

# 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 TransAm  
We 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 me  
That'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 night  
That'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's  
I filed away my wounded pride  
I found someone and loved again  
Never take a trip to way back when  
Till the radio plays a certain song  
And it's like a finger on the trigger  
Some old hurts they just hurt bigger  
Might have gotten past it long ago  
But parts of yesterday  
They get tattooed on your soul  
That'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 night  
That'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'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 wind  
That'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's  
That's why I hate Pontiac's

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