

Brown Suits and Cadillacs

Joe Purdy

Walk in the morning with worn out shoes
got the rock in the morning with the boggy woogy blues
and its cold on the street and all i can do is grin
I left your house with my hair all a mess
and all i could think of is your blue summer dress
and the way that you kiss me
and the way that your kiss had a way
Oh those good ole days
Back at your house you invite all your kin
they gather round watchin' gone with the wind
grandpa says frankly i dont give a damn if you do
yeah but i knew your mama and i knew your pop
yeah we grew up together down in old arkansas
we used to climb trees and hold hands as we fall in the
lake
Oh those good ole days
Oh those good ole days
Yeah well you used to call me when you couldn't sleep
yeah and i would come over to your front porch and
drink
yeah and you would sit down on the front porch swing
and swing
we'd leave for a weekend and meet on the lawn
yeah me and the boys would start singing some songs
if you drink enough wine yeah you'd sing along as you
swayed
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