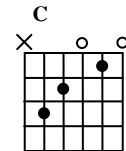
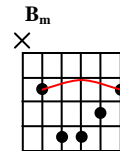


FLIES ON THE BUTTER

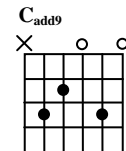
Author: Wynonna Judd



Intro G E_m C D G

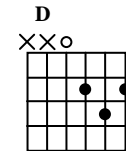
Verse 1

Old tin roof Leaves in the gutter
 A hole in the screen door as big as your fist and flies on the butter



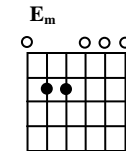
Verse 2

Mamaw baking sugar cookies We were watching cartoons
 I heard her holler from the kitchen Which one of you youngins wants to lick the spoon



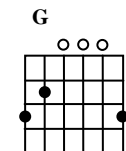
Verse 3

Yellow jackets on the watermelon Honeysuckle in the air
 Daddy turning on the sprinkler Us kids running through it in our underwear



Verse 4

Old dog napping on the front porch His ear just a-twitching
 Fell asleep on granddaddy's lap To the sound of his pocket watch ticking



Chorus

Whoa Oh, Whoa oh It doesn't seem like it was all that long ago
 Whoa Oh, Whoa oh You can dream about it every now and then but you can't go home again

Verse 5

Me and my best friend Kelly Set up a backyard camp
 Stole one of mama's mason jars Poked holes in the lid and made a fire fly lamp

Verse 6

Me and Jenny Humphrey Sneaking down by the river
 And I'm still haunted by the taste Of the kiss I was too scared to give her

Chorus

Instrumental C_{add9} D C_{add9} D

Verse 7

There's a black-top road A faded yellow centerline
 It can take you back to the place But it can't take you back in time

Chorus

Whoa Oh, Whoa oh It doesn't seem like it was all that long ago
 Whoa Oh, Whoa oh You can dream about it every now and then but you can't go home again

Verse 1

Old tin roof Leaves in the gutter
 A hole in the screen door as big as your fist and flies on the butter