

# Sara Evans, Suds In The Bucket

She was in the backyard, say it was a little past nine  
When her prince pulled up, a white pickup truck  
Her folks shoulda seen it comin', it was only just a matter of time  
Plenty old enough, and you can't stop love  
She stuck a note on the screen door, &quot;sorry but I got to go&quot;  
And that was all she wrote, her mama's heart was broke  
That was all she wrote, so the story goes

Now her daddy's in the kitchen starin' out the window  
Scratchin' and a-rackin' his brains  
How could eighteen years just up and walk away?  
Our little ponytail girl grewed up to be a woman  
Now she's gone in the blink of an eye  
She left the suds in the bucket and the clothes hangin' out on the line

Now don't you wonder what the preacher's gonna preach about Sunday morn'  
Nothin' quite like this has happened here before  
Well, he must have been a looker, a smooth-talkin' son of a gun  
For such a grounded girl to just up and run  
'Course you can't fence time, and you can't stop love

Now all the biddys in the beauty shop, gossip goin' nonstop  
Sippin' on pink lemonade  
How could eighteen years just up and walk away?  
Our little ponytail girl grewed up to be a woman  
Now she's gone in the blink of an eye  
She left the suds in the bucket and the clothes hangin' out on the line

She's got her pretty little bare feet hangin' out the window  
And they're headin' up to Vegas tonight  
How could eighteen years just up and walk away?  
Our little ponytail girl grewed up to be a woman  
Now she's gone in the blink of an eye  
She left the suds in the bucket and the clothes hangin' out on the line  
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She was in the backyard, say it was a little past nine  
When her prince pulled up, a white pickup truck  
Plenty old enough, and you can't stop love  
No, you can't fence time, and you can't stop love