

# 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  
With a '75 Johnson, with electric choke.... B

## Acordes

