Drake's Dad

We were rolling down Beale street In the Tennessee summer heat I can't say it's the land of free But I'll tell ya, the booze runs cheap And there we met Drake's dad Told him we came from Hamilton He said he knew a Canadian girl Who had a thing for Americans And all the girls back home will tell you Some grown ass men acting like boys

There's some Peter Pan shit we're tryna work out But when Sunday comes around, will you dig us on out? So we can be in your arms again Let me be in your arms again

Because I hold you (so high) Well let me hold you (so tight) So won't you hold up (that light) So I can come home to find you? Yeah, yeah Yeah, yeah

We took the 40 down to Nashville We started getting a bit irrational The place was asking had questions For a bunch of bachelors So we stumbled down Broadway Everybody getting sloppy We met some girls getting married But they came here to party And no one knows how we made it back to the hotel Adam took off his pants again, yes he did

There's some Peter Pan shit we're tryna work out But when Sunday comes around, will you dig us on out? So we can be in your arms again Girl, let me be in your arms again

Because I hold you (so high) Well let me hold you (so tight) So won't you hold up (that light) So I can come home to find you? Yeah, yeah Yeah, yeah Bring her on up B-b-bring her on up

I do my best thinking, thinking in the shower Sometimes I do my pre-drinking, drinking in the shower So i think about my neighbors and the politics and labor Between Karl and Groucho, I couldn't tell you which I favor

Because I hold you (so high) Well let me hold you (so tight) So won't you hold up (that light) Why won't you hold on that line

Arkells

I'm coming for ya Because I hold you (so high) Well let me hold you (so tight) So won't you hold up (that light) So I can come home to find you?

Hold up that light I'm lost at sea But I'm coming home