

Suds In The Bucket

Artist: Sara Evans

Song: Suds In The Bucket

She was in the backyard - they 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 - "sorry but I got to go"
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 18 years just up and walk away
Our little pony-tailed 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 - 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 biddy's in the beauty shop gossip goin' non-stop
Sippin' on pink lemonade
How could 18 years just up and walk away
Our little pony-tailed 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 18 years just up and walk away
Our little pony-tailed 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