Porter Gap Song
Written By: Dr. David M. Lucas
Summer 2005

Chorus

Take me back to Porter Gap; the place that I call home
Take me back to Porter Gap for the smell of ma’s corn pone
Take me back to Porter Gap; to the furnace school
Take me back to Porter Gap where I learned the golden rule

Deep in the valley where shadows seem to stay
Porter Gap keeps the secrets for all those gone away
The bridges and the meadows guard those silent hills
The creek sings a chorus about those lumber mills.
The fog in the distance hides that old graveyard
Loved ones we remember; their passing hit us hard

Mommy tended garden; daddy worked the mines.
Uncle cut the timber ‘til the snow filled the pines.
Biscuits on the griddle, smoke curls in the sky
All keep the memories of days that passed us by.
Fondly I remember blistering summer heat
A swim in the farm pond; the smell of hay so sweet

Bridge

The tracks are long gone
But their memory lives on.
The bed can be seen
Inside the evergreen
The trees testify
To all reasons why
Porter Gap remains
In history’s refrain.