

t's not every day I see you waiting here  
on the front porch of the store telling  
tales  
I've come a hundred miles from the  
everglades  
And if you've got some time tell me of  
your day  
Oh sit beneath the stars  
Oh the days are hot and long  
I think time has taken everything from  
me  
And my hands no longer work anymore  
There's a child in the mud laughing now  
She doesn't know her life is running  
away  
Oh sit beneath the stars  
Oh the days are hot and long  
It's not every day I see you waiting  
here on the front porch of the store  
telling tales  
I've come a hundred miles from the  
everglades  
And if you've got some time tell me of  
your day  
Oh sit beneath the stars  
Oh the days are hot and long  
Only if you've got some time  
Only if you've got some time  
Only if you've got so