

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 shining like you did
It was two toned tar heel blue and white
Couple kenwood speakers tuned just right
Crazy how a car makes a king out of a kid
It was sun down ready, hardtop heavy, shotgun girlfriend proud
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 hearse
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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