

This Old Porch

Lyle Lovett

This old porch is like a big old red and white Hereford bull
Standing under a mesquite tree, out in Agua Dulce
And he just keeps on playing hide and seek with that hot August sun
Just a-sweatin' and a-pantin' 'cause his work is never done
And this old porch is like a steaming, greasy plate of enchiladas
With lots of cheese and onions and a guacamole salad
And you can get 'em down at the Lasalle hotel in old downtown
With iced tea and a waitress and she will smile every time
And this old porch is the palace walk-in on the main street of Texas
That's never seen the day of G and R and X's
With that '62 poster that's almost faded down
And a screen without a picture since giant came to town
And this old porch is like a weathered, gray-haired seventy years of Texas
Who's doing all he can and not to give in to the city
And he always takes the rent late, so long as I run his cattle

And he picks me up at dinnertime and I listen to him rattle
He says, "The Brazos still runs muddy, just like she's run all along
And there ain't never been no cane to grind, the cotton's all but gone"
And you know this brand new Chevrolet, hell it was something back in '60
But now there won't nobody listen to him 'cause they all think he's crazy
And this old porch is just a long time of waiting and forgetting
And remembering the coming back and not crying about the leaving
And remembering the falling down and the laughter of the curse of luck
From all of those passersby who said we'd never get back up
This old porch is just a long time of waiting and forgetting
And remembering the coming back and not crying about the leaving
And remembering the falling down and the laughter of the curse of luck
From all of those sons-of-bitches who said we'd never get back up

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>