

## **Kellie Pickler**

# **"Suds In The Bucket"**

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She was in the backyard - they say it was a little past  
nine  
When her prince pulled up - a white pickup truck  
Her folks shoulda seen it comin' - it was only just a  
matter of time  
Plenty old enough - and you can't stop love  
She stuck a note on the screen door - "sorry but I got to  
go"  
That was all she wrote - her mama's heart was broke  
That was all she wrote - so the story goes

Now her daddy's in the kitchen - starin' out the window  
Scratchin' and a rackin' his brains  
How could 18 years just up and walk away  
Our little pony-tailed girl grewed up to be a woman  
Now she's gone in the blink of an eye  
She left the suds in the bucket  
And the clothes hangin' out on the line

Now don't you wonder what the preacher's gonna  
preach about Sunday morn  
Nothin' quite like this has happened here before  
Well he must have been a looker - smooth talkin' son of  
a gun  
For such a grounded girl - to just up and run  
Course you can't fence time - and you can't stop love

Now all the biddy's in the beauty shop gossip goin' non-  
stop  
Sippin' on pink lemonade  
How could 18 years just up and walk away  
Our little pony-tailed girl grewed up to be a woman  
Now she's gone in the blink of an eye  
She left the suds in the bucket  
And the clothes hangin' out on the line

She's got her pretty little bare feet hangin' out the  
window  
And they're headin' up to Vegas tonight  
How could 18 years just up and walk away  
Our little pony-tailed girl grewed up to be a woman  
Now she's gone in the blink of an eye

She left the suds in the bucket  
And the clothes hangin' out on the line

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