

# Scotty Don't, Back Porch

Deliberating in New Orleans  
on what reality really means  
If nobody cares, nobody stares, and then there's nothing to compare  
Those ends can't justify the means  
But in my gospel state of mind  
I try to leave it all behind  
Just hold my body til my soul starts burning old  
But I can't help thinkin' 'bout throwing out all I been told

[Chorus]  
I'm sittin' on the back porch burnin' down my torch  
Lookin' all around, listen to the sound  
So many people, but there's none of them around  
Another day, another dollar made, another in the grave  
Another freed, another made a slave  
Well that's just me and what I see

Won't push my values in your head  
I Won't run your life through 'til you're dead  
All I ask is that much from you  
And I'll tell you right now that ain't hard to do

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