Howard Rebecca Lynn "That's Why I Hate Pontiacs"

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Wisteria vines were covered:
Every sunset was a watercolor;
Had the promise of a perfect summer.
A blue-eyed boy with a red TransAm:
We spent hours on his hood just laughin',
In between the moonlight dancin'.
An' it was way too short but oh, so sweet.

Don't know what it was to him but it was love to me.

That's why I hate Pontiacs:

Black vinyl seats and crackerjacks with plastic rings. They play it back, that goodbye scene on a warm September night.

That's why I hate river roads with the windows down,
And Tupelo: oh, I hate that town,
'Cause all I know is that's where he was bound,
And he never did come back.
That's why I hate Pontiacs.

I filed away my wounded pride.
I found someone and loved again:
Never take a trip to way back when.
'Til the radio plays a certain song,
And it's like a finger on the trigger:
Some old hurts they just hurt bigger.
I might have gotten past it long ago,
But parts of yesterday, they get tattooed on your soul.
That's why I hate Pontiacs:
Black vinyl seats and crackerjacks with plastic rings.
They play it back, that goodbye scene on a warm
September night.

That's why I hate river roads with the windows down, And Tupelo: oh, I hate that town, 'Cause all I know is that's where he was bound, An' he never did come back.
That's why I hate Pontiacs.

That's why I hate Pontiacs.

That's why I hate Pontiacs
Black vinyl seats: we were maniacs: so wild and free,
Till he took it back: that he loved me and he drove off

like the wind.

That's why I hate Scorpios: you can't tie 'em down,

And Tupelo: Lord, I hate that town,

'Cause all I know is that's where he was bound,

An' he never did come back. That's why I hate Pontiacs.

That's why I hate Pontiacs.

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