

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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