

Back To The Front Porch

Dean Brody

I spent my first eighteen years
Tryin' to get out of here
Cause I couldn't find one reason to make me stay

Seen a lotta world since then
Lately it's been sinkin' in
Still ain't found a better place

All the things that made me leave
Are now the things that are calling me

Back to the front porch
Back to my roots
I need a little more simple life
Mud on my boots
I wanna see that sunrise
From my screen door
I'm lookin' forward
To getting back to the front porch

Someday I'd like to be that guy
Sittin' there watchin' life go by
Readin' the paper in my boxer shorts

I'd help my baby shell some beans
Wave at neighbors, drink sweet tea
Pull out my guitar if I get bored

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Someday I'll slow things down
Find my way back home

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