

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

When 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,
If this bus could talk
If this bus could talk