

## 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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