

Flies On The Butter (You Can't Go Home Again)

The Judds

Old tin roof, leaves in the gutter
A hole in the screen door big as your fist
And flies on the butter

Mama baking sugar cookies, we were watching cartoons
I heard her holler from the kitchen
"Which one of you youngen's wants to lick the spoon?"

Yellow jackets on the watermelon, honeysuckle in the air
Daddy turning on the sprinkler
Us kids running through it in our underwear

Old dog napping on the front porch, his ear just a twitching
Fell asleep on granddaddy's lap
To the sound of his pocket watch ticking

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

Me and my best friend Jenny set up a backyard camp
Stole one of mama's mason jars
Poked holes in the lid and made a firefly lamp

Me and Billy Monroe, sneaking down by the river
I'm still haunted by the taste of the kiss
I was too scared to give him

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

There's a blacktop road, a faded yellow centerline
It can take you back to the place
But it can't take you back in time

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Oh, oh, you can dream about it every now and then
But you can't go home again

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