

# Front Porch

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D

Summer nights on the front porch,

A

I was knee-high to a frog,

Bm

After supper with my grandfather

E7

A

Gathered for a song.

D

Simple songs with simple stories

A

That wove a magic spell.

Bm

But as he sang I knew not half

E7

A

Of what he had to tell.

G

The dust upon the holy book,

D

The lonely hobo's final ride,

Em

E7

The funeral of old faithful Shep,

A

Until I cried.

G

And then I begged to hear some more.

D

Well, maybe just a few.

Em

E7

And by the time the dusk was dark he'd sung

A

Every song he knew.

D

Late in life his daughter told me

A

A story I will long remember,

Bm

How his ship was out at sea

E7

A

That fateful morning in December.

D

When the word was radio'ed

A

All that they could tell:

Bm

A harbor full of friends and brothers

E7

A

All shot to hell.

F

“Jim, you’re older by a decade

C

Than most of these young boys.

Em

And we are under strictest orders

Am

Not to make a noise.

F

But I’ll risk you on the intercom

C

To soothe their souls as best you can.”

E7

A

And so, he took the microphone in hand.

G

The dust upon the holy book,

D

The lonely hobo’s final ride,

Em

E7

The funeral of old faithful Shep,

A

Lord, abide.

G

And with those songs he held together

D

A terrified young crew.

Em

E7

And by the time they got to shore he’d sung

A

Every song he knew.

D

The summer nights and the front porch

A

Now are both long past.

Bm

The music and the memories are

E7

A

The only things that last.

D

Secret heroes with secret stories

A

Fade away, one-by-one.

Bm

But as long as there are songs,

E7

A

They won't have to go

D

Unsung.