

# Lyle Lovett, This Old Porch

(Robert Keen and Lyle Lovett)

This old porch is like a big old red and white Hereford bull  
Standing under a mesquite tree  
Out in Agua Dulce  
And he just keeps on playing hide and seek  
With that hot August sun  
Just a-sweatin' and a-pantin'  
Cause his work is never done

And this old porch is like a steaming, greasy plate of enchiladas  
With lots of cheese and onions  
And a guacamole salad  
And you can get'em down at the LaSalle Hotel  
In old downtown  
With iced tea and a waitress  
And she will smile every time

And this old porch is the Palace walk-in  
On the main street of Texas  
That's never seen the day  
Of G and R and Xs  
With that '62 poster  
That's almost faded down  
And a screen without a picture  
Since Giant came to town

And this old porch is like a weathered, gray-haired  
Seventy years of Texas  
Who's doing all he can  
Not to give in to the city  
And he always takes the rent late  
So long as I run his cattle  
And he picks me up at dinnertime  
And I listen to him rattle

He says the Brazos still runs muddy  
Just like she's run all along  
And there ain't never been no cane to grind  
The cotton's all but gone  
And you know this brand new Chevrolet  
Hell it was something back in '60  
But now there won't nobody listen to him  
'Cause they all think he's crazy

And this old porch is just a long time  
Of waiting and forgetting  
And remembering the coming back  
And not crying about the leaving  
And remembering the falling down  
And the laughter of the curse of luck  
From all of those passerby  
Who said we'd never get back up

This old porch is just a long time  
Of waiting and forgetting  
And remembering the coming back  
And not crying about the leaving  
And remembering the falling down  
And the laughter of the curse of luck  
From all of those sons-of-bitches  
Who said we'd never get back up