

# Dolly Parton, Sittin' On The Front Porch Swing

I remember a time when the bloom was on the cotton  
When our hearts chased the clouds like the swallow on the wing  
When our cares which were already few were soon forgotten  
Just sittin' on the front porch swing

Oh we'd sit every Sunday, and watch the married ladies  
And we'd dream of white dresses and church bells in the spring  
And they'd talk and paint their nails while they'd let us hold their babies  
Sittin' on the front porch swing

Where was I when the time came to join the married ladies?  
Why did I paint the nail when the finger had no ring?  
Why do I sit at my age and long to hold their babies?  
Sittin' on the front porch swing

When the mind longs to follow but the memory erases  
And the lips form the words but the heart no longer sings  
When the leaves in the hollow have been dyed to match our faces  
Sittin' on the front porch swing

Oh we'll dream of the time when the bloom was on the cotton  
When our hearts chased the clouds like the swallow on the wing  
But the words to the rhyme are not the only thing forgotten  
Sittin' on the front porch swing  
Sittin' on the front porch swing