

Tractor

Bracket

I sit in the boring hot sun
Riding on top of my big John Deere
With all of the noise from the engine
It's no wonder that I can't hear

There is one thing that I know is true
There isn't anything else I can do
I don't wanna drive
I don't wanna drive

The sun beats down on my head
It's starting to make all my skin bake
With all of this bouncing around
It's no wonder that my bones ache

There is one thing that I know is true
There isn't anything else I can do
I don't wanna drive
I don't wanna drive

I don't wanna chew tobacco
I don't wanna wear your boots
I don't wanna drive your tractor
No

I look to see the sun go down
A smile stretches across my red face
I'm so happy the day is over
Now I can wake up from my daze

I don't wanna drive
I don't wanna drive
I don't wanna drive