

# 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

