

# Drive

Casey James

I don't care if it's a highway or a dirty county road  
I don't care if I'm leaving or coming home  
I don't know if it's the song on that too loud radio  
I don't know if it's the smell of that burning smoke  
Here I go

Headed out to nowhere like a bullet from a gun  
Putting miles on me and the wheels I'm rollin' on  
Slide on over baby and I'll take you for a ride  
I just like to drive  
Well, I just like to drive

Well I love to feel my worn out boots stompin' on the gas  
Love to see your bare feet tappin' on the dash  
Love to see your hand girl swinging in the breeze  
And I'm done burning up a tank of gasoline  
Smells so sweet

Headed out to nowhere like a bullet from a gun  
Putting miles on me and the wheels I'm rollin' on  
Slide on over baby and I'll take you for a ride  
I just like to drive  
Well, I just like to drive

Headed out to nowhere like a bullet from the gun  
Putting miles on me and the wheels I'm rolling on  
Slide on over baby and I'll take you for a ride  
I just like to drive  
Well, I just like to drive  
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