

# If This Bus Could Talk

Kenny Chesney

He was there when I started,  
In Knoxville Tennessee  
Hope none for patty and loveless,  
November of ninety-three Full of friends, mom, and uncle Butch  
And the crowd was really small  
He'd say I was a scared kid,  
If this bus could talk Some nights we'd dance with the devil  
Some nights we'd pray to the Lord  
Between vibrant passes and rubber arena glasses  
He was never really bored We were starry eyed dreamers,  
Bouncing off the wall  
And all the stories he could tell,  
If this bus could talk  
He'd sing of pool halls in Texas  
And have a corn dog in county fair  
Girls that we made cry,  
Some crowds that didn't care And Bobby road us down in Bama  
He kept rocking through it all  
All the stories he could tell,  
If this bus could talk Late night conversations,  
Full of drunk philosophy  
On politics and religion, football and family The lovers that we missed,  
And the lovers that we lost  
All the secrets he could share  
If this bus could talk  
He'd seen Virginia Beach,  
Caught in a hurricane  
He roads I wish I never met  
But he ain't naming names We learned the code of the road at the grizzly rose  
When we had a bone  
All the stories he could serve  
If this bus could talk Many years of summers,  
And I hope it never ends  
Been down so many highways,  
Full of twists and turns and bends We caught lightning in a bottle,  
Somehow we survived it all  
All the stories he could tell,  
If this bus could talk As I leave the stage,  
Still high from your applause  
He'd tell you that I love you,  
If this bus could talk  
If this bus could talk,

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>