

Front Porch

Slobberbone

Driven to silence but I'm drowning in sin
My mandolin hangs on the wall once again
I can't seem to find the right words from within
But I won't be looking for long

There comes a time when nothing seems clear
When you're past out on the front porch with a head full of beer
Confused and clouded by thoughts of you dear
But I won't be thinking for long

So many years ago when I was pure
I was drunk on direction but afflicted with a cure
For all ailments cynical, that's how things were
But I didn't stay drunk for too long

Notions and knowledge came and sobered me up
I sipped from their bottle and I slammed a whole cup
That swill seemed to sit well, but I should've thrown it up
'Cause it didn't sit well for too long

I was a fool, I was stupid because
I was mistaking knowledge for just a good buzz
Five years drunk on wine and words and wit
Served by cynics and charlatans, they were all full of shit

Empty cans of frustration and cans of regret
Line the living room floor that you've often swept
Pop another one open and wretch at the stench
It's a hard drink to swallow for a thirst you can't quench

But there'll, there'll come a time when it all seems clear
When your past out on the front porch with your head full of beer
Confused and clouded by thoughts of you dear
But I won't be clouded for long

Now I'm driven to silence and I'm drowning in sin
My mandolin hangs on the wall once again
I can't seem to find the right words from within
But I won't be looking for long

I'll stink of drink till I let you in
Then I won't be stinking for long
No, I won't be stinking for long