

# Bracket, Tractor

I sit in the boring hot sun  
Riding on top of my big John Deere  
With all of the noise from the engine  
It's no wonder that I can't hear

There is one thing that I know is true  
There isn't anything else I can do  
I don't wanna drive (x2)

The sun beats down on my head  
It's starting to make all my skin bake  
With all of this bouncing around  
It's no wonder that my bones ache

There is one thing that I know is true  
There isn't anything else I can do  
I don't wanna drive (x2)

I don't wanna chew tobacco  
I don't wanna wear your boots  
I don't wanna drive your tractor, no. . .

I look to see the sun go down  
A smile stretches across my red face  
I'm so happy the day is over  
Now I can wake up from my daze

I don't wanna drive (x3)