

Alan Jackson - Drive (When Daddy let me...)

Tom: **B**

Essa é pra galera que curte música country, não consegui pegar o solo do meio, mas estou trabalhando nele ;-)

B **Gb**
Was painted red, the stripe was white,
E
It was 18 feet from the bow to the stern light.
B **Gb**
Second hand from a dealer in Atlanta,
E
I rode up with Daddy when he went there to get her.
B **Gb**
Put on a shine, put on the motor,
E
Built out of love, made for the water.
B **Gb**
Ran her for years 'til the transom got rotten,
E
A piece of my childhood that'll never be forgotten. It was,

B **Gb**
Just an old plywood boat,
E
With a '75 Johnson, with electric choke.
B **Gb**
A young boy, two hands on the wheel,
E
I can't replace the way it made me feel,
B **Gb**
And I would turn her sharp and I'd, make it whine,
E
He'd say, you can't beat the way an old wood boat rides.
Abm **Db**
Just a little lake across the Alabama line,
E **Gb** **B**
But I was king of the ocean, when daddy let me
Gb **E** **Gb**
drive.

B **Gb**
Just an old half-ton short bed Ford,
E
My uncle bought it new in '64.
B **Gb**
Daddy got it ridin', 'cause the engine was smokin',
E
Couple of burnt valves and he had it goin'.
B **Gb**
He'd let me drive her and we'd haul off a load,
E
Down a dirt strip where we'd dump trash, off of Thigpen Road.
B **Gb**
I'd sit up in the seat, and stretch my feet out to the pedals,
E

Smilin' like a hero that just received his medal. It was,

B **Gb**
Just an old hand-me down Ford,
E
With 3-speed on the column, and a dent in the door.
B **Gb**
A young boy, two hands on the wheel,
E
I can't replace the way it made me feel,
B **Gb**
And I would press that clutch, and I'd keep it right,
E
And he'd say, a little slower son, you're doin' just fine.
Abm **Db**
Just a dirt road with trash on each side,
E **Gb** **B**
But I was Mario Andretti when daddy let me drive.

Gb **E** **Gb** **B** **Gb** **E** **Gb**
INSTRUMENTAL

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

B **Gb**
It was just an old worn out jeep,
E
With rusty old floorboards that were hot on my feet.
B **Gb**
A young girl, two hands on the wheel,
E
I can't replace the way it made me feel,
B **Gb**
And he'd say, turn it left and steer it right,
E
Straighten up girl now, you're doin' just fine.
Abm **Db**
Just a little valley, by the river where we'd ride,
E **Gb** **B**
But I was high on a mountain, when Daddy let me drive.
Gb **E** **Gb**
When Daddy let me drive.
B **Gb** **E** **Gb**
Oh he let me drive.

B **Gb**
She's just an old plywood boat,
E **B**
With a '75 Johnson, with electric choke....

Acordes

