

Syllables

Drivin' N' Cryin'

Run me down and carry me
Mr.Lawman, fine, I saw your book
Hold It high and see me run Won't you let me come undone?
My magic carpet needs a ride Little Mr.Sister, well, I can I tell ya
That I mess ya, when I can I run a minute
Without asking your son Hold me down and I will run
He was just a friend of mine
But I can move his soul aside Lawman, down I'll set you
On a street
Lying down, I'll paint a mustache My gorgeous hair and the sun
And I we were just in love without
I like how everybody saw

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