

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

Wynonna Judd

Old tin roof, leaves in the gutter  
A hole in the screen door big as your fist, and flies on the butter  
Mamaw baking sugar cookies, we were watching cartoons  
Heard her holler from the kitchen which one of you youngin'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, oh - Oh, oh, oh  
It doesn't seem 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 Jenny set up a back yard camp  
Stole one of Mama's Mason jars, poked holes in the lid and made a fire fly lamp  
Me and Billy Monroe sneaking down by the river  
And I'm still haunted by the taste kiss I was too scared to give him

Oh, oh, oh - Oh, oh, oh  
It doesn't seem 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 black-top 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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