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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