

Alan Jackson - Drive

tom:
Eb (forma dos acordes no tom de B)
Capostrate na 4ª casa

It was painted red
The stripe was white
It was eighteen feet from bow to stern light
Second hand, from a dealer in Atlanta
I rode up with daddy when he went there to get her
Put on a shine, put on a motor
Built out of love and made for water
Ran her for years, til' the transom got rotten
A piece of my childhood that'll never be forgotten

It was just an old plywood boat
With a seventy-five Johnson, and electric choke
A young boy two hands on the wheel
I can't replace the way it made me feel
I would turn her sharp and I would make it wide
He'd say you can't be the way a old wood boat rides
Just a little lake 'cross the Alabama line
But I was king of the ocean
When daddy let me drive

Just an old half-ton short bed Ford
My uncle bought new in sixty-four
Daddy got it right cause the engine was smoking
A couple of burnt valves and he got it goin'
He'd let me drive her and we'd haul off a load
Down a dirt strip where we'd dump trash
Off of Thigpen road
I'd sit up in the seat and stretch my feet out to the pedals
Smiling like a hero
Who just received his medal

It was just an old hand-me down Ford
With a three speed on the column and a dent in the door

A young boy two hands on the wheel
I can't replace the way it made me feel
And I would press that clutch and I'd keep it right
And he'd say a little slower son
You're doin' just fine
Just a dirt road with trash on each side
But I was Mario Andretti
When daddy let me drive

G D C D x2 D

I'm grown up now
Three daughters of my own
I let 'em drive my old jeep
'Cross the pasture at our home
Maybe one day they'll reach back in their file
And pull out that old memory
And think of me and smile
And say

It was just an old worn out jeep
Rusty old floor boards
Hot on my feet
A young girl two hands on the wheel
I can't replace the way it made me feel
And he'd say turn it left and steer it right
Straighten up girl, your doing just fine
Just a little valley by the river where we'd ride
But I was high on a mountain
When daddy let me drive
Daddy let me drive
Oh he let me drive

She's just old plywood boat
With a seventy-five Johnson
With electric choke

Acordes

