

# That's Why I Hate Pontiacs

Rebecca Lynn Howard

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  
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 Scorpions  
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