

^G Old tin roof, ^{Em} leaves in the gutter,
^C A hole in the screen door as big as
^D your fist,
^G And flies on the butter

^G Mama baking sugar cookies,
^{Em} We were watching cartoons,
^C I heard her holler from the kitchen,
^D Which one of you yougins wants to
^{G - D} lick the spoon

^G Yellow jackets on the watermelon,
^{Em} Honeysuckle in the air,
^C Daddy turning on the sprinkler,
^D Us kids running through it in our
^{G - D} underwear

^G Old dog napping on the front porch,
^{Em} His ear just a-twitching,
^C Fell asleep on granddaddy's lap,
^D To the sound of his pocket watch ticking ^G

(CHORUS)

^{Cadd9} Whoa Oh, ^D Whoa oh, ^G
^{Cadd9} It doesn't seem like it was all that long ^D
^{G - D} ago,
^{Cadd9} Whoa Oh, ^D Whoa oh, ^G
^{Em} You can dream about it every now and ^{Cadd9}
^D then,
^D But you can't go home again ^{G - Em - C}

Flies on the Butter

written by Allen Shamblin, Austin
Cunningham and Chuck Cannon



^G Me and my best friend Jenny,
^{Em} Set up a backyard camp,
^C Stole one of mama's mason jars,
^D Poked holes in the lid and made a fire
^{G - D} fly lamp,

^G Me and Billy Monroe sneaking down
^{Em} by the river,
^C And I'm still haunted by the taste of
^D the kiss,

^G I was too scared to give him

(REPEAT CHORUS)

^G There's a black-top road,
^{Em} A faded yellow centerline,
^C It can take you back to the place,
^D But it can't take you back in time ^{G - D}

(REPEAT CHORUS)

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