

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