

Lori McKenna

"Silver Buss"

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Laundry hangs by a wire
In our yard but I've no desire
To go and pick it off one shoulder at time

But I must, how it calls me
Broomed out the rugs in the hallway
Another day again, not a moment goes by

But I've left my head in your jacket
Could you check there, I think you must have it
Because I have no,
No desire to leave...

The TV must be the devil
You see me staring, I'm able
To fetch next great silver bus out of town

But I've left my head in your jacket
Could you check there, I think you must have it
Because I have no,
No desire to leave...

To leave, No...

Well I've chopped the wood for the fire
And I should be, but I do not tire
The kindling sparks and up the fire goes

And I've left my head in your jacket
Could you check there, I think you must have it
Because I have no,
No desire to leave...

Leave...

Leave...

Leave...

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