

Hose Water

Dillon Carmichael

Wore cutoff blue jeans
And not a drop of sunscreen
We drove trucks at 15
Bald tires making hayfield ruts

A Chevy key in your right hand
Punch a hole in a beer can
Acting tough chewing red man
And you'd get your butt tore up
If mama ever heard you cuss

Yeah, that's just the way it was
Way back where I grew up
Bare feet on a county road
Stealing kisses on a turn row
It's been a minute, yeah, it's been a while
But I'd drive a million two-lane miles
To a town that's smaller
And gas was a dollar
When the days got hotter
You'd take a sip of that hose water

First smoke in a parking lot
Second base was far as you got
Filling signs full of buckshot
At least the one you didn't run through
When there wasn't nothing else to do

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Days were slower
World was younger
Time was simpler
Momma yelled supper
Problems were fewer
Lived for the summer
Wish I'd known I'd never get another

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