

I'm Gonna Sit On The Porch And Pick On My Old Guitar

Johnny Cash

I'm gonna sit on the porch and pick on my old guitar
I'm gonna lay on my back and laugh at my lucky star
And then I'm gonna fly away and never come back someday
'Less I thought I was gonna land right close to where you are

Well, if I thought anybody cared I'd send back word
Strapped to the leg of a trans celestial bird
I wonder if I really ever did leave how many would there be to
grieve?
How would they react to the word?

Well, I wouldn't ever want to hurt a solitary soul
I have still got all 6 foot 2 in control
But when my obligation's low is a greasy uphill road
And pleasin' everybody but me is my first goal

I want to sit on my porch and pick on my old guitar
And just hope you're hangin' loose where ever you are
And for the joy you brought to me this song I sung for thee
While I sit on my porch and pick on my old guitar