

Banned from the Back Porch

Saves the Day

I stepped out into the night and put my feet down on the wet patio floor
The sky's air had been cooling and steam rose from everywhere
I could feel drops of rain slipping off tree's leaves and splattering to the ground
It's always misty after a summer pour
And I'll remember turning around and looking out
And staring in and focusing on this one beautiful girl
And I said, "Oh who is this?
Where was she all those crazy years?
Where was she when my heart couldn't take its beat?"
I sipped down some warm ginger ale
And drew back a breath
And headed over to see about this girl
I couldn't say a thing and I just stared open and wide
And I connected with her eyes to feel my gut fall through the floor
Oh my god, I think I'm falling.