

## Faulkner Street

Hayes Carl

The record player's scratchin' out an old and dusty tune  
On the front porch, on a Sunday, on an Arky afternoon  
We were lyin' 'round like gypsies, thinkin' 'bout goin' to town  
And Jimmy's drinkin' whiskey straight and lyin' in the shade  
Jamie's dancin' round the kitchen with a glass of lemonade  
Lookin' like an angel who's never gonna touch the ground

Trouble in mind  
How'd we ever lose that time?  
Livin' for the best  
Leavin' all the rest behind

Now them boys from Morgan County, they're a comin' out tonight  
With country on the radio and trouble in their eyes  
They come walkin' up the driveway, singin' 'bout the night before  
And we'll head up to the mountain, pick-  
up trucks and old guitars  
We'll all smoke marijuana as we look up at the stars  
Raisin' hell for hours, until we can't take any more

Trouble in mind  
How'd we ever lose that time?  
Livin' for the best  
Leavin' all the rest behind

Now there's a picture on the mantle top, filled with old regrets  
There are things I can't remember and times I won't forget  
I'd call you up and tell you, but baby, we've been gone too long  
That porch is just a memory and the record player's broke  
Them hills have gone to houses and Jimmy's gone to smoke  
But I'd do the whole thing over, darlin' just to hear that song

Trouble in mind  
How'd we ever lose that time?  
Livin' for the best  
Leavin' all the rest behind

Livin' for the best  
Leavin' all the rest behind