

# You Can't Go Home Again

Lari White

Old tin roof, leaves in the gutter  
A hole in the screen door big as your fist and flies on the but  
ter  
Mamaw baking sugar cookies, we were watching cartoons  
Heard her holler from the kitchen which one of you youngens wan  
ts to lick the spoon  
Yellow jackets on the watermelon, honeysuckle in the air  
Daddy turning on the sprinkler, us kids running through it in o  
ur underwear  
Old dog napping on the front porch, his ear just a twitching  
Fall asleep on granddaddys lap to the sound of his pocket watch  
ticking

Oh, oh, oh - oh, oh, oh  
It doesn't't feel like it was all that long ago  
Oh, oh, oh - oh, oh, oh  
You can dream about it every now and then  
But you can't go home again

Me and my best friend vickie, set up a backyard camp  
Stole one of mamas mason jars, poked holes in the lid and made  
a firefly lamp  
Me and jimmy monroe, sneaking down by the river  
Im still haunted by the taste of a kiss I didn't get cause he w  
as too chicken liver

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It doesn't't feel like it was all that long ago  
Oh, oh, oh - oh, oh, oh  
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But you can't go home again

There's a blacktop road, a faded yellow centerline  
And it can take you back to the place, but it can't take you ba  
ck in time

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