

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