

Bus Route

Tyler Childers

This is where we dropped off the prettiest little girl
Same grade as me
Tried to kiss her once in the aisle of the bus
And she walked right over me
Face-down in the gum on the floor
I was hopin' that she'd change her mind
But I swear as she walked down the stairs
She didn't even wave goodbye
Didn't even wave goodbye

Ray Dixon didn't take no lip
He'd kick you right off the bus
Stop by your house on the way out of the holler
And tell your momma where you was
He didn't need no driver's aid
To keep a bunch of kids in line
All he needed was a glare in the mirror
And a paddle that he carved from pine
Blisterin' punk kids alive

This is where we dropped off the prettiest little girl
Same grade as me
I held onto hope for eight long years
And by the time that I turned sixteen
I wasn't awkward, I's a real smooth talker
With my very own pickup truck
I'd take her home and if her parents weren't around
She'd bring me in and give me some
Bring me in and give me some

Safe to say nowadays ol' Ray
Can't keep a route very long
And I'm glad the little girl's dad
Never found out what was goin' on
I know he'd kill me in a minute
And he wouldn't have left no trace
Hogs'll eat 'bout anything you give 'em
And they don't let nothin' go to waste
Don't let nothin' go to waste

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