

# 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

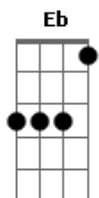
G D C D x2 D

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

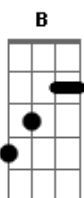
It was just an old worn out jeep  
Rusty old floor boards  
Hot on my feet  
A young girl two hands on the wheel  
I can't replace the way it made me feel  
And he'd say turn it left and steer it right  
Straighten up girl, your doing just fine  
Just a little valley by the river where we'd ride  
But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

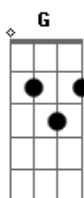
## Acordes



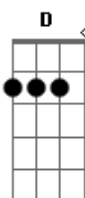
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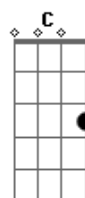
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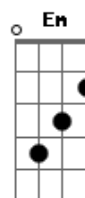
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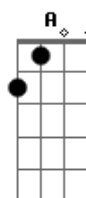
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