

Old tin roof, leaves in the gutter,
 A hole in the screen door as big as
 your fist,
 And flies on the butter

Mama baking sugar cookies,
 We were watching cartoons,
 I heard her holler from the kitchen,
 Which one of you yougins wants to
 lick the spoon

Yellow jackets on the watermelon,
 Honeysuckle in the air,
 Daddy turning on the sprinkler,
 Us kids running through it in our
 underwear

Old dog napping on the front porch,
 His ear just a-twitching,
 Fell asleep on granddaddy's lap,
 To the sound of his pocket watch ticking

(CHORUS)

Whoa Oh, Whoa oh,
 It doesn't seem like it was all that long
 ago,
 Whoa Oh, Whoa oh,
 You can dream about it every now and
 then,
 But you can't go home again

Flies on the Butter

written by Allen Shamblin, Austin
Cunningham and Chuck Cannon



Me and my best friend Jenny,
 Set up a backyard camp,
 Stole one of mama's mason jars,
 Poked holes in the lid and made a fire
 fly lamp,

Me and Billy Monroe sneaking down
 by the river,
 And I'm still haunted by the taste of
 the kiss,

I was too scared to give him

(REPEAT CHORUS)

There's a black-top road,
 A faded yellow centerline,
 It can take you back to the place,
 But it can't take you back in time

(REPEAT CHORUS)

(ENDING VERSE)

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