

Faulkner Street

Hayes Carll

The record player's scratchin' out an old and dusty tune
On the front porch, on a Sunday, on an Arky afternoon
We were lyin' 'round like gypsies, thinkin' 'bout goin' to town
And Jimmy's drinkin' whiskey straight and lyin' in the shade
Jamie's dancin' round the kitchen with a glass of lemonade
Lookin' like an angel who's never gonna touch the ground

Trouble in mind
How'd we ever lose that time?
Livin' for the best
Leavin' all the rest behind

Now them boys from Morgan County, they're a comin' out tonight
With country on the radio and trouble in their eyes
They come walkin' up the driveway, singin' 'bout the night before
And we'll head up to the mountain, pick-
up trucks and old guitars
We'll all smoke marijuana as we look up at the stars
Raisin' hell for hours, until we can't take any more

Trouble in mind
How'd we ever lose that time?
Livin' for the best
Leavin' all the rest behind

Now there's a picture on the mantle top, filled with old regrets
There are things I can't remember and times I won't forget
I'd call you up and tell you, but baby, we've been gone too long
That porch is just a memory and the record player's broke
Them hills have gone to houses and Jimmy's gone to smoke
But I'd do the whole thing over, darlin' just to hear that song

Trouble in mind
How'd we ever lose that time?
Livin' for the best
Leavin' all the rest behind

Livin' for the best
Leavin' all the rest behind