

# Elton John, Porch Swing In Tupelo

There's a porch swing in Tupelo  
In the shade of the south  
Where the sweet honey drips off that old hush-yo'-mouth  
It's a slow road on down  
That old Natchez Trace  
Through Alabama cotton fields to a state of grace  
It's a crisp golden Autumn  
On the Tennessee line  
Rolling down to Mississippi like you headed back in time  
Town's closed on Sunday  
Everybody's in church  
It's empty as the moon this place here on earth

And this place don't change  
Some places move slow  
I'm just rocking myself on this porch swing in Tupelo  
I got nothing to do 'cept hang in the breeze  
Ghosts of the old south are all around me  
Yea swing high, yea swing low  
Here on this porch swing in Tupelo

His mama must have loved him  
That truck drivin' boy  
With the grease monkey look and the rock 'n roll voice  
Well I was just thinkin' 'bout him  
'Cause I guess he sat here  
Singing all praise to God through poverty's tears

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