

Tinman Jones, Church Bus

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 somewhere 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.