

# Drive (For Daddy Gene)

Alan Jackson

It was painted red the stripe was white  
It was eighteen feet from the bow to the stern light  
Secondhand from a dealer in Atlanta  
I rode up with daddy when he went there to get her  
He put on a shine, put on a motor  
Built out of love, made for the water  
Ran it for years, till the transom got rotten  
A piece of my childhood that will never be forgotten  
It was just an old plywood boat  
With a 75 Johnson, with electric choke  
A young boy two hands on the wheel  
I can't replace the way it made me feel  
And I would turn her sharp, make it whine  
He'd say, "You can't beat the way an old wood boat rides"  
Just a little lake across 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 '64  
Daddy got it right 'cause the engine was smoking  
A couple of burnt valves and he had it going  
He let me drive her when 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 that 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 would keep it right  
And he'd say, "A little slower son you're doing just fine"  
Just a dirt road with trash on each side, but I was Mario Andretti  
When daddy let me drive I'm grown up now three daughters of my own  
I let them drive my old Jeep across 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 floorboard, 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, now you're 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 an old plywood boat  
With a 75 Johnson with electric choke

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