Dragline

PAW

Big man, big hands
Strong back, strong mind
Golden glove, at 16
Good looking like steve mcqueen
I'm dumb, he's mad
I push to fight
He says, "let's go"
I said, "all right"
Hey, i said, "okay"Yeah, poppa bought a pick-up truck
With bottle tops and that's enough
A beat up piece of chevrolet
Blue and white rustin' away
Aww, still we ride
Yeah, just father and son
Small child, front seat
Mouth in dad's ear
As they drive that truck
In the night, in the night
Looking up at the night
Through dark windshields
Buster browns won't reach
I ask to drive
And he says, "okay"Well, papa bought a pick up truck
With bottle tops and that's enough
A beat up piece of chevrolet
Blue and white rustin' away
Aw, still we ride
Yeah, just father and son
Cool hand says, "i'm a man who can eat fifty eggs"
And, "sayin' it's your job, don't make it, make it right"
We laugh, we cry
We say, "that's right"
He says, "let's drive"
We say, "all right"
Yeah, we said, "okay"Papa says, "let's go for a ride"
"oh, we'll grab a bite to eat"
"hell boy, might even let you drive"
I said, "hey pop, oh, turn up the radio"
"aw, 'cause that's my favorite song"

"hey, that's my favorite song"
As we went along
Oh, roll down your window
As we went along
Yeah, just father and son
Hey, just like we were
Yeah, a father and son
Hey papa, "dairy queen sounds good to me"
And papa, "pull off here, i've got to take a leak"
And papa, "you're gonna have to kill me, to keep me down"
And papa, you laugh when i say,
"move it up here, dragline"
Oh, dragline
Uh, uh, uh
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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