

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 doesnt'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

Oh, oh, oh - oh, oh, oh
It doesnt'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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