

# Flies On The Butter (You Can't Go Home Again)

The Judds

Old tin roof, leaves in the gutter  
A hole in the screen door big as your fist  
And flies on the butter

Mama baking sugar cookies, we were watching cartoons  
I heard her holler from the kitchen  
"Which one of you youngen'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, it doesn't seem like it was all that long ago  
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 backyard camp  
Stole one of mama's mason jars  
Poked holes in the lid and made a firefly lamp

Me and Billy Monroe, sneaking down by the river  
I'm still haunted by the taste of the kiss  
I was too scared to give him

Oh, oh, it doesn't seem like it was all that long ago  
Oh, oh, you can dream about it every now and then  
But you can't go home again

There's a blacktop road, a faded yellow centerline  
It can take you back to the place  
But it can't take you back in time

Oh, oh, it doesn't seem like it was all that long ago  
Oh, oh, you can dream about it every now and then  
But you can't go home again

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