G Em Old tin roof, leaves in the gutter,
C A hole in the screen door as big as
your fist,
G And flies on the butter
G Mama baking sugar cookies,
We were watching cartoons,
I Heard her holler from the kitchen,
Which one of you yougins wants to
lick the spoon
G Yellow jackets on the watermelon,
Honeysuckle in the air,
Daddy turning on the sprinkler,
Us kids running through it in our G -D
underwear
G Old dog napping on the front porch,
Em His ear just a-twitching,
Fell asleep on grandaddy's lap,
To the sound of his pocket watch ticking
(CHORUS)
Cadd9 D G Whoa Oh, Whoa oh,
Cadd9 D It doesn't seem like it was all that long G - D
ago, Cadd9 D G Whoa Oh, Whoa oh,

Cadd9

But you can't go home again

D

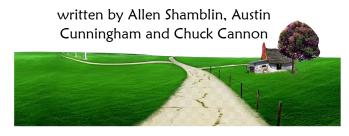
D

then,

You can dream about it every now and

G - Em - C

Flies on the Butter



Me and my best friend Jenny, Set up a backyard 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 Em by the river,

And I'm still haunted by the taste of the kiss. G

I was too scared to give him

(REPEAT CHORUS)

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

(REPEAT CHORUS)

(ENDING VERSE) Old tin roof, leaves in the gutter, A hole in the screen door big as your D fist, - G C And flies on the butter