

# The Front Porch Song

Robert Earl Keen

This old porch is a big ol' red and white Herford bull  
Standin' under a mesquite tree in Agua Dulce, Texas  
He keeps on playin' hide and seek with that hot august sun  
Sweatin' and a pantin' cause his work is never done  
Oh no, with those cows and a red top cane

This old porch is a steamin' greasy plate of enchiladas  
With lots of cheese and onions ans a guacamole salad  
You can get them at the LaSalle Hotel in old downtown  
With ice tea and a waitress who will smile every time  
Oh yeah, I left a quarter tip on my ten dollar bill

This old porch is a palace walk in on a main street in Texas  
It ain't never seen or heard the days of G's and R's and X's  
And that '62 poster that's almost faded down  
And a screen without a picture since Giant came to town  
Oh no, I like those junior mints and the red hots too, yes I do

This old porch is like a weathered grey haired seventy years of  
Texas  
Who's doin' all he can not to give in to the city  
And he always takes my rent late so long as I run his cattle  
He picks me up at dinner time and I listen to him rattle

He says the Brazos still runs muddy like she's run all along  
There's never been no cane to grind and the cotton's all but gone  
You know this Chevrolet pickup truck, hell she was somethin' back in '60  
But now there won't nobody listen to him 'cause they all think  
he's crazy

This old porch is just a long time of waiting and forgetting  
Remembering the coming back and not crying about the leaving  
And remembering the falling down and the laughter of the curse  
of luck  
From all those son's of bitches who said we'd never get back up

This old porch is a big old red and white Herford bull  
Standing under a mesquite tree out in Agua Dulce  
He keep's on playing hide and seek with that hot August sun  
He's sweating and a panting 'cause his work is never done  
I've know a whole lot of bulls in my time, and there work is never done.