

Rag Top Down

Little Feat

Better beware 'cause I'm back in town
Driving my Chevvy with the rag-top down
Beware of what, well I don't know
I'm all shook up and ready to go

Rag-top, rag-top, what'll I do
Pop in miles, and 'Kind of Blue'
Been out chasing that long white line
Rolling down the mountsin on Highway 9

Out in the wide world running around
Driving my Chevvy with the rag-top down
Rag-top down

Set them up ladies, I'm coming to town
Driving my Chevvy with the rag-top down
All the ladies flash a smile or two
Relax sweet mama, that's all they do

Rag-top, rag-top, Highway 9
Santa Cruz to the county line
Hit San Jose with a twist of time
Wind in my hair, heart full of crime

Out in the wide world running around
Driving my Chevvy with the rag-top down
Rag-top down

San Jose is a low-rider town
No place to ride with the rag-top down
Kick the engine into cruise control
Rolling up the ramp to San Francisco

101 is the road to ride
Run out of gas and pull to the side
Stick out my thumb but no one stops
Keeping an eye peeled for the cops

Out in the wide world running around
Driving my Chevvy with the rag-top down
Rag-top down

Few minor warrants, nothing large
Enough to pull me in on charges
Redwood City, shoulder my pack
Siphon some gas, take a taxi back

Rag-top, rag-top, what'll I do
Baby I'm so in love with you
Say you'll take me back some time
I'll head back home up Highway 9

Out in the wide world running around
Driving my Chevvy with the rag-top down
Rag-top down

San Fancisco is the type of town

To drive my Chevvy with the rag-top down
I cruise around until it's dark
Still can't find no plae to park

Rag-top, rag-top, what'll I do
Turn my ass round home to you
Beg your pardo on bended knees
Take the pledge, hand over my keys

Out in the wide world running around
Driving my Chevvy with the rag-top down
Rag-top down

Driving my Chavvy
Driving my Chevvy
Driving my Chevvy
With the rag-top down