

Rascal Flatts, Mayberry

Sometimes it feels like this world is spinning faster
Than it did in the old days
So naturally we have more natural disasters
From the strain of a fast pace

Sunday was the day of rest
Now its one more day for progress
And we can't slow down
Cause more is best
It's all an endless process

Well I miss Mayberry
Sittin on the porch drinking ice cold Cherry --- Coke
Where everything is black & white
Pickin on a Six String
Where people pass by and you call them by their first name
Watching the clouds roll by
bye bye

Sometimes I can hear this old earth shouting
Through the trees as the wind blows
Thats when I climb up here on this mountain
To look through God's window

Now I can't fly
But I've got two feet
To get me high up here
Above the noise and city streets
My worries disappear

Well I miss Mayberry
Sittin on the porch drinking ice cold Cherry --- Coke
Where everything is black & white
Pickin on a Six String
Where people pass by and you call them by their first name
Watching the clouds roll by
bye bye

Sometimes I dream I'm driving down an old dirt road
Not even listed on the map
I pass a dad and his son carrying a fishing pole
But I always wake up everytime I try to turn back

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