He ain't lookin' for nothin' to do
And that tractor is stirrin' up dust over there
On this old front porch swing afternoon I can see grandma now in her old checkered dress
Beatin' a rug with her broom
The clouds are a-churnin' comin' in from the west
On this old front porch swing afternoon And, ooh, ooh, feel that breeze blowin'
The sun will be goin' down soon
On an old front porch swing afternoon
It's an old front porch swing afternoon

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