Pontiacs

Amanda Wilkinson

The Wisteria vines were climbin'
Every sunset was a watercolor
Had the promise of a perfect summer
Blue eyed boy with a red TransAmWe spent hours on his hood just laughing
In between the moonlight dancing
It was way too short but oh so sweet
I don't know what it was to him but it was love to meThat's why I hate Pontiac's
Black vinyl seats and Crackerjacks
With plastic rings they play it back
That goodbye scene on a warm September nightThat's why I hate river roads with the windows down
And Tupelo, oh I hate that town
'Cause all I know, that's where he was bound
And he never did come back, that's why I hate Pontiac'sI filed away my wounded pride
I found someone and loved again
Never take a trip to way back whenTill the radio plays a certain song
And it's like a finger on the trigger
Some old hurts they just hurt biggerMight have gotten past it long ago
But parts of yesterday
They get tattooed on your soulThat's why I hate Pontiac's
Black vinyl seats and Crackerjacks
With plastic rings they play it back
That goodbye scene on a warm September nightThat's why I hate river roads with the windows down
And Tupelo, oh I hate that town
'Cause all I know, that's where he was bound
And he never did come backThat's why I hate Pontiac's
Black vinyl seats we were maniacs
So wild and free, till he took it back
That he loved me and he drove off like the windThat's why I hate Scorpios you can't tie 'em down
And Tupelo, oh I hate that town
'Cause all I know, that's where he was bound
And he never did come back, that's why I hate Pontiac'sThat's why I hate Pontiac's

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