

# If The World Had A Front Porch

Tracy Lawrence

It was where my Mama sat on that old swing with her crochet  
It was where Granddaddy taught me how to cuss and how to pray  
It was where we made our own ice cream those sultry summer nights  
where the bulldog had her puppies, and us brothers had our fights  
There were many nights I'd sit right there and look out at the stars  
To the sound of a distant whippoorwill or the hum of a passing car  
It was where I first got up the nerve to steal me my first kiss  
and it was where I learned to play guitar and pray I had the gift

If the world had a front porch like we did back then  
We'd still have our problems but we'd all be friends  
Treating your neighbor like he's your next of kin  
Wouldn't be gone with the wind  
If the world had a front porch, like we did back then

Purple hulls and pintos, I've shelled more than my share  
As lightening bugs and crickets danced in the evening air  
And like a beacon that old yellow bulb, it always led me home  
Somehow Mama always knew just when to leave it on

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Wouldn't be gone with the wind  
If the world had a front porch, like we did back then