

Suds In The Bucket

written by Billy Montana and Jenai



^G She was in the backyard, say it was a little past
^C nine.

^C When her prince pulled up, a white pickup
^G truck. Her folks should've seen it coming,
^C it was only just a matter of time.

^C Plenty old enough and you can't stop ^G love.
^G She stuck a note on the screen door, 'sorry but I
^C got to go'. And that was all she wrote, her
^G mama's heart was broke.

^C That was all she wrote, so the story goes.

[BRIDGE 1]

^{Em} Now her daddy's in the kitchen, staring out the
^D window.

^C Scratchin' and a rackin' his ^G brains.
^{Em} How can eighteen years just up and walk away. ^D ^C

^{Em} Our little pony tailed girl grown up to be a
^D woman,

^C now she's gone in the blink of an eye. ^G

^G She left her suds in the bucket,
^D and her clothes hanging out on the line. ^G

Now don't you wonder what the preacher's
gonna preach about Sunday mornin'.
Nothing quite like this, has happened here
before.

Well he must've been a looker,
a smooth talking son-of-a-gun.
For such a grounded girl, to just up and run.
Cause you can't fence time, and you can't stop
love.

[BRIDGE 2]

Now all the Betty's in the beauty shop, gossip
going nonstop,
sippin' on pink lemonade.

How could eighteen years just up and walk
away?

Our little pony tailed girl grown up to be a
woman,

now she's gone in a blink of an eye.

She left her suds in the bucket,
and her clothes hanging out on the line.

[BRIDGE 3]

She's got her pretty little bare feet,
hanging out the window, and they're headed
up to Vegas tonight.

How could eighteen years just up and walk
away?

Our little pony tailed girl grown up to be a
woman,

now she's gone in the blink of an eye.

She left her suds in the bucket,
and her clothes hanging out on the line.

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She was in the backyard, say it was a little past
nine.

When her prince pulled up, a white pickup
truck

Plenty old enough and you can't stop love.
No you can't fence time, and you can't stop
love.