

Knockin' on Your Screen Door

John Prine

I ain't got nobody
Hangin' round my doorstep
Ain't got no loose change
Just a hangin' round my jeans

If you see somebody
Would you send em' over my way
I could use some help here
With a can of pork and beans

I once had a family
But they up and left me
With nothing but an 8-track
Another side of George Jones

I was in high cotton
Just a bangin' on my six string
A kickin' at the trash can
Walkin' skin and bone

I can see your back porch
If I close my eyes now
I can hear the train tracks
Through the laundry on the line

I'm thinking it's your business
But you don't gotta answer
I'm knocking on your screen door
In the summertime

Everybodies out there
Climbing on the trees now
Swinging in the breeze now
Hanging on the vine

I'm dreaming 'bout a sailboat
I don't need a fur coat
Underneath a dashboard
Got some sweet potato wine

I can see your back porch
If I close my eyes now
I can hear the train tracks
Through the laundry on the line

I'm thinkin' it's your business
But you don't got to answer
I'm knockin' on your screen door
In the summertime
I'm knockin' on your screen door
In the summertime