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Tinman Jones "Church Bus"

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There were 32 of us Packed into an old churchbus Back seat was reigning king Shotgun, it didn't mean a thing We'd washed a thousand cars To land a ticket

Move over let me in this thing No kissy on the old churchbus Brake down about every two hours or so Pile em in, load em up, Let's go!

Take me to summer Take me to Sunday Take me to womewhere till the wheels fall off, Hey! Take me to heaven, till the sun goes down We'll ride, We'll ride alright

We'd ride and sing all night Youth pastor flips the light Asleep with head on knees Everyone hand check if you please We'd never own a car If we could help it Move over let me in this thing No kissy on the old churchbus Brake down about every two hours or so Pile em in, load em up, Let's Go!

Take me to summer Take me to Sunday Take me to somewhere till the wheels fall off, Hey! Take me to heaven till the sun goes down We'll ride, we'll ride alright

Move over I'm burnin' up Broke down about two hours ago so

We'll ride, we'll ride, alright.

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