

**Drive For Daddy Gene**  
**Alan Jackson**

Capo on 4th Fret

the **G C D** repeat through out the song. Listen for the timing

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[Verse 1]

**G** **D**  
was painted red, the stripe was white  
**C** **D**  
was eighteen feet from bow to stern lite  
**G** **D**  
was second hand from a dealer in atlanta  
**C** **D**  
I rode up with daddy when he went up to get her  
**G** **D**  
put on a shine put on a motor  
**C** **D**  
built out of love and made for the water  
**G** **D**  
ran her for years til the transom got rotten  
**C** **D**  
a piece of my childhood will never be forgotten

[Chorus]

**G** **D**  
It was just an old plywood boot,  
**C** **D**  
a 75 johnson with an electric choke  
**G** **D**  
a young boy two hands on the wheel  
**C** **D**  
I cant replace the way it made me feel  
**G** **D**  
and I would turn her sharp and Id make it whine  
**C** **D**  
an hed say you cant beat the way an old wood boat rides  
**G** **D**  
just a little lake cross the alabama line  
**C** **D**  
but I was king of the ocean when daddy let me...drive

[Verse 2]

just an old half ton short bed ford  
that my uncle bought new in 64  
daddy got it ridin cause the engine was smokin  
couple a burnt valves and he had it goin  
he let me drive her and wed haul off a load  
down a dirt strip were wed dump trash  
off the thick end road Id set up in the seat  
stretch my feet out to the pedals  
smilin like a hero whod just receiveds his medal

[Chorus]

it was just an old hand me down ford  
with three speed on the column and a dent in the door  
a young boy with two hands on the wheel  
I cant describe the way it made me feel  
I would press that clutch and I would keep it ridin  
and hed say a little slower son youre doin just fine  
just an old dirt road with trash on each side  
but I was mario andretti when daddy let me...drive

[Bridge]

Im grown up now 3 daughters of my own  
I let em drive my old jeep across the pasture at our home  
maybe one day theyll reach back in their file  
and pull out that old memory and think of me and smile  
it was just an old worn out jeep  
with rusted out floorboards hot on my feet  
a young girl two hands on the wheel  
I cant replace the way it made me feel  
an hed say turn it left and steer it right  
straighten up girl now youre doin just fine  
just a little river in the valley where wed ride

[Chorus]

but I was high on the mountain when daddy let me...drive  
shes just an old plywood boat a 75 johnson with an electric choke