

Porchlight Glow

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A song about returning home to the ones
who never stopped waiting.

Left this town with a suitcase full of dreams,
Chased the bright lights, the neon, and the
schemes. But every mile, every step, every
winding road, Led me back to the porchlight glow.

**Mama's in the doorway, smile on her face,
Daddy's old truck's still parked in place. The
years may change, but some things don't, Like
the love in the porchlight glow.**

The gravel drive hums beneath
my wheels, Dust in the air, but
the welcome feels real. The same
oak tree, the swing sways slow,
Like it's waiting, like it knows.

REPEAT CHORUS

City lights don't shine as bright, As a front porch
burning warm at night. It's not just a house, it's
a home, And I know I'll never be alone

So I'll take my time, let the night
move slow, Bask in the warmth of the
porchlight glow

REPEAT CHORUS

Mama's in the doorway, smile on her face,
Daddy's old truck's still parked in place.

Roger Carroll-May(ASCAP)