Faulkner Street
Hayes Carll

G# C# Eb G#

G#
THE RECORD PLAYERS SCRATCHIN OUT AN OLD AND DUSTY TUNE
C#
ON THE FRONT PORCH, ON A SUNDAY, ON A LARKY AFTERNOON
Eb **G#**
WE RE LYIN ROUND LIKE GYPSIES, A-THINKIN BOUT GOIN TO TOWN

AND JIMMY S DRINKIN WHISKEY STRAIGHT LYIN INB THE SHADE
JAMIE S DANCIN ROUND THE KITCHEN WITH A GLASS OF LEMONADE
A-LOOKIN LIKE AN ANGEL WHO S NEVER GONNA TOUCH THE GROUND

CHORUS:
Eb C# G# Eb C# G#
TROUBLE IN MIND, ID NEVER LOSE THAT TIME
Eb C# G#
LIVIN FOR THE BEST, LEAVIN ALL THE REST BEHIND

NOW THEM BOYS FROM MORGAN COUNTY THEYRE A-COMIN OUT TONIGHT
WITH COUNTRY ON THE RADIO AND TROUBLE IN THEIR EYES
COME WALKIN UP THE DRIVEWAY SINGIN BOUT THE NIGHT BEFORE

AND WE LL HEAD UP TO THE MOUNTAIN PICKUP TRUCKS AND GUITARS
WE LL ALL SMOKE MARIJUANA AS WE LOOK UP AT THE STARS
A-RAISIN HELL FOR HOURS UNTIL WE CANT TAKE ANYMORE

REPEAT CHORUS

INSTRUMENTAL

NOW THERE S A PICTURE ON THE MANTLE TOP FILLED WITH OLD REGRETS
NOW THINGS I CANT REMEMBER AND THINGS I WONT FORGET
ID CALL YOU UP AND TELL YA, BUT BABY WE VE BEEN GONE TOO LONG

NOW THAT PORCH IS JUST A MEMORY AND THE RECORD PLAYER S BROKE
THEM HILLS HAVE GONE TO HOUSES AND JIMMY S GONE TO SMOKE
ID DO THE WHOLE THING OVER, DARLING JUST TO HEAR THAT SONG

REPEAT CHORUS

LIVIN FOR THE BEST, LEAVIN ALL THE REST BEHIND