

# Bronco

## Canaan Smith

Takes a summer time in dollars at minimum wage  
To buy some Pittsburg steel when you come of age and  
Even more to get it running and shinning like you did

It was two tone tar heel blue and white  
Couple kinwood speakers tuned just right  
Crazy how a car makes a king out of a kid  
It was sun down ready, hardtop heavy, shotgun girlfriend primed.  
Just some teenage no fear, half bald good years that still turned on a dime

It was freedom calling pulling you down that backroad  
It was our time flying and a hell of a ride in that bronco

Momma still puts flowers out by your grave  
Daddy pulls against Ford in Sunday's race  
And Leah has a hard time thinking she's older than you  
And me I still see you backing out in reverse the headlights bright behind your hurst  
If I only could fix things like someone I once knew

I wouldn't be sitting tangled mangled full of county junk yard pain  
All busted rusted out here cussing crying out your name

It was freedom calling pulling you down that backroad  
It was our time flying and a hell of a ride in that bronco

It was a hell of a ride

It was freedom calling pulling you down that backroad  
It was our time flying and a hell of a ride in that bronco

It was small town high hopes  
Why it ended there only heaven knows

A brother a hero and a hell of a ride in that bronco

It was a hell of a ride  
Takes a lifetime of prayers on bend and knee to try to come to peace with your memory

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