

Rebecca Lynn Howard, That's Why I Hate Pontia

The Wysteria vines were climbin'
Every sunset was a watercolor,
The promise of a perfect summer
A blue eyed boy with a red TransAm.
We spent hours on his hood just laughing
In between the moonlight just dancing.
And 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 in 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.
Might have gotten past it long ago
but parts of yesterday ... they get tattooed on your soul

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That's why I hate Pontiacs

That's why I hate Pontiacs
Black vinyl seats
We were maniacs.
So wild and free 'til 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
And he never did come back.

That's why I hate Pontiacs