

Old Porch Swing

Gene Watson

It's hung there on the front porch
Since this old house was built
It's where the old men whittle
And the women fleece their quilts
It's held four generations
Through whatever life could bring
That ol' swing
That ol' porch swing

It held a grieving widow
When my daddy's daddy died
And now it rocks my children
When they close their sleepy eyes
It's where I popped the question
With a quarter karat ring
That ol' swing
That ol' porch swing

It's been there through the sunshine
It's had it's share of rain
Been a witness to some good times
And a like amount of pain
If it could tell it's story
What a Violin could sing
That ol' swing
That ol' porch swing

It's where brother read the letter
That sent him off to war
We knew he had to go and fight
But we didn't know what for
When he came home he just sat there
And never said a thing
In that swing
That ol' porch swing

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