

Alan Jackson - Drive

```
A young boy two hands on the wheel
                Eb (forma dos acordes no tom de B )
                                                                 I can't replace the way it made me feel
Capostraste na 4ª casa
                                                                 And I would press that clutch and I'd keep it right
It was painted red
                                                                 And he'd say a little slower son
The stripe was white
                                                                 You're doin' just fine
It was eighteen feet from bow to stern light
                                                                 Just a dirt road with trash on each side
Second hand, from a dealer in Atlanta
                                                                 But I was Mario Andretti
I rode up with daddy when he went there to get her
                                                                 When daddy let me drive
Put on a shine, put on a motor
                                                                 G D C D x2 D
Built out of love and made for water
Ran her for years, til' the transom got rotten
                                                                 I'm grown up now
A piece of my childhood that'll never be forgotten
                                                                 Three daughters of my own
                                                                 I let 'em drive my old jeep
It was just an old plywood boat
                                                                 'Cross the pasture at our home
With a seventy-five Johnson, and electric choke
                                                                 Maybe one day they'll reach back in their file
A young boy two hands on the wheel
                                                                 And pull out that old memory
I can't replace the way it made me feel \bar{}
                                                                 And think of me and smile
I would turn her sharp and I would make it wide
                                                                 And say
He'd say you can't be the way a old wood boat rides
Just a little lake 'cross the Alabama line
                                                                 It was just an old worn out jeep
But I was king of the ocean
                                                                 Rusty old floor boards
When daddy let me drive
                                                                 Hot on my feet
                                                                 A young girl two hands on the wheel
Just an old half-ton short bed Ford
                                                                 I can't replace the way it made me feel
My uncle bought new in sixty-four
                                                                 And he'd say turn it left and steer it right
Daddy got it right cause the engine was smoking
                                                                 Straighten up girl, your doing just fine
A couple of burnt valves and he \underline{g}ot it goin'
                                                                 Just a little valley by the river where we'd ride
He'd let me drive her and we'd haul off a load
                                                                 But I was high on a mountain
Down a dirt strip where we'd dump trash
                                                                 When daddy let me drive
Off of Thigpen road
                                                                 Daddy let me drive
I'd sit up in the seat and stretch my feet out to the pedals
                                                                 Oh he let me drive
Smiling like a hero
Who just received his medal
                                                                 She's just old plywood boat
                                                                 With a seventy-five Johnson
It was just an old hand-me down Ford
                                                                 With electric choke
With a three speed on the column and a dent in the door
Acordes
     Еb
                                       ukulele-chords.com
```