Drive On

Blacklist Royals

Get in the car and let's go
We're meeting some
Wild young girls we know
The four tops are playing
And we got some weed
And there's a pretty little blonde barely past eighteen
With hips that are shaking
Right in time
And they're waiting one mile past
The county line

We got one more mile
Drive On

Country like a runaway train
Matt's popping pills
And a gator's doing cocaine
Six pack of jax up on my dash
I can't see straight
And i don't look back
Staring at the stars
And drinking cherry wine
I said have a little love brother
Cut me a line

Better get ready
We better get ready to go

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