Drake's Dad

Arkells

We were rolling down Beale street
In the Tennessee summer heat
I can't say it's the land of free
But I'll tell ya, the booze runs cheap
And there we met Drake's dad
Told him we came from Hamilton
He said he knew a Canadian girl
Who had a thing for Americans
And all the girls back home will tell you
Some grown ass men acting like boysThere's some Peter Pan shit we're tryna work out
But when Sunday comes around, will you dig us on out?
So we can be in your arms again
Let me be in your arms againBecause I hold you (so high)
Well let me hold you (so tight)
So won't you hold up (that light)
So I can come home to find you?
Yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeahWe took the 40 down to Nashville
We started getting a bit irrational
The place was asking had questions
For a bunch of bachelors
So we stumbled down Broadway
Everybody getting sloppy
We met some girls getting married
But they came here to party
And no one knows how we made it back to the hotel
Adam took off his pants again, yes he didThere's some Peter Pan shit we're tryna work out
But when Sunday comes around, will you dig us on out?
So we can be in your arms again
Girl, let me be in your arms againBecause I hold you (so high)
Well let me hold you (so tight)
So won't you hold up (that light)
So I can come home to find you?
Yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah
Bring her on up
B-b-bring her on upI do my best thinking, thinking in the shower
Sometimes I do my pre-drinking, drinking in the shower
So i think about my neighbors and the politics and labor

Between Karl and Groucho, I couldn't tell you which I favorBecause I hold you (so high)
Well let me hold you (so tight)
So won't you hold up (that light)
Why won't you hold on that line
I'm coming for ya
Because I hold you (so high)
Well let me hold you (so tight)
So won't you hold up (that light)
So I can come home to find you?Hold up that light
I'm lost at sea
But I'm coming home

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