

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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