

Gm **F** **D#**
 "How could eighteen years just up and walk a-way?"
Gm **F**
 Our little pony-tailed girl, grewed up to be a woman,
D# **A#**
 Now she's gone in the blink of an eye.
A#
 She left the suds in the bucket,
F **A# - F - A#**
 And the clothes hangin out on the line,

[Verse 3]

A# **D#** **A#**
 Now don't you wonder what the preacher's gonna preach about Sunday morn?,
D# F A#
 Nothin' quite like this, has happened here be-fore.
D# A#
 Well he must've been a looker, a smooth-talkin' son-of-a-gun,
D# F A#
 For such a grounded girl, to just up and run.

[Refrain]

D# F A#
 'Course you can't fence time, and you can't stop love.

[Chorus]

Gm
 Now all the bitties in the beauty shop,
F D# A#
 Gossip going non-stop, sippin' on pink lemon-ade:
Gm F D#
 "How could eighteen years just up and walk a-way?"
Gm F
 Our little pony-tailed girl, grewed up to be a woman,
D# A#
 Now she's gone in the blink of an eye.
A#
 She left the suds in the bucket,
F A#
 And the clothes hangin' out on the line, ye-hoo!

[Interlude]

A# D# A# A#
D# D# A# A#
A# D# A# A#
D# D# A# A#
D# D# A# A#

[Chorus]

Gm
 She's got her pretty little bare feet,
F D# A#
 Hangin' out the window and their headed up to Vegas to-night:
Gm F D#
 "How could eighteen years just up and walk a-way?"

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.

[Refrain]

She left the suds in the bucket,
And the clothes hangin' out on the line,

[Outro]

She was in the backyard say it was a little past nine,
When her prince pulled up, a white pickup truck,
Plenty old e-nough, and you can't stop love,
No you can't fence time, and you can't stop loooooove!